

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

Vol. XLIX.
No. 1302.



Nerves that make life unbearable

Nerves! Not yet neurasthenia, but forerunners of it none the less! making life miserable for you and those about you, robbing the joy of play, stealing the zest for work. Is any scourge of modern life quite so frequent?

Yet if people only realised it, nerves are a needless, easily avoidable affliction. For nearly fifty years doctors have been curing all sorts of nervous troubles in a very simple, pleasant way. They've been putting their patients on Wincarnis.

For Wincarnis is the ideal nerve tonic. To the valuable elements of the 2½ lbs. of grapes which go to every bottle, are added the strength-giving properties and vitamins of its beef and malt extracts. It positively creates rich new blood to restore the jaded nerves, to build up new reserves of health and strength, to remedy the run-down conditions which caused the nerves to go.

And Wincarnis works so quickly that you can be sure it is doing you good. With your very first glass of this delicious wine you can feel the benefit as you drink. The very first night you will find you sleep more soundly and wake feeling better than you have for months.

Wincarnis is no new treatment. You may never have tried it, but we actually hold over 18,000 recommendations from medical men testifying to the amazing value of Wincarnis in all sorts of nervous and other troubles arising from a run-down condition. Its blood-creating properties are invaluable in anaemia. Its delicious flavour and bouquet make it invaluable for invalids. It brings new strength, new vigour, new vitality to all who are weak, run down, depressed.

Try Wincarnis to-day. Any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist will tell you how good others have found it.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. H, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

A Nurse's own Experience.

Nurse F. C. — writes: "I have already found most wonderful results. I have now had two thoroughly good nights' sleep, which I must confess before taking Wincarnis was an entirely unheard-of event. Also I've developed an appetite, another good quality of your wine. I will most certainly do my utmost to recommend it."

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3.

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly? Ask your grocer. It's delicious!

NO. 1

A peep inside No. 1.

Is Greta Garbo a High Hat?

Does she hold herself aloof from the glittering social round? Is she really the "female Sphinx" of the screen? Is that story of Greta and dark-eyed John Gilbert true? Is she jealous of Marlene Dietrich? Learn the truth about this great star. Watch her hit back!

If the Stars Got Sacked!

Could they hold down another job? Could your favourite join a jazz band, become a bricklayer, write poems for a living, go on a lecture tour or sell ties over the counter?

Making a Star with a Pair of Scissors.

Lawson Butt once saw himself on horseback in a film. Yet he had never mounted a fiery steed in the picture! How was it done? By that wonderful fellow the Film Editor of course. Watch him juggle with "scissors" and cut some shots to ribbons.

Romance, Thrills and Passion.

before—and behind—the Cameras. Begin to-day the wonderful serial "Screen Fever"—the unvarnished story of life as it really is lived in the studios. The author *knows*—and tells the world for the first time.

Meet B.B.S.A.

Who is Britain's Busiest Screen Actor? Who works nearly eighteen and twenty hours a day? Who was once supposed to have walked to London to break into films? Now learn the truth about Madeleine Carroll.

Hot from Hollywood.

Are there ex-stars burglars? Who perpetrated those recent and daring raids on the guarded mansions of Hollywood favourites? Read about the couple who returned from their honeymoon to find their mansion ransacked. Learn why Hollywood directors have been busy "crossing their fingers" lately.



Look out for this
brilliant Two-colour
Cover.



of the NEW WEEKLY FILM PAPER

Out on Friday May 29

IT had to come! Something more go-ahead and up to date—a paper alive with the gay spirit of youth, with more pep and go and irrepressibly modern—*something really new at last!*

And here it is! The new Weekly "Picturegoer" with dazzling two-colour cover—every page printed in glowing photogravure—all for twopence! *Look out for it on Friday!*

The studios of Filmland, have been ransacked for pictures more beautiful, more alluring than anything seen before. Sparkling eyes, roguish glances and lovely forms of newly risen stars delight the eye on every page. News, red hot, greets you in every column. Surprise after surprise is in store for you the moment you open up No. 1. Nothing like the new "Picturegoer" has ever before been produced to sell at twopence!

The demand will be tremendous!

You will never forgive yourself if you miss No. 1. Place an order with your newsagent to-day!

PICTUREGOER

WEEKLY

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE



Carreras Lead Again! **CRAVEN "A"**

are now
MOISTURE-PROOF
'Cellophane'
WRAPPED

THE NEW MOISTURE-PROOF, DRY-PROOF, DUST-PROOF AND GERM-PROOF PACKAGE



THE PROBLEM

Carreras' own Research Laboratories long ago proved that Virginia Cigarettes smoke best when they contain a scientifically exact amount of moisture—NO MORE and NO LESS. This fundamental discovery resulted in the installation of Carreras' exclusive weather-conditioning plant—the only plant of its kind in the whole of the tobacco industry. In this way Carreras produce the refinement of flavour and the perfect condition of Craven "A" Cigarettes. The problem, hitherto, has been HOW TO RETAIN this perfection of condition, through Wholesale warehouses and the shops of Retailers, until you buy your packet of Craven "A" Cigarettes. Up to recently no wrapping has been discovered which could be GUARANTEED absolutely moisture proof, dry proof and condition-protective. Science has now solved this problem.

20 FOR 1/-
10 FOR 6D

ALL PACKINGS ARE
NOW WRAPPED IN
MOISTURE-PROOF
'CELLOPHANE'

A NEW MATERIAL— MOISTURE PROOF "CELLOPHANE"

After much investigation and experiment, Carreras have found and secured the only proved safeguard against excessive dryness, dampness and shop-staleness . . . MOISTURE PROOF "CELLOPHANE" . . . the only wrapping that can completely "seal-in" the factory-fresh condition of Craven "A" AND KEEP IT THERE. Moisture proof "Cellophane" is entirely different from, and better than, other transparent wrappings and is EXCLUSIVE to Craven "A" Cigarettes. The manufacture is patented and Carreras have purchased the entire output for Craven "A". No other Cigarette can offer this condition-maintaining virtue.

FACTORY - FRESH. PROPER CONDITION

You have read the announcements explaining the 8 REASONS WHY CRAVEN "A" DO NOT AFFECT THE THROAT, and now Carreras announce this 9th point of superiority! The NEW MOISTURE PROOF "CELLOPHANE" wrapping makes it safe to say that wherever you may buy Craven "A" Cigarettes you will find them factory-fresh, in absolutely perfect condition and from this standard they WILL NEVER VARY.

Craven "A" are made specially to prevent sore throats



JOHN BULL

For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth



THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday,
May 11, 1934. *Temperance*
Registered at the G.P.O. as
a Newspaper. Postage
Inland and Canada, 1d.; all
other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Hopeful Mining Bargain Police Scandal Scotched Shabby Over Syme

THE Government is hoping to find another period of calm in the mining industry by striking a bargain between owners and miners.

If the owners give the men the minimum wage they are asking for, the men will not insist on the half-hour a day cut in the working hours which they are entitled to claim in July.

If this is agreeable, the Government will introduce two Bills—one to legalise the minimum wage and the other to extend the extra half-hour a day which would otherwise expire.

Down again?

There is a strong probability of the Bank rate coming down again, this time to 2 per cent., the lowest rate for more than thirty-four years.

Mr. Montagu Norman and leaders of the big central banks in France, Germany and America are determined to do their best to revive trade by providing cheap money.

The reduction to 2 per cent. and to an even lower rate in America would probably have come before this but for the opposition of the great joint-stock and private banking interests.

Low rates reduce the margin of profit, but this must not stand in the way of international progress.

Cutting

The campaign to force down wages is now at its height.

Company chairmen are demanding reductions and their speeches are printed in the Press. The cost of printing is met by the shareholders, and many of these are the very people who will suffer as the result of lower wages.

We suggest shareholders should tell directors that they object to the company's money being used for such campaigns.

Let them stick to business. If they want to go into politics their speeches will be reported according to merit.

Found out

The authorities are seriously troubled over a scandalous affair affecting the morale of an important provincial police force.

Several men have been dismissed or reduced in rank, and it is stated that seven of them were implicated in an offence of an odious nature.

We are thankful that such happenings are rare, and that the police in general are an exemplary body of men.

Pay them

When you do a job of work, you rightly expect to be paid for it.

The census enumerators had a hard task, for which they were offered a wage which cannot be called generous—but the job was done.

Now, the unfortunate clerks have

been told to send in their accounts by the middle of June, for payment at the end of July.

All the census forms have been taken to Acton for classification, and we know of no valid reason for this delay.

It must be remembered that men who were unemployed at the time of the census have already had the unpaid pay docked from their out-of-work benefit.

Pretty nurses!

Mr. Fenner Brockway's Bill to provide nurses and probationers with tolerable conditions was adequately explained in these columns last week by Mr. Brockway himself.

We support it, and apparently it will need all the support it can get.

The opposition to the nurses' charter is finding the most unlikely allies in contending that increased attractiveness would bring "the shop-girl type into the profession."

Even Miss Isabel MacDonald, who is concerned in an honorary capacity with nursing bodies, has signed a letter asking Members not to support the Bill.

Half a loaf . . .

The vindication of ex-Inspector Syme's honour and the Government's award of £1,200, with a yearly pension of £72, ends a wronged man's fight after a struggle of twenty-one years.

Much comment has been made and congratulations have been showered upon the ex-Inspector.

But as one who has devoted much publicity to this case in the past, JOHN BULL cannot blind itself to the irony lurking in this settlement.

If Syme had never been the victim of this wrong he might have retired honourably years ago with high rank and a pension of several pounds a week.

Confounded

Recent High Court decisions exclude stokers, huntsmen, hospital storekeepers, public baths attendants and many other workers from the Unemployment Insurance scheme to which they have contributed for years.

The commission which has just enquired into the scheme has had its attention specially directed to these anomalous cases, but meanwhile we have reason to believe that the Minis-

try of Labour intends to refund all contributions wrongfully collected.

That softens the blow. But what confusion exists between Parliamentary draftsmen and judicial interpreters of Acts of Parliament!

Swindling Sherlock

In our issue for April 25, Sir Wyndham Childs denounced an impudent organisation known as the Central Detective Bureau, and pointed to its principal, a man named Mahoney, as a person who should be placed under restraint.

Mahoney had been arrested, but, when granted bail by Mr. Mead at Marlborough Street Police Court, he decamped.

As a result, a man named Reginald Prosser, who stood surety for him, has had to forfeit £20.

Meanwhile, Mahoney is still laughing up his sleeve.

Using our resources

Large supplies of low-temperature fuel extracted from British coal should soon be available.

The attractions are many. It means motor spirit at lower prices, a drop in the prices of gas and coke, and, best of all, the employment of thousands of workers.

Much of Britain's oil reserves now go up the chimney, but the experiments encouraged by the Secretary of Mines are leading to our resources being used instead of wasted.

Marriage penalised

We have repeatedly urged the Minister of Pensions, Mr. F. O. Roberts, and his predecessor to extend the Royal Warrant to cover cases where ex-soldiers die as the result of war service.

At the moment, their widows and children are deprived of the pension if marriage took place after the receipt of pensionable disability.

At the British Legion annual conference the other day, a resolution was passed calling for an amendment.

Mr. Roberts must bow to public opinion and act at once. The widows and orphans of those who died for Britain must no longer be left to charity.

Gallant fugitive

Penniless and destitute, Alfred Meadows was in Colchester workhouse when he heard of a job at Richmond, Surrey.

Knowing he was tied down to a five-days' residence, Alfred removed a small window, and tramped sixty miles to Richmond.

He got the job. That was over four months ago. The other day he was arrested in London and taken to Colchester, where he was charged with absconding.

A woman magistrate intervened and Alfred returned to the job.

Colchester workhouse might pride itself on having harboured a man who will walk sixty miles to take himself off the rates.

Not enough

So many Royal Air Force pilots have been killed as the result of collisions in mid-air that Lord Amulree, the Air Minister, has given special instructions to every command that additional care

OUR 25TH BIRTHDAY

JOHN BULL celebrates his 25th birthday next Saturday, June 6. To mark the occasion we have prepared a special issue containing brilliant contributions by famous writers. They include:

HANNEN SWAFFER,
Britain's best-known journalist,
Professor JULIAN HUXLEY,
SIR ARTHUR KEITH,
A. G. GARDINER,
in a striking review of the past 25 years,
SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS,
VICTOR MACCLURE,
the Short Story Writer, and

OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER,
who will describe some of his thrilling underworld adventures in pursuit of the revelations which have made JOHN BULL famous throughout the world.

This is a number which our readers cannot afford to miss. It represents a notable milestone in JOHN BULL's bold and independent advance as Britain's most widely read weekly journal.

is to be taken when machines go up for flying practice in close formation.

This is part of what we demanded in our leading article last week, but the Minister should go the whole hog and abolish close-formation work.

Driving off

Following the advice of the Prince of Wales, Chambers of Commerce are busy discussing projects for fostering overseas trade.

The merchant adventurers of Bristol are going further than talk. They are planning a trade-drive tour of South America.

More bureaucrats

The Pharmacy and Poisons Bill which Lord Ponsonby has sponsored ought not to go through in its present state.

It hands over the control of a technical business to the bureaucrats, and confers on anybody, except a lunatic, the right to obtain a licence to store and sell dangerous poisons.

It also destroys at one blow the prerogative of the qualified man.

To add insult to injury, it is proposed to make him pay £5 a year towards the upkeep of a new army of inspectors.

Four hundred mystery

Is the £400 received by each Member of Parliament salary or allowance?

If it is an allowance, why is it taxed? If it is a salary, why don't M.P.s get a cost-of-living bonus such as Civil Servants get?

The Treasury describes it unofficially as "an allowance towards expenses." But only unofficially—because a test case for the return of income-tax paid by M.P.s for years past might saddle the nation with a big bill.

"IF YOU SEE IT—" (Continued)

Worse off

Mr. Richard Hunter, president of the Sailors' Orphans' Society of Scotland, has made some startling allegations about the exploitation of orphan children.

He states that since the Government instituted the grant of 7s. 6d. for every orphan child's upkeep, children formerly unwanted by their relatives have been taken from institutions and are now living under monstrous conditions in already overcrowded homes.

Public assistance committees are being required to provide clothing and education committees to provide meals at school for these children, so the Government's grant represents a nice little profit to the exploiters.

One crook's luck

Readers who recall our exposures of the National Barworkers' Union and Protection Association will be pleased to learn that F. J. Draper, general secretary and organiser, has been sent to jail for defrauding the association's employees.

For twenty months he will be out of harm's way, but we should like to remind the authorities that Draper's predecessor, a man named W. Hewitson, who operated on similar lines, is still at large, though a warrant has long been outstanding for his arrest.

Sights and sites

Five families, including twenty children, are living in one house at Macclesfield.

One of the families, with the eldest child eighteen years of age, is cooped up in a single room. A second room is used for eating, cooking, washing, storing coal, and receiving visitors.

The other four families in the same house have to be content with one room each.

Macclesfield Council says the problem is to find sites on which to build. If it opens its eyes to the horrors prevailing, such difficulties can be overcome.

Why not use it?

The National Physical Laboratory is the finest research centre in the world, and yet the majority of British manufacturers neglect the facilities provided for them at Teddington, Middlesex.

The laboratory is at the disposal of all comers and many foreigners have been sharp enough to take advantage of this fact and outclass home enquiries in number.

The work is being greatly extended and soon there will be no excuse for any manufacturer not taking advantage of chances to reduce prices without sacrificing quality.

The law's delay

The present position in the London courts is worse than ever. Easter sittings have now ended, and only thirty special jury cases have been heard in the King's Bench.

The sittings began with 257. Some of the balance remaining was set down for hearing a year ago.

Of the 472 common jury actions only fifty-three have been disposed of. Many of these were also set down more than a year ago.

More judges will shortly be away on assize, so by the time the Long Vac-

tion comes arrears of cases will be reaching astronomical proportions.

Yet the Attorney-General recently told the House that he saw no reason for the appointment of a few more judges!

We suggest that the above figures are abundant reason.

Steaming ahead

Promotion from the lower deck to commissioned rank will be made easier by new regulations shortly to be adopted by the Admiralty.

Intense tuition in the earlier years of service will be arranged to enable candidates to reach commissioned rank in their early twenties. This will bring the higher ranks, which go by seniority, well within their range.

Discrimination between sub-lieutenants promoted in this way and ex-cadets will also be abolished.

Good. Now what about giving Army rankers a fair run against Sandhurst?

Look home first

When Lady Astor went to Cardiff and appealed for the formation of a women police squad to clean up the docks area, we suggested that she would be better employed using such a moral broom in her own constituency of Plymouth.



Cardiff doesn't want her broom

Cardiff has considered and rejected her scheme, and a suggestion that a copy of the Chief Constable's report should be sent to Lady Astor has also been turned down.

The reason given was that the Watch Committee did not feel inclined to explain its attitude, and in any case was not called upon to do so.

A coach catch

When an omnibus licensed to carry twenty-six passengers takes on twenty-seven or more its passenger insurance automatically becomes void.

True, the owner is committing an offence under the Road Traffic Act, but its consequences fall on the passengers if any accident happens to the overloaded bus. Punishing the operator is not enough.

If prevention of such occurrences is impossible, then policies can be obtained to cover extra passengers, and the Ministry of Transport should compel coach operators to be fully covered.

Fetch the cane

The anti-social cranks who failed to realise that the census was a national necessity and essential for good government are heading for trouble.

The Minister of Health is contem-

plating legal action against those who declined to give the required information.

We welcome a sharp lesson for people who will not see simple reason and who quibble about doing a small task for the good of the community.

Curtain

After sixty years of honoured existence, the Indo-European Telegraph Department has closed down.

The unlucky members of the staff have lost their status as Civil Servants. Their scale of gratuities and pensions is meagre, and there is no alternative employment waiting for them.

Many of them are married men who have spent the best years of their lives abroad.

We can understand the real tragedy behind the farewell drinks when a vessel arrived from the Far East and the group of operators went their separate ways.

Piping times

We have nothing but admiration for the unemployed musicians of Preston.

Thrown out of work by the canned cacophony of the "talkies," these men have formed the Professional Musicians' Orchestra with the object of practising together.

When future engagements come along, they will not have lost their proficiency. Waiting for those jobs, they have retained their courage and optimism, and that is everything.

Vet. in mare's-nest

Anti-vivisection enthusiasts who reported Mr. S. P. Male, of Reading, for performing experiments on living animals without a licence should be ashamed of themselves.

Official investigation showed that Mr. Male had merely treated animals in the ordinary course of veterinary practice.

Pain may have been unavoidable. It often is in treating human beings. Mr. Freeman, M.P., should have thought twice before taking the matter to the Home Office.

Paying to live

Striking evidence of the need for reform in the cost of obtaining justice is found in the recent case of Mr. W. H. Wallace, the Liverpool insurance agent, whose appeal from the death sentence was allowed.

His trial and appeal together cost him no less than £1,200.

Mr. Wallace had the support of his union and the help of friends. We hesitate to think of a friendless man's fate in such circumstances.

Girl who ran away

For over eighty years Dr. Guthrie's School, Edinburgh, has done invaluable work for the reclamation of wayward children.

We regret, therefore, that in a recent article we published certain inaccurate information concerning this excellent institution.

The article related to a girl, Kathleen Rae, and we are now satisfied that she was not sent out from the institution as a domestic help without wages, and that it is not the practice of the management of the school to

send out any of its boys and girls into service without remuneration.

We gladly give publicity to these facts.

Cruising and boozing

Diplomatic representations are likely to be made to the Foreign Office from Washington concerning the "week-end cruises" for wealthy Americans not being conducted by British shipping companies.

Liners with a few days to spare at New York are being used for these short trips, and the popularity of the programmes is easily explained.

They are British ships and drink can be bought at sea.

This enterprise on the part of British shipowners is in danger of being listed as corruption of the morals of American business men.

Bad debt

Gialdini, Hatry's Italian associate after fourteen months in prison, is still awaiting trial.

What he has coming to him will probably leave a balance to serve after this waiting period is deducted. That is not worrying us.

But the expenditure incurred in Italy by the British exchequer to date amounts to £504, and there is no end in sight.

The Attorney-General should cut his losses—or rather the taxpayers'—by leaving Mr. Gialdini to his countrymen.

Colour of tragedy

Here is a lesson for impressionable girls who think that an alliance with a coloured man is romantic.

When Margaret Taylor was charged at Cardiff with cutting and wounding Ben Johnson, a coloured man with whom she had been living for five years, the court was told that the girl's life had been full of tragedy.

Her mother had set her a bad example as a girl by making the same kind of mixed alliance.

Although we disparage the use of a knife, we are glad that the girl received the slight sentence of a month's imprisonment.

They'll bury him next

Nearly six years ago Mr. George Merry, of College Lane, Homerton, was a patient in Hackney Hospital.

His wife has now been notified by the institution that he died then, and that the clothing he wore when admitted will be disposed of if it is not claimed within seven days.

We have received from Mr. Merry complete denial of his death. "I am alive and kicking," he writes, "and can be found at home any evening from 5 p.m. onwards."

We have previously had to describe queer happenings at the Hackney Hospital.

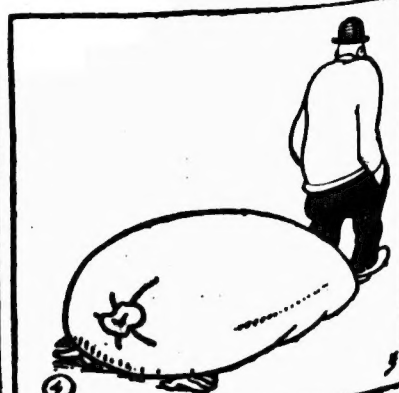
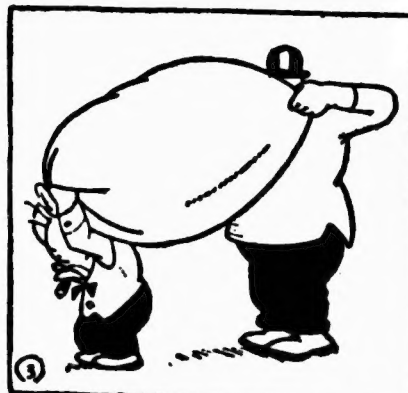
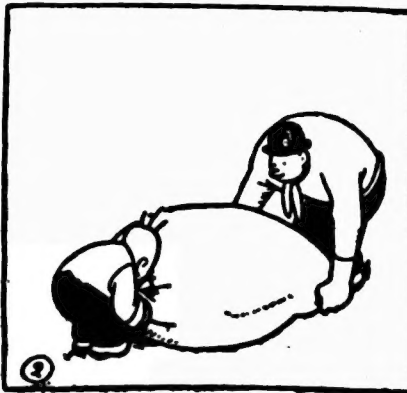
Coats off to them

Lord Plumer opened a new branch in London recently of the ex-Servicemen's Valeting Service.

This company, started in a small way some years ago, has made its way against keen business opposition, mostly by aliens.

With such evidence of efficiency it is good to know that all the work is done by partially disabled ex-soldiers.

In fleeing the bitter breath of charity they have achieved commercial success. We take off our coats to them.



ADAMSON—

Heave—oh!

Throwing EVE Overboard



by Mrs. Mary
Hamilton, M.P.

"Political victories have not greatly helped us"

A FEW weeks ago some trade unions in the Potteries of Staffordshire approached employers with a demand that women working on certain complicated processes should be replaced by men.

There was no question of the women's ability as workpeople or that they were usurping at lower wages jobs previously carried out by men.

The demand of these unions is a conspicuous example of what is going on in labour organisations all over the country, the sole difference being that the leaders in the Potteries have been more open and outspoken than many of their confrères in other trades.

Indeed, the slogan "Back to the Kitchen" is being taken up by all classes of public leaders, including the labour leaders, directly or indirectly.

In many of the professions the movement for exclusion and restriction of feminine employment has gained ground. Local authorities have not been backward in showing it, nor have Government departments.

Closing the office door

ITS effects are amply shown in recently published Ministry of Labour statistics, which disclose, in the first place, that there are over 300,000 women wholly unemployed to-day, as against 130,000 a year ago.

The depression in the textile trades in which admittedly many women are employed does not wholly account for the enormously swollen increase. General trade depression does not. In many trades and occupations female unemployment has increased five and six times as much as male.

In the "miscellaneous trades and services" female unemployment has doubled, while the numbers of men wholly out of work has gone up by only one-third.

In commerce, banking and finance, where, because of the general installation of labour-saving office machines, one would have expected more women to be employed, there is a similar tremendous decrease in the numbers of female workers, out of all proportion to unemployment among the men.

At a recent meeting of the Guild of Insurance Officers an emergency resolution was passed regretting the tendency in business to relegate women to positions of minor importance.

Worse for men?

THE great general excuse for the revival of the old bugbear of sex prejudice is unemployment. For some reason that I do not at all comprehend, it is assumed by many persons that unemployment is not such a serious matter for a woman as it is for a man.

It is not enough for them that unemployed women get lower rates of benefit than men; they really feel that an unemployed man represents a more grave and pressing problem than an unemployed woman.

But whatever the reasons, spurious or otherwise, for its revival, the presence of the sex prejudice and its growth cannot be denied, and its effects are becoming tragically clear in the unemployment figures and in the conditions of women's labour which have been imposed.

Take one of the fields of employment in which, during the war, women were admitted, and in which they more than proved their competence. I mean banking. Here is work calling in high degree for qualities women ad-



Pitching women overboard—"the growth of the sex prejudice in industry cannot be denied"

mittedly possess—patience, thoroughness, reliability.

During the war they proved themselves; they filled, with success, all kinds of positions, from cashier up.

What is happening now? Everywhere promotion bars are being set up. Women are still

in banks, in large numbers, but wholly excluded from the higher ranges of work.

All avenues of promotion are closed to them; an insurmountable barrier is set to their advance; they are given no opportunity of showing proficiency in the more responsible work.

Rigidly they are confined to calculating-machines. Passing examinations does not help them; to that soul-destroying work they are held down.

A woman here and there may still hold the post of secretary to an individual manager, but if he is transferred, back she goes to the machines.

The treatment of women in banks and many commercial houses is one aspect of the way in which the newly awakened sex prejudice is asserting itself.

The method is to keep them relegated to subordinate routine tasks, however competent they may be. Side by side in many occupations has gone a movement for undercutting wages—and therein lies a profound economic warning for men workers.

The sad truth has to be admitted that political victories by women have not greatly helped their sisters in industry, commerce and finance.

The fact that in two great departments of State—the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Health—men of experience and distinction have found no difficulty in working under women has not changed the old prejudice barriers one jot.

In the newer spheres of endeavour in which women have entered, the rising tides of prejudice are driving them back every inch of the distance they have advanced.

In work peculiarly their own, such as the nursing profession, conditions of pay, promotion and service have altered very little in spite of the voice of women on the councils and in Parliament.

The conditions of a nurse's service are still lamentable, and only grudging concessions have been made in comparison with what could be done.

Marriage millstone

THOSE responsible for their continuance are now alarmed at the grave shortage in the numbers of new recruits to the profession.

The marriage bar is a favourite form of restriction which is appearing in numerous vocations employing women. In the teaching profession it is being fought out with a deeper bitterness than ever, and many recent cases have invaded the columns of the daily Press unmasking furious controversy.

Without going into the old economic argument against the employment of married women, there is one aspect of the marriage bar often overlooked which reacts to the disadvantage of single women workers.

The marriage bar is hampering because it puts a damper on initiative and endeavour and keeps the women workers in minor jobs.

If marriage is to end her work there is no inducement for improvement. On the employer's part, he considers it a gamble and a waste of time to put opportunity in her way.

Whichever way one looks at it, there is the present fact that there has been a great increase, of recent growth, in sex prejudice from the employment point of view. Labour figures show it and the steady growth of restrictions merely confirms it.

The movements for wage-undercutting is merely a final sign which might well induce men workers to assist the women's organisations in waging their battle for economic freedom which must be fought now with a greater intensity than ever.

For it is not now women's own separate fight: it is one in which they are fighting the battle of all who earn their living.

Candid Communications

The Rt. Hon. TOM SHAW, M.P.,
Secretary for War

DEAR MR. SHAW,—I am glad to hear that your scheme for finding jobs for time-expired soldiers is making progress.

The appointment of a "job-finder" for ex-Service men in every large town and district is well worth the £25,000 cost.

Once these permanent officials become known to employers of labour, there will be a steady demand for trustworthy men.

Soldiers who have a reasonable chance of a job on leaving the Service will not hesitate so much about taking the shilling.

Yours is a sound and practical plan, and I'm confident that you are the right man to carry it through.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE,
2, Addison Road, London, W.

DEAR LL.G.—In these days of talk, it is nice to find that one of the talkers also believes in action.

Dame Margaret Lloyd George has given you away by telling the London Young Wales Association that you frequently make pilgrimages to the distressed areas of South Wales in order to buy cloth for your suits and for the clothes of your family.

This quiet but practical help for the struggling new industries of that unhappy land has nothing to do with politics.

That is why I like it.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LIONEL BETTINGSON,
Manager, National Sporting Club

DEAR SIR,—A fortnight ago I declared that the contest between Al Brown and Baldock was a bad match, and appealed to Lord Lonsdale to use his influence to prevent boxers who are

past their best taking the ring with superior opponents.

I do not accuse you and your club of bad faith with the public, because match-making is a matter of high judgment in which genuine error will creep in.

Baldock was outclassed, and his tragedy will go down on the long list which includes great men like Driscoll and Wilde, who came back for one last fight when their brilliant powers had waned.

Your club must not be a party to mistakes of this character.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. G. M. STEWART,
Monthery, France

DEAR MADAM,—Not content with being the only woman to hold a world's motor-speed record, you have now put it further beyond the reach of mere man by doing 100 kilometres in 29 minutes 6.33 seconds—128.09 miles an hour.

For your courage, ability and pertinacity I have nothing but praise.

My only grumble is that you do not use a British car

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD DERBY, K.G.,
Derby House, London, W.

MY LORD,—Your remarks about the "Brighter Sunday" strike me as being sound common sense. Like you, I have often wondered what a "Continental Sunday" means, and, like you, I observe that Continentals are more assiduous in attending church than we are.

You hit the mark truly when you say that playing golf and going to a cinema on a Sunday are on a par. If those in favour of closing places of amusement on Sundays were logical, they would bar all amusements.

The happier our people are the better they are.

JOHN BULL.

The Sentence of the Court

Stupid Stunt
that FAILED

YET another "Mr. A." has appeared in our courts—this time at the trial of Sir Charles Trevelyan, on a charge of false pretences.

"This charge," said Mr. Strawspitter, "has been brought as a result of the failure of the accused to take up a challenge thrown down by a gentleman who for the week's tenure of his challenge desired to preserve a careful anonymity."

"In a pamphlet issued to his constituents Sir Charles declared that 'The central need of the world to-day is a better distribution of wealth.'"

"Reading this noble sentiment, my client, who is a wealthy man, expressed his willingness to give half his fortune to the poor of Newcastle if Sir Charles would do the same."

"When asked if he wished to reply to my client's challenge, Sir Charles announced: 'I have nothing to say,' and in this silence—golden for him—he has persisted."

"During my years of practice," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., counsel for the defence, "I have met with plenty of bluff, bunkum and cheap heroics; but never have these things been more blatantly displayed than in the preposterous offer that led to this charge."

"For the week of the challenge the public prints were full of queries regarding the identity of the challenger."

"We knew that he was a Tory candidate for a North Country seat, and doubtless it was hoped that the revelation of his identity at the right moment would win him the votes of gullible people who could not tell the difference between bluff and benevolence."

"But 'generosity' which consists of making an offer which no sensible person would expect to be accepted will not deceive anybody."

"As a matter of fact, Sir Charles

has set an example by instituting a system of family allowances among his tenants, but it is not recorded that this has inspired his critic to emulation."

"A ridiculous edifice of claptrap," said Mr. Justice Bull, "has been erected upon the simple fact that Sir Charles expressed the opinion that wealth should be better distributed."

"For years he has devoted his time and talents to trying to give constitutional effect to this view."

"But, not being addicted to rhetorical flapping, he is under no illusion that the changes he advocates can be brought about by isolated individual action."

"If Mr. A. has such touching faith in the value of individual action, why does he not put his policy into practice? As a Tory he doubtless considers that the Bolsheviks should be exterminated—so why doesn't he himself shoot a few?"

"Unless his incapacity for logical thinking is such as to unfit him to be a candidate, he must know perfectly well that casual actions unbacked by legislative enactments are about as effective as throwing breadcrumbs at the moon."

"This case deserves to be laughed out of court. And 'Mr. A.' whose anonymity is here preserved because he deserves no further publicity, will probably find that when and if he presents himself to the hard-headed North Country electors they will laugh him out of their constituency."

An Uncle
to be

PROUD of

Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON,
Foreign Secretary

DEAR UNCLE ARTHUR.—When I predicted a fortnight ago that you would be offered the chair at the Disarmament Conference next year, I urged that it would be a happy recognition of your work for international peace.

In endorsing your acceptance of that important position, the Cabinet realises that it will suffer the very serious loss of your services for several months.

But the cause is so vital that the sacrifice has been sanctioned in the highest spirit.

Already in your term of office as Foreign Secretary you have largely increased the prestige of British statesmanship.

I congratulate you heartily upon the receipt of well-deserved honour, realising that your tact and sagacity will be invaluable at the most critical of all the conferences in the history of the world-peace movement.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. TRENCH,
Sandhurst, Berks

DEAR MADAM,—At the Albert Hall meeting of 7,000 members of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, you proposed that hospital authorities be urged to adopt the Middlesex Hospital system of not disturbing patients before 7 a.m. unless absolutely necessary.

The resolution was passed, but I want to know why the sick and suffering should ever be awakened out of precious sleep so early as 5 a.m. unless there is urgent reason for it?

They often are awakened in this way, both in London and provincial institutions, and I hope your resolution will receive proper attention.

JOHN BULL.

The CITY COUNCIL,
Glasgow

GENTLEMEN,—When you reduce the wages of poorly paid employees and increase the salaries of officials who already get over £30 a week, you must expect the ratepayers to regard your "economy" campaign as a stunt.

The Town Clerk is to go up from £2,200 a year to £2,500, and the City Chamberlain from £1,800 to £2,000.

The poor devils now getting a measly 55s. are to suffer by a reduction of 4s. a week.

I regard your proposals as something far worse than a stunt. They verge on cold-blooded cruelty and blind boozing.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PERCY JACKSON,
7, Grafton Road, Morecambe

DEAR JACKSON,—Two years ago you rescued a boy from the Manchester Ship Canal. The other day, you dived into the sea and saved, at great risk to yourself, the life of a little girl.

You not only kept on your hat and



coat, but did not even stop to remove your pipe from your mouth.

It has taken some time to locate you, because you are essentially modest, and see nothing remarkable in your act.

That you come of a family of swimmers and have a grandfather of eighty-one who still takes his plunge is an added reason for congratulating you on your bravery.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. F. F. CORBALLIS (Chief Scout Commissioner): "Christian homes seem almost to have disappeared. Where have you been? In darkest Africa?"

DR. C. A. ALINGTON (Headmaster of Eton): "If you went to an ordinary public school you would hear boys talking in a way by which you would be legitimately shocked."

Don't worry. They drop it when they find it really is not "manly."

MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE: "The Lord don we knew before the war is melling visibly before our eyes."

So much the better—if you mean the slums, the misery and the filth.

MRS. BALDWIN: "All the women who are worth their salt prefer the welfare of babies and children to all the politics in the world."

Splendid; the few who don't are only worth their vinegar.

by A. G. GARDINER

THE issue of the interim report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance, which is imminent, brings Mr. MacDonald face to face with the most desperate situation with which any Prime Minister in our time has had to deal.

It is the more difficult to handle because it coincides with the widespread attack on wages which now involves three million men—engineers, ship-builders, chemical workers, railway-men, dockers and the rest.

This attack has long been threatened and has now been hastened by the catastrophic landslide in world trade, with its consequences to British industry.

That it will be resisted with all the power at the command of the men goes without saying, and though in this matter the Government will not be directly implicated, the embittered feeling that it will arouse in the mind of its supporters will react upon the task of implementing the recommendations of the interim report on unemployment insurance.

Avoid calamity

That task will be none the less difficult because Mr. MacDonald and the Government have themselves invited it. They did not invite it lightly. They had no alternative.

The unemployment insurance system has broken down under the weight of the national misfortunes, and its reconstruction is the only alternative to a disaster that will engulf the nation in incalculable ruin.

This does not mean that unemployment insurance has been a failure. On the contrary, no legislation in our history has been more abundantly justified by results.

It has enabled us to survive ten years of unexampled trade depression with a minimum of suffering to the victims of that depression.

During those ten years we have never had less than a million of unemployed, yet it is true to say that there has never been a period in this country when the masses of the people were better fed, better clothed, or

when the extremities of poverty were more rare.

But splendid as has been the success of unemployment insurance as a breakwater, it is now visibly crumbling before the storm.

It was constructed for normal times and for the normal fluctuations of employment, varying as they did before the war from 2 to 5 per cent. of the workers.

But we have had ten years of abnormal

THE "GREAT DOLE" CRISIS

mal unemployment, culminating in a total of two and a half millions of workless, and in the last two years the system has gone to pieces before the strain.

It has ceased to be, except in a rapidly diminishing ratio, a self-supporting insurance system, with funds supplied by the worker, the employer and the State, and has become a vast system of national relief.

It is estimated that unemployment is costing over £100,000,000 a year—more than £2 per head of the population, man, woman and child. Of this huge sum, more than £50,000,000 has to be provided outside the normal revenue of the system.

The effect of this terrific and increasing drain on the industry of the country has filled all responsible

minds with alarm, and the purpose of the Government in setting up the commission was to discover means by which the Unemployment Insurance Fund can be rescued from the condition of insolvency into which it has fallen and restored to a self-supporting basis.

The commission has now sat for half a year, and its interim report is in the hands of the Government.

Possibly it may be in the hands of the reader this week, but at the time of writing I have only the inspired forecasts of the recommendations which have appeared in the newspapers to go upon.

Assuming them to be correct, the proposals made may be roughly divided into two categories:

The first is that which relates to that part of the system known as the "dole," or transitional benefit—benefit to those who have not made the necessary contributions—which will cease to be payable in October unless before the end of this session the Government introduces fresh legislation.

The National Exchequer is, in present circumstances, compelled to provide over £20,000,000 to subsidise the "dole." This is paid to about 400,000 persons, of whom 250,000 have been out of work for from two to five years.

The commission is expected to recommend that there should be a new lease of the "dole" from October to April next.

Abuses must go

This, perhaps, is inevitable, but the "dole" should be cut out of the insurance system as an excrescence, and administered as a separate form of relief.

We cannot clean up the insurance system until this running sore is eliminated from it.

Nor can we clean it up until the gross abuses which have been exposed in the course of the enquiry have been drastically removed.

Here, then, should be scope for very substantial economies, and the proposals of the commission should commend themselves not only to the Government, but to the working classes who have to bear their share of the burden of these abuses.

Much more severe examination will be proposed regarding applications

from married women, and more stringent regulations are suggested in regard to people who are not habitually employed more than two days a week.

This is most urgent, for one of the most scandalous of the abuses is the growing practice of exploiting the insurance fund as a subsidy for industry.

The earnings test for part-time workers which is recommended by the commission should be welcomed.

Painful, but—

It is monstrous that men earning £5 a week for half a week's work should have claims upon the fund at a time when engineers in full employment are earning less than £3 a week and agricultural labourers are putting in full time in an arduous calling for 30s. a week.

But whatever the economies realised by the adoption of these measures may be, they cannot go far to make the fund solvent in the face of an annual deficit of £50,000,000.

This can be done only by a root-and-branch reform of its finance. The commission proposes to achieve this reform in two ways. The first is a reduction in the unemployment benefit—2s. in the case of men, 1s. in the case of wives.

It is pointed out that this reduction is balanced by the fall in the cost of living which has taken place since the present scales were fixed.

The second proposal is an increase in all contributions to the fund—workers, employers and the State—raising the total contribution for each insured person from the present 1s. 10d. to 2s. 3d. per week.

There will be criticisms of these proposals from both sides. It will be said that they fall far short of the ideal of placing the insurance fund on an actuarial basis.

That is probably true—I am afraid certainly true. But at least they check the desperate drift to bankruptcy, and do something to prevent the breakwater from utter collapse.

On the other side, it will be said that the lowering of the benefits and the increase of the contributions are harsh remedies. That also is true.

But the alternative is national insolvency, which will spare neither employed nor unemployed in the universal wreck of our fortunes.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Taking the Blame

AN elderly clergyman told me the other day that when he was a young man he received a lesson from his bishop which proved to be of great value to him in after-life. The bishop had instructed the young clergyman to make the arrangements for a certain public function. The young fellow tried to carry out his orders, but because of his youth he found himself disregarded and overruled by older persons.

The result was that the function was not organised as the bishop expected, and he rebuked his subordinate somewhat sharply.

The young man tried to explain that he was helpless in the matter, but the bishop would not listen to his excuses. "You were responsible," he said, "and I hold you to blame for what has gone wrong."

"But," stammered the nervous curate, "I could not make them obey me; they would not listen to me; they were more important than I was."

"Nonsense!" cried the bishop. "Nobody is more important than you are when you have a particular job to do, and nobody but yourself is to blame for any failure that may ensue."

"Please let me understand," pleaded the curate. "If the organ-blower is skylarking with another boy at the back of the organ during divine service, and forgets to blow in the middle of a hymn, am I responsible?"

"You are," said the bishop; "and, such is more, you are to keep silence in such a case to your superiors and the public, as if you were entirely in fault."

You must be in fault, for if you had a proper moral hold over that boy he would not be skylarking at the back of the organ instead of doing his duty."

The lesson sank into the hearer's mind and was acted upon thenceforth. Never since that hour has the clergyman in question blamed anyone but himself when things have gone amiss between him and others.

If a man treats him scurvily he says to himself: "It must be my fault somehow, and I must try to put it right." If any of his parishioners show a bad spirit and start quarrelling he at once reminds himself that he must be culpable for not exerting a better influence over them.

And, above all, when unjustly censured for the mistakes of those under him, he now makes it a point of honour to hold his tongue and make no attempt to shift the responsibility to the shoulders of the true delinquent.

This is a first-rate principle to carry a man bravely through life. It is a well-known maxim of the Army and Navy, but it should be applied to all human relations, public and private.

Mr. Gordon Selfridge makes great use of it in his business. Any shop-assistant knows how tiresome and unreasonable customers often are, and what trivial and spiteful complaints they make.

"But," says Mr. Selfridge, "a safe rule to adopt is that the customer is always right, however much he—or more often she—may be wrong."

A sound principle to work on, especially if you can get a bit of fun out of it. Try it at home.



"Face to face with the most desperate situation"

BOGUS

EDITOR

on the
RUN

WE have been instrumental in bringing many super-share sharks to justice, and there is one very active offender at the moment whom we should like to see in the safe custody of the State.

He is Alexander Clarence Bowles, against whom Sir Wyndham Childs issued a warning some months ago.

Bowles, emulating an international swindler—whose arrest we demanded months ago—did much of his swindling through clever canvassers and through the medium of a well-printed, but spurious, newspaper.

His rise to wealth has been spectacular.

Three years ago, Bowles, who is a Canadian, landed at Southampton with barely £12 in his pocket. To-day he is a "newspaper proprietor," boasts the rank of "captain," and lives at a fashionable hotel.

He has probably acquired a quarter of a million by crime.

Seven accomplices

The principal associates who have aided and abetted him are seven men named Charlton, Gates, Layton, Green, Roberts, Klein and Davis.

All are rogues whose activities should receive the attention of the Public Prosecutor.

Bowles made his bow in this country by publishing a beautifully produced paper called the *Financial Recorder*.

At least 150,000 free copies of the first issue were mailed to prospective dupes within a week—something of a miracle to accomplish on a £12 capital.

Actually a notorious American company promoter advanced £2,000 for this purpose.

Through this bogus organ Bowles boosted a firm of outside brokers which purported to have share bargains to offer.

Actually, it was being run by his accomplice Layton, who had formerly been associated with him in a swindle in Montreal, but who now passed as L. M. Roberts.

So dupes were being "advised" by one rogue and passed on to another to be fleeced.

Before Bowles had been established three months he had unloaded nearly a million shares in a mining company which never had and never will provide a dividend.

His profit, at a most modest estimate,



Capt. Bowles—"We shall like to see him in safe custody"

was £50,000. His next move was to convert his precious newspaper into a limited liability company and to appoint himself as managing director at a salary of £10,000 a year, with generous fees in addition.

£1,250,000 gone

Through his unique organisation he then unloaded a million and a quarter shares in a worthless Nigerian company called the Abbaye Development Trust, Ltd.

His profits on this amount to over £145,000.

In the same way £235,000 has been filched from the public in a venture called Victoria Gramophones, Ltd., which is now in liquidation.

The shares of other disastrous companies have been similarly exploited,

and hundreds of people have been ruined by Bowles and his accomplices, the victims including widows, retired tradesmen, clergymen and spinsters.

At least three cases are known to us where happy homes have been sold up through his roguery.

Much of the money obtained undoubtedly passed to the notorious American who first financed Bowles.

Much, too, has been swallowed up in gaming losses, for Bowles is an inveterate gambler.

But that is no reason why he should not be called to account for all that has passed through his hands and for the part he has played in robbing the public.

While Bowles chiefly directed the company owning the *Financial Recorder*, it is interesting to follow the career of his editor-in-chief, who has

passed in the alias of Thomas Charlton.

His real name is Alexandra Wegoda, and he has long been associated with another crook whose favourite alias is Harry Green.

Both were involved in a colossal estate swindle when plots were sold in London a few years back with complete disaster for all investors.

Green's greenhorns

Yet Wegoda began life as a maker of hairnets!

Green has been one of Bowles' principal canvassers in the various share swindles we have mentioned.

He played a prominent part in one case where a clergyman was robbed of £4,335.

This victim was first attracted by convincing printed matter, and though he lived near Durham he was not considered too far away for personal canvass.

Green was despatched by Bowles to interview the clergyman, and as a result the share-sharks induced their victim to agree to the sale of some of his securities so that further investments could be made under their advice.

Bowles' persistency may be gauged from the fact that he sent Green to the North of England for a second interview with the investor, and that before the eloquent representative returned the clergyman's wife had also been caught for more than £2,000.

The money realised on their valuable securities was reinvested in a worthless mining concern, and, acting on the advice of Sir Wyndham Childs, the dupes decided to sue for the return of their cash.

The case eventually came up for hearing before a special jury.

Judgment was given for the unfortunate clergyman and his wife for the full sum claimed, but to this day they have been unable to recover a penny.

Green, who figured so conspicuously in this coup, was once arrested in this country on a charge of fraudulently inducing a retired country trader to part with £725 in a bogus company.

Arrest him!

He then passed as J. William Bennett, and, thanks largely to his silvery tongue, escaped by being bound over. Many of Bowles' latest victims have been caught by that same silvery tongue.

In one case a man was swindled out of £17,000 for shares which he never received.

The swindles which these men engineer are about as callous as any we have ever encountered.

Captain Alexander Clarence Bowles and his foremost accomplices conceived their company in fraud and they have conducted it fraudulently throughout for the purpose of bleeding investors and dividing the spoils.

Their prosecution is long overdue.

A Rogue from Over the Water

WE wonder if the Aliens Department of the Home Office has any record of the movements of a man calling himself Mark Eddy.

If not, we suggest that a little official attention might profitably be devoted to him.

We know that he is an American rogue, who has enjoyed a successful run in the United States, which he is now endeavouring to repeat here.

How he contrived to get to this country is a mystery which, again, should claim the attention of our Aliens Department.

Meanwhile, it can be stated that he was recently in Manchester, posing as a builder concerned in the erection of mammoth hotels and other important buildings.

In this guise he advertised for good men with building experience, stipulat-

ing that only those who could justly claim to be masters of their craft need apply.

Eddy received applicants at the hotel where he was then staying, and the experience of one person who was interviewed throws some light upon his methods.

The American gave the impression that he controlled a big business with headquarters in Derby.

He spoke of numerous valuable contracts that had been obtained, and intimated that the company had sufficient important work to keep it busy for some time to come.

An offer of employment was made to the applicant on the understanding that he must put in £150 as a guarantee of good faith, £80 to be paid at once and the balance on taking up his new duties.

The poor fellow never did take up

his duties, for the simple reason that Eddy had disappeared before the appointed day arrived.

Then it was found that other people had been similarly duped into parting with substantial sums.

All the stories told by Eddy proved to be false, for there was certainly no business at Derby, nor was there evidence of a single building contract being in existence.

Eddy has passed variously as John Clarke, Sidney Clarkson, A. Williams and A. Parsons.

But his real name is John Macey Polo, and he emerged from Washington jail only a year ago, after serving a sentence for fraud.

Why we should now be favoured with his undesirable presence we fail to see. Let the authorities get busy and find Polo, and send him back across the Atlantic with all possible speed.

MAY 30, 1931

II

JOHN BULL

The "Collapsing Mother" Trick



Up and down the Great North Road this "sympathetic swindle" has been enacted. Has Mrs. Reynolds fainted in your town?

WICKED WALKING FRAUD

SEVERAL newspapers recently reported a case in which a mother had collapsed in a Newcastle street from exhaustion while tramping from Scotland to London.

The details were calculated to stir the sympathy, even wring the heart, of any reader, for the woman, Mrs. P. Reynolds, was said to have been on the road for ten days, her object in journeying to London being to secure the Home Secretary's intervention on behalf of her two sons.

These lads, she complained, had been sent to an institution in Cornwall for a boyish "theft" of a few apples.

From investigations we have made, we can say that the newspapers and the public have been hoaxed into lending their sympathies to an utterly unworthy cause.

The tragic collapse of Mrs. Reynolds, who had with her her three-year-old daughter, was simply a cunningly-staged affair, devised to obtain money by false pretences.

The Reynolds family are specialists in the gentle art of purveying ready-made sob stories, and, working under the direction of Philip Reynolds, the husband and father, they lead quite a colourful life.

Jobbery

They are, in fact, professional beggars of a very persistent type. Philip Reynolds is the real genius of the family, for he has the experience of years behind him.

A favourite tale of his is that he has just secured a job after a long and distressing period of unemployment; but the work in question is always at a town some miles distant and he is in urgent need of funds.

Unless he can transport his family

played on the sympathy of a Justice of the Peace, who saw that Reynolds was provided with a new bed. The gift was pawned an hour after it was received.

Another story of Reynolds', related with some success in Glasgow, concerned a lost child who had been found later wandering in Paisley.

The tale was convincing, and so full of pathos that it was given newspaper prominence and money flowed in from a sympathetic public.

Reynolds has no home and no intention of settling down. His usual practice on entering a town is to drag his wife and child round the streets, looking as dejected as possible.

In busy thoroughfares the family will line up on the pavement, and Reynolds accosts all likely-looking people to ask where free lodgings can be found for his wife and child.

The trick pays well, for once having engaged a person in conversation Reynolds usually succeeds in extracting a little money to help him on his way.

He makes a point of pleading, not for himself, but for his little ones; but if the truth about him were known people would harden their hearts.

The fact is that, far from being a solicitous parent, he is a thoroughly worthless and unscrupulous rogue.

Pitiful mites

It is true that two of his boys are at present in a home at Bodmin, Cornwall; but they are there for their own good, having been taken from Reynolds by the authorities, who do not regard him as a fit person to have control of them.

There are three other children in a Scottish home, who were similarly taken away from him by order of the Glasgow Sheriff Court in 1929.

The one three-year-old mite has

been left with her mother because of her tender years; but, in view of the manner in which she is now being taken about the country by her begging parents, she would be better off with her brothers and sisters.

Reynolds is known by several public officials to be an unworthy person who persistently preys upon the sympathy of the community.

The whole country is his oyster. He has ranged backwards and forwards between Scotland and London for years, and has probably made the journey by road three or four times.

Poplar's his shrine

When the Poplar Guardians were giving relief on an abnormally generous scale, Reynolds left Scotland with the sole object of making Poplar his Mecca.

With his supreme gifts for arousing sympathy, he exploited Poplar to the utmost and lived on the rates there for some considerable time.

He has been in jail at least twice, and there is no doubt that he has made a practice of using one or another of his children for the purpose of gathering alms.

Reynolds, who sometimes passes by the name of Wilson, is a hardened impostor who merits severe punishment for his sustained tour of deceit.

The Lying Dutchman

WILLIAM BROUWERS, an ingratiating Dutchman with a distinctly charming manner, has been working a new ramp on the Great West Road, and a large number of motorists would like to know where he is.

His practice is to dash out in front of a car, waving a paper. The car stops, and Brouwers, with a bow and a smile, introduces himself as the Hollywood Film Studios, of Porchester Square, London, W.

He states that he has taken some moving pictures of the car and will be pleased to supply prints at six for 5s.

One party of motorists cheerfully parted with 12s. 6d., and Brouwers asked them to step out of the car while he filmed them again free of charge.

The sequel was the receipt of a post-card, dated a day ahead of the date it was received. This is what the Hollywood Film Studios had to say:

"We are very sorry to inform you that your film picture taken of your car is out of focus in consequence of an accident to the camera. We request you kindly call at the same place to retake a new film free of charge. We will start again as soon as the repairing of the camera is completed."

Thus we find that the Hollywood Film Studios own but one camera, and cheerfully continue to turn the handle even when the interior is somewhat upset.

The post-card was a blind, and it saved Brouwers quite a lot of time. The house at Porchester Square is a high-class boarding establishment.

The double Dutchman was there for two weeks, and gave his previous address as Poste Restante, Copenhagen. When he left he said he was going to Brighton to open a shop.

On the day he was supposed to be opening his shop he was swindling motorists on the Great West Road.

At Porchester Square there is a pile of letters for him, but Brouwers will not be interested, since they are only demands for the return of money.

TRICKY AUTO SCOUT

SOMEWHERE in the country at the present moment is a polished trickster who may be passing as George Anderson, William Stewart or Albert Wilson.

We cannot be more explicit because this man changes his name almost as frequently as he changes the scene of his operations.

He was in London recently, though, as the proprietor of a West End store known to his cost.

Anderson entered the store one day, and, selecting certain goods, tendered a cheque made out in his favour and drawn on a London branch of the Midland Bank.

He inspired confidence by representing himself as a manager at the Automobile Association, carried off the goods, and pocketed some cash in change.

The cheque came back marked "No account"; but Anderson was far away by that time, and, of course, nothing was known of him by the famous association whose name he had so impudently misused.

His movements can also be traced in Guildford, where he obtained a wireless-set and change amounting to over £3 in return for a cheque that was likewise dishonoured.

But a more ambitious coup has been perpetrated by him at Reigate, where he successfully passed a cheque for £60, acquiring a motor-cycle and £12 in cash in return.

In all his exploits he tells a convincing story and makes free use of the names of reputable companies.

His real name is William Horace Marjason; but, as we say, his aliases are endless.

FOR SMALL TRADERS.
SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
SELL Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue No. 1. Cochran, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

60-PAGE wholesale Drapery Catalogue, also ABC Guide, direct from actual mill. Free. read page 64 of "Seven Ways to Make a Living in Drapery." Examples of our prices: Men's Shirts 18/11 doz.; other bargains in stock. Wollison, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

"CHEAPEST wholesale house for beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 85, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS to sell in your spare time; every kind; good profits. 200-page Catalogue free.—May (1931), George St., Birmingham.

88-PAGE 1931 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue, now ready. Post free. Finest in the Trade. Perfect, reliable and repeatable goods of quality and value. Cheapest prices. All departments. Ladies', Men's, Children's, Household, Best Discount Terms. Sales, quick. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (Wholesale only). —Loy Bros., Dept. A, 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

MAKE MONEY by selling Remnants! Best selection in the Trade. Every description of Drapery Remnants, Piece Goods, Overalls, Blankets, Towels, Sheets, Pillow-Cases, etc. Wholesale only. Established 1859. Send for FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO R. Lansdale & Son, Dept. J. B., ACCINGTON.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partials, and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

WANTED BY JOHN NOBLE LTD. ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club Leads for value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Marvelous bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Over 50 years' Reputation for value and service. SEND P.C. NOW for particulars and most wonderful Bargain Catalogue ever published.—John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A.7), Manchester.

CLUB AGENTS wanted. —Liberal comm. Household Bargains. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE.—The Nova Trading Co., Ltd., 74, Villa Street, Birmingham.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY. 1,000 Club Organisers. Popularity of our Clubs has necessitated opening larger premises. Write now for 1931 cat. and partials. Highest Commission, Expenses and Value. No trouble or humbug.—Hardy & Co. (Leeds), Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Garforth, Leeds.

AGENTS wanted to form Xmas Clubs, Chocs., Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Cigarettes. Good commission. No outlay. Send for illustrated list.—Regent Confectionery Co., Stanningley, Leeds.

XMAS CLUB Agents wanted. NO OUTLAY. Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys. FREE GIFT every agent. Big Cash commission. Catalogue free.—P. J. Tate, 38, Neville Street, Leeds.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME!—Agents wanted merely to recommend our work; no outlay, no risks.—Write, Dept. 3, Albert Hall, Windermere.

20s. in £ value. Xmas Club Agents wanted. Surplus Gift each agent, big free cat. Chocs., Cigs, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.—Dept. 5, Garnett & Halliwell, Ltd., Newmarket Street, Grimsby.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS. —COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest including fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 3, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

POLICE.—Forces being increased. Over 500 men shortly needed. Splendid pay and prospects. If over 5 ft. 9 in. and under 27 apply for FREE details of Entrance Examination from B.T.I., 29b, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 66 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Phone: Chancery 8113.

SHOPKEEPERS!
USE THIS FREE SERVICE.
Local trade is limited, so why not increase sales by mail order, the modern method of trading, and display your goods in John Bull's "SHOP WINDOW." John Bull is ready to give you frank advice on the subject of selling by post and prepared to have your advertisement expertly designed and written. A shopkeeper writes: "Yours is surely the most helpful service ever offered to the small but progressive retailer." Why not find out whether your goods are suitable for Mail Order? You entail no obligation and the service is quite free! Write now: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., John Bull, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 5s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.
Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES. 11 lb. 8/- for Socks, etc. White, Grey, Navy, 3/4. Colours 3/10 lb. post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burdett, W.B. Whouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS. Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1931 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle/Tyne.

YOUR SUIT SHINES! The Lion Bricque Removes Shine, re-naps clothes. 1/-, post free.—Sheldon, 39, Paul Street, E.C.2.

WRITE for the free illustrated CYCLE LIST offered by SELFPRIDGE'S on page 33. The model illustrated can be obtained on easy payments. Be sure to write Dept. J.B.

BUNIONS and Corns are painful. For 1/6 you can obtain a new device which brings comfort in walking. (See illustrated advt. of Wm. Penn in "John Bull's Shop Window," page 14.)

READERS' attention is drawn to the BLANFORD offer on page 29.

Don't Wear a Truss!

BROOKS Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to day.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies or gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

—Free Information Coupon—

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (4682), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
Brooks Appliance Co. Ltd. (4682), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME

ADDRESS

(Please write plainly)

Post the coupon to London or Manchester, whichever you prefer.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WALLPAPERS.—Largest pattern book published, post free. Latest designs, lowest prices.—Baker Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 65 and 66, London Road, Elephant, S.E.1.

14 SHAVES 1d. accomplished with W.W. Blade (Gillette pat.). Eaves pounds. Send 1/- for doz.—Chadwick's, 68, Harwood Rd., Rishton, Lancs.

GAMAGE'S offer a CHROMIUM-PLATED TOURIST CYCLE MODEL, which can be obtained on easy payments, on page 28. Write for further particulars and mention John Bull when doing so.

GRANOLEUM Squares for Floors are cleaner and cheaper than carpets. They cost only 12/6 each. For further particulars see advt. on page 14.

SEVERAL CYCLE OFFERS appear in this issue. FREE CATALOGUES are offered by HERCULES (p. 23), GRAVES (p. 25), ROBEY (p. 30).

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE. 30/- 75 modern home-made garments. Silk and Wool, Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Wool Coats, Nighties, etc. Gated, unequalled Bargain. Over 5,000 true testimonials received. Expectant mothers send 2/- for parcel on approx. then judge yourself. Mother, 14 years' exp.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth. (Cash or Terms.)

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT
CELEBRATED SPARE TIME
AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, Motors, Parts. Cat. Free. Cash or terms. Build 212 model for £2. Instructions 2d.—J. Burt, 185, High St., Deptford.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA—GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.
BUY DIRECT from Wholesaler. Delicious, specially blended Indian and Ceylon Teas. Highly recommended. 10 lb. 10/-, 4 lb. 4/-, 8 lb. 8/-, 4 lb. 6/-, 4 lb. 7/-, Carr. pd. Special Prices large quantities. Portway Tea Co., 73 Portway, E.15.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artice Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases of worms, removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply. Daily stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard & Co., 34-36, Codner, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Gentle remedy proved by testimonials. —Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc. cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3 bottle, 8/6, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liver, etc. Special.

SUFFERERS FROM BOILS, CARBUNCLES and Abscesses. End your tortures with a trial tin of Clough's Marvellous Healing BLACK SALVE. Century-old family recipe. Instant relief to thousands. Even obstinate, non-healing cases yield to its magic. Give Clough's Black Salve a trial. 1/6 per tin, post paid. Booklet of Home Remedies for all Complaints free on request.—Sole makers, H. Clough, M.F.S., 102, Bakerhouse Road, Nelson, Lancs.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—Don't waste money on quick remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-Confidence sent privately for 3d.—Mr. R. V. Jones (J.B.80), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

STEEDMAN'S famous book, "Hints to Mothers," will be sent FREE to all readers mentioning John Bull. See advt. on page 26.

FREE—Test "CICPA"—the wonder remedy for INDIGESTION, by sending your name and address with the coupon appearing in the advt. on the Back Cover. Attach 1½d. stamp for postage.

ISN'T IT TERRIBLE?
The struggle for existence! You must be absolutely fit nowadays. Liness is a big, unfair handicap. Yet Life without illness is possible if you take Energet daily. Still better tonic known. 1/6 to ENERGET (Dr. Windsor House, Victoria Street, London, brings easy tablets, ensuring perfect health, physically and mentally. Specially for Rheumatism, Stomach troubles, Nervous Depression, Skin troubles. Plain wrapper. Money back if it fails.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR HIKERS.

"HIKE AND BE HAPPY."
HAPPY HIKERS use a "FEATHERFORT" the new light-weight tent for two, designed by an experienced hiker. Modest cost. Reliable make. Write to-day for leaflet with samples to J. Q. Baird, 101, Loanfoot Ave., Glasgow, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUKE'S DELICIOUS JELLIED ALMONDS. THE PAUOUS SWEET. INSIST ON DUKE'S.—ASK YOUR CONFECTIONER TO-DAY.

"WHO'S WHO IN FILMLAND." There are only a few more copies left of "Who's Who in Filmland," the Debut of the British Film Industry. You can read about 1,749 Film Stars, Actors, Players and Scenario Writers. Large (160 pages, coloured cover), 2/6; post free 2/9. Write to: Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

AN offer appears in the Front Cover announcing to those readers who would prefer to try a couple of glasses of "WINCARN" before buying to send 1d. in stamps to receive postage to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 11, Wincarn Works, Norwich, for a small sample bottle.

READERS' attention is drawn to the "PRIVATE SEAL" advt. on page 16, in which appears a choice of three fine Cameras given in exchange for coupons. The latest lot in this exchange, is offered free. Simply fill in the coupon.

READERS' attention is drawn to the KODAK £20,000 World Competition, in which even you snap from a "BROWNIE" can win £350. There are 579 prizes to be won in the British legs alone, and equal chances for all. Turn to page 29 now. Cut out the entry form and post this with your entries.

BEER at 1d. per Pint; See advt. on page 31. The free booklet will fully explain and about making "VIGGORMALT."



"The truth I have elicited"

A QUACK- REMEDY SWINDLER

A FEW weeks ago I was particularly impressed by an appeal which came to me on behalf of traders in the North of England.

I directed a close investigation into the few facts placed before me, and have traced from them a network of running commercial trickery.

The weaver of this web of deceit is only twenty-six years of age.

He is Joseph Edward Burton, of Nelson, Lancashire, who has been extensively advertising an ointment which he calls "Hermoline."

Notwithstanding his youth, Burton has ridden more daringly and roughshod over the Companies Acts than any veteran trickster would venture to do.

He first blossomed out in business as a chemist's sundriesman, at Nelson with £80 provided by his father.

In four months he was operating

on a much larger scale, on the strength of £250 which he borrowed, but has never repaid.

But one month later the stock and effects were sold under an execution, and his creditors were left to whistle for £300.

Somewhere, however, he found money to bet with, and, winning £100 from horse-racing, recommenced business—in his wife's name—as the Balmoral Pharmacy at Blackpool.

With a fine display of enterprise, he made an attempt to acquire a freehold property for £3,000, but when called upon to complete the deal he could not contribute even a small deposit.

The list of Burton's creditors grew, and in a few weeks he had to close down again, owing £350 more.

Once again, however, he found the wherewithal to gamble, and with £200 winnings he went to Westcliff-on-Sea,



Upon this little tin, with its cryptically inscribed carton, Burton founded his imaginary £100,000 company

changed his name to E. Chatwood-Burton, and there established the Golden Lion Pharmacy.

This was another bogus business. He fitted out the premises to the extent of £300, which was not paid, and obtained stock to the value of £1,160 on credit.

Fake and fiction

Creditor after creditor had to seek judgments, and the most regular patrons of the place were the sheriff's officer and the bailiffs.

When, in a few months, the deficiency reached £1,500, Burton closed down, but gave his creditors an assurance that he possessed a secret remedy for the cure of internal hæmorrhage which was worth £200.

They are still waiting for the financial benefits of the secret remedy. I must disillusion them.

While he was at Blackpool, Burton was convicted for a motoring offence, but left the town for Westcliff without paying the fine of £2 15s.

A warrant was issued, and when he was in danger of arrest Burton persuaded a bookmaker to pay the fine and gave him the "secret remedy" in exchange!

This was good going so far for a youth in his twenties. But he was only getting into his stride.

With £3 capital, Burton next founded a company which he named Hermoline Products, Ltd., and proceeded to advertise and market the so-called hermoline ointment.

Literature relating to hermoline has been distributed widespread, and I was particularly interested in a £100 guarantee which it contains as to the genuineness of testimonials regarding the powers of the ointment.

These testimonials are faked. The truth which I have elicited concerning them is really too ludicrous to relate.

Bogus contest

Hermoline Products, Ltd., was only another medium for Burton to exploit the business community.

There were no balance-sheets or accounts, and it had to cease operations compulsorily with more than £1,800 owing to between thirty and forty creditors.

In what was presumably an effort to boost his precious ointment, Burton conceived the idea of a limerick competition which he advertised widely in the Press.

At this time he had given an order for four commercial saloon motor-cars to a firm in Radcliffe, and a servant

of this firm was announced in the newspapers as having won the first prize of £50 in the limerick contest.

When the motor-cars were ready to be supplied, a payment on account was asked for, but Burton made the excuse that his "board of directors" would have to meet to authorise the issue of the cheque.

So delivery of the cars was withheld. And Burton withheld the £50 prize.

There also appeared in the Press the names and addresses of second and third prize-winners, but they, too, have never received a penny.

Although he was aware that only a few days before a creditor had presented a petition for the compulsory winding-up of his worthless company, Burton moved to Preston on further financial adventures.

There he rented two fine shops in the principal streets, and had them reconstructed and equipped regardless of expense.

To inspire confidence in his worth among his new victims, he showed them huge advertisements in newspapers about the flotation of a £100,000 company.

Wicked

He also told his dupes a cock-and-bull story that he had been successful in litigation, and that thousands of pounds had been paid into court to his credit.

Actually, I find, Burton had brought another £3 company into existence and named it Hermoline Products (Liverpool), Ltd.

Its first transactions were to issue worthless cheques to the landlords and local tradesmen.

Soon, as has happened everywhere that Burton has been in his brief career, the bailiffs were in the new shops, which had been decorated and equipped on credit.

So Burton took the simple course of selling the two businesses and leaving the town.

He went so hurriedly that he did not even pay some £250 owing to small tradesmen whom he had induced to carry out the reconstruction of the shops which he sold.

For a youth of twenty-six, Burton has had a hectic time in business. In the bankruptcy and companies winding-up courts he may be described as a "trading failure."

I would call him an unscrupulous cheat.

A Terrible COURT INJUSTICE

IF you ever happen to be in the small town of Thorpe-le-Soken, near Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, look not upon the wine when it is red.

The consequences may be terrible.

So it has been found by one man whose name we will withhold so that he may not suffer worse punishment than has already been inflicted upon him.

He is an Irishman who served in the war with the Canadian Forces and was invalided with a 100 per cent. disability and a pension of £3 weekly.

This poor wreck of a man was sent by his doctor six months ago to Clacton in the hope that the sea air of the east coast might prolong his life.

Foolishly, one day, he went to Thorpe and became intoxicated in circumstances which will be described later.

After being kept in the cells for a night, he was brought before a local justice of the peace, who, for some reason, did not feel justified in dealing with the trivial case by himself.

So the magistrate ordered him to be remanded in custody for five days and then to be brought before a full bench of justices.

This meant that the broken ex-soldier had to be removed to Brixton Prison, London, nearly seventy miles away, by taxi-cabs and rail.

His fare and those of the police and prison officers accompanying him cost the ratepayers, incidentally, a matter of £7.

He was not allowed to have his walking-stick, which, as a cripple, he requires, nor was his money returned to him so that he could buy ordinary

food in the remand prison. Even his spectacles were taken away.

When six local lay magistrates had been assembled the following week at Thorpe, the man was taken back there from Brixton.

It was related in court that he had been found in the roadway "smelling strongly of drink," had fallen, and clung to some railings.

Also, the police added, he had behaved in a menacing manner towards them.

We would have thought that stalwart Essex constables would have been too proud to declare seriously that they had been menaced by a 100 per cent. disabled man, who, according to themselves, was incapable at the time.

The prisoner explained to the court that cold had started hæmorrhage in his system, and that to relieve the pain he took a glass of hot whisky, an unusual drink for him.

When arrested, he had told the police he was a dying man, and that it was because of sickness he was leaning against the railings.

The man had never been in trouble before, but the police informed the justices that he was in debt for his lodgings!

The magistrates should, of course, have refused to hear evidence about the civil affairs of a man charged with drunkenness.

As the incapacitated ex-soldier had already spent five days in prison, it will be imagined that a case so slight would have been dismissed or disposed of by a fine of a few shillings.

They do things differently at Thorpe-le-Soken.

He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour.

DRASTIC CUT IN PRICE

350 PAIRS ONLY TO CLEAR.

Small and Portable Phone for Men, every pair carrying the Bull Mark of Replacement if not satisfactory within a reasonable period. Exactly as illustrated, made on the hand-rolled principle, fitted with the famous Grandeur Wingback Rubber Sole and Heel, which wear twice as long as leather. Small or medium toe, uppers made from finest best of without fail, providing a high standard of quality throughout and ensuring most comfortable. All sizes and half-sizes will. We guarantee satisfaction or money back.

12/-

Postage 1d. or 3/- with order and 4 fortnightly payments of 2s.

PLAYWELLS,
136, Broadway,
LONDON, W.13.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW



JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

I Guarantee your Satisfaction

BEST WATCH VALUE

Ever Offered No Deposit

LADY'S SOLID SILVER WATCH
Expanding silver bracelet, thoroughly tested three-quarter plate, jewelled movement, ultra precision, handsome dial, 25/6. On Wrist Band, 30/.

GENT'S SOLID SILVER WATCH
Strong leather strap, similar movement, 21/.

Both warranted for 12 years. 7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/- and 1/- fortnightly. Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches.

HOME & DOMINIONS WATCH CO.,
4, White Hart St., Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

Biggest Value

IN FLOOR COVERING

NOTE NEW LOW PRICES 90 SQ. FT. 15/-

PAROLEUM

DAMP AND ROT PROOF specially suited for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without staining.

(all rolls 2 yards wide) Many Pretty Patterns to choose from.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
Southland Square,
Wolverhampton, W.13.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

PRINTING

FOR ALL BUSINESSES

10,000

Handbills or Billheads AT 2/9 per 1,000

Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, Labels, Envelopes, Posters, etc.

DUPLICATE BOOKS from 1/4 per Book.

Large range of samples sent for 3d. postage.

MEAD & SON, 200, SANDY, BEDS.

SALE!

of ROYAL Cycles. A GREAT OPPORTUNITY! 3-Guinea Models for 59/6 (or 5/9 monthly).

3-Speed Model de Luxe for 79/6 (or 7/6 monthly).

Numerous other models at similar reductions. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO.
(Dept. C. 169), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

HOLIDAY & SPORTS SHOES

Heavy Canvas Uppers. Red Rubber Soles and Heel. FOR LADIES, GENTS, AND CHILDREN

Delivery from stock at Once

FROM 1/4 PER PAIR

In Brown or White, Stout Canvas Uppers, solid Rubber Soles - complete with laces. Boxed Single Pair. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied. Sent C.O.D. if required. Cross P.O.'s & make payable to J. CARTER & Co., 23 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.

FROM 6/5

Per Month RENTED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Frames, Wood-beds, Goods, etc. Prompt delivery. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections, 8 ft. in. placed, moulded, ribbed weather boards. Roofing felt supplied. Floors extra.

Long, Wide, High. Cash or 6 Payments of 12/-

6ft. x 4ft. x 6ft. 25 0/0 12/2 6/6
7ft. x 4ft. x 6ft. 26 10/0 17/2 9/-
8ft. x 4ft. x 7ft. 28 11/0 27/- 12/-

BIG CATALOGUE OF PORTABLE BUILDINGS FREE.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 52, Wood Top, Hobdon Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

£3 CASH FREE TO YOU

£3 COMMISSION ON ONE CLUB.

Carpets Footwear Furniture Clothing Bedding Jewellery

NO OUTLAY NO TROUBLE

1,000 AMAZING BARGAINS

MAN'S SUIT, 15/- Start a City and Provincial Club NOW. 1 - weekly secures all these 600 Bargains Big commissions. Best possible value.

SHOES, 7/6. DON'T DELAY—SEND TO-DAY! VACANCIES NOW for 1,000 NEW AGENTS. Send P.C. for particulars. New 128-page Catalogue of Amazing Bargains.

CITY & PROVINCIAL STORES (Dept. N),
P.O. Box 43, Atlantic Mills, Manchester.

50,000 Yards 1st D. CASEMENT CURTAINING AND CRETONNES

P.C. BRINGS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE ALSO POST FREE 72 Coloured Illustrations Lovely Cretonnes. PATTERN BOOK POST FREE

From 3rd Yard CRETONNES and FADELESS CASEMENT with a GUARANTEE 4th 43D.

Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched, Inserted, Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Repps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, Artificial Silks, Multi Stripes, etc.

CASEMENT MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. J.B.30), THE LOOMS, MANCHESTER.

SMART & HARD-WEARING FLANNELS

Smart, strongly made, good wearing flannels, exclusively tailored and fully lined, with belt loops, side straps, turned-up bottoms, two side and hip pockets and a wide bottom. In medium grey, only 6/6 per pair. Super best wearing quality in Medium or Grey, 8/6. Postage 1d. extra. Two pairs post free. Amazing value. Not surplus or bargain stock, but genuine retail price flannels. Good quality, strong, wearing and long lasting measurements and state required. Highest satisfaction or money back.

J. W. ALLEN & CO.,
376, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

20/- free

To advertise this complete sale for 20/- and no further payments!

2 Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Bolton Sheets 90 x 70
2 Pillow Slips 30 x 18
1 Bedster Case 58 x 18
2 Turkish Towels

Wearing giving free of cost a 66 x 46 beautiful Wadded DOWN QUILT

Cash or C.O.D. Curr. Free. If cash sent with order, we will also include a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings. Money back if not satisfied.

MANCHESTER TEXTILE CO.,
Dept. J.B., 112, Grosvenor St., MANCHESTER.

FULL LENGTH BED CHAIR with SPRING SEATS 2/6

ONLY secure delivery of this full length Bed Chair with spring seats and 12 weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. Multi-leaf frame polished rich nut brown, 3 velvet cord cushions, any colour, 2 detachable reversible leg rest cushions and very useful as bedside seat (see illus.). Our patent spring seats ensure comfort with permanent springing. Carriage free. Eng. P.O.'s only. Cash Price 20/-.

NORTH DUCKS TRADING Co. Ltd.,
52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

IRONING DE LUXE.

This novel patent combined folding table and sleeve board has been specially designed to meet the requirements of the modern woman. Well padded, rigid in use and British throughout. AN IDEAL PRESENT

Detachable

Price 10/6

Carriage Paid State nearest Station.

Usual Price 15/6

Height 31 ins. Length 48 ins. Width 10 ins.

J. B. DAVENPORT & CO., Dock St., Blackburn.

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Kiddies in a Sinister Queue

A LEADING educational authority in Wales recently undertook to find out exactly what effect films were having on the thousands of children under his care. He found out.

He discovered that children were quite definitely taking their ideas of other nations from what they saw of them on the screen. One of the ideas that shocked him was that the Chinese were a nation of dope-fiends.

Yet what other idea could the children have? When do you ever see a Chinese in a film unless he is either dealing in dope or trying to encompass the ruin of a white woman?

It is not much use blaming the children. If we allow them to feed their eager minds on such rubbish this is what will happen. I often wonder if we realise the seriousness of what we are doing.

We are as busy as we can possibly be bringing up a generation which believes that vice and crime are at least exciting, if not positively attractive, that thinks other nations are "queer," and that believes life to be a compound of sloppy romance and sordidly vicious domesticity.

It is obvious that lots of people are beginning to realise that the attendance of children at kinemas constitutes a real social problem.

"A" menace

In response to a demand by local authorities, kinema exhibitors themselves and women's associations throughout the country, the Home Office has reissued its 1929 circular, in which it urged all local licensing authorities to stipulate in their licences that no child under sixteen, unless accompanied by a responsible parent or guardian, should be allowed to see what the British Board of Film Censors terms an "A" film—that is, a film suitable for exhibition to adults only.

"The need for exercising in the interests of children a specially strict control over the character of films to be shown to children," it says, "is



Provide good, clean film-fare for kiddies' imaginations to thrive on

widely and increasingly recognised. No process of censorship can turn a bad film into a good one. It can only reject a film, or eliminate those features which appear to be objectionable."

That extract frankly implies that films, unless selected with scrupulous care, are not fit things for children to see; it also implies that censorship is not a very effective way of dealing with the problem.

That, probably, is why Liverpool has gone a step further even than this circular. It has flatly prohibited children under the age of sixteen from seeing an "A" film under any circumstances.

Personally, I think Liverpool is right—and I don't care two straws who calls me a crank for saying so.

A week or so ago a boy was found shot dead in a garden. By his side was a sporting rifle; in his pocket was a letter from a girl. The boy was sixteen years old; the girl was fourteen.

The Human Machine

ONE of the wisest men who ever lived declared that "Happiness is a species of activity." Although he said this more than two thousand years ago, no one has ever since penetrated nearer the real secret of life.

It all depends, of course, what form the activity takes. London's "Bright Young People," for instance, indulge from time to time in all sorts of feverish activity; but it is more than doubtful if any of them gain any great amount of happiness.

The sort of activity that produces happiness is creative activity. Man alone, among all living creatures, has the power of conscious and

Don't Look for It!

deliberate creation, and unless we exercise this power we cannot hope to be really happy.

Some people can draw and paint; some can create mechanical miracles; some can write and some can sing. Others can create that most intangible thing, an "atmosphere" round themselves and their home. Look at any of these—and see if they are not happy.

Happiness is not a question of money. It never was and it never will be. There is plenty of misery to be found in the midst of wealth, just as happiness can be seen thriving in the midst of squalid poverty.

There is one sure way of missing happiness, and that is to go out on a definite search for it. There is no surer preventive of happiness than over-emphasis on "having a good time."

The busier you are with something useful the more likely you are to be happy; for happiness is usually found by the man who is looking for something else.

by
**E. Roffe
Thompson**

tion," it is a complete mystery why any American crook film is ever allowed to be shown.

Now, what I can never understand is this: there are between eight and ten million children in the country of an age which permits them to go to the kinema, and no one yet has thought it worth while to cater specially for them.

Kidemas

I should have thought it was an audience big enough to merit the serious attention of any big firm, an audience big enough to warrant even the building of special kinemas for their accommodation.

If anyone thinks I have been overstating the case, I should like him to talk to any magistrate, any social worker, any leader of Scouts or Guides, whose daily duty it is to try to counteract the evil effect of films on children's minds and imaginations.

I will promise him the shock of his life. The people who have to remedy the damage done by the films know very well how great the damage is.

Now why does not some enterprising British film firm set out to cater solely for children as a cold business proposition?

The world simply teems with subjects that would open up new vistas to little minds, and that would not only be genuine and healthy entertainment, but be more educative than nine-tenths of the mental sawdust and soul-butter supplied in schools.

There are whole realms of story and legend, of history and romance that only the film-camera can really recreate. Can it be seriously argued that such a venture would not pay?

I don't see how we can have this question of films both ways.

We are continually being told that the screen is the most powerfully educative force in the world, and yet we are curiously unwilling to face the obvious corollary of that fact—namely, that its educative force is just as powerful when what is shown is opposed to all ideas of ordinary decency and morality.

"Pluck" for weeds

I think we should face up to it; and I think we should tackle the problem, not by regulations and red tape, by the appointment of hordes of officials and the imposition of penalties, but by the provision of entertainment that is suitable for children.

I am convinced that there is a great opportunity waiting for the first producing firm with enough pluck to make a start.

In any case, we might remember that childhood is the garden of life. It is fertile soil.

We spend millions guarding the child's physical life from disease and harm. We might at least spend a few thousands to keep its mental life free from needless contamination.

"The boy was film mad," said his mother at the inquest. "His room was plastered with pictures of films and film-stars. He was very imaginative."

He kept a diary. Here is just one extract from it: "He is after Nellie—I must watch him."

It does not need much imagination to see that this boy was trying to translate into real life the lurid trash he saw on the screen.

It is cases like this—and this is by no means an isolated one—that make me quite indifferent to the yowls of the film trade whenever I or anyone else attack films as unsuitable fare for children.

There is no ruling as to what constitutes an "adult." In practice it is vaguely applied to anyone who can persuade the box-office attendant that he—or she—is over sixteen—if the box-office attendant ever troubles to enquire about their age at all.

Slop for 10-year-olds

The result is that children of sixteen can, and do, pass in a number of younger children to the theatre on the strength of being "adults" for accompanying purposes, and there is nothing to prevent children asking strangers to stand sponsor for them at the box-office, which they frequently do with no small amount of success.

To see what? There are not many "Society" dramas where seduction is not at least attempted. Is that suitable fare for children?

Divorce, in all its sordid details, is a commonplace. Do you really care for your children seeing that sort of thing?

Plenty of undress, plenty of murder, plenty of crime of all descriptions, sex in all its manifestations—does anyone really want to argue that it is either entertainment or a true picture of the world in which they live?

But the censorship—you are forgetting the censorship. Isn't that what you're saying? Well, what about the censorship?

The British Board of Film Censors issues a booklet, a weird and wonderful document, that contains a list of eighty-nine things that may not be portrayed on the screen.

"Vamping" is taboo; so are "objectionable prison scenes." It would, in consequence, be interesting to hear an official explanation of why "Hell's Angels" and "The Big House" were ever passed for exhibition.

Since "unseemly displays of women's underclothing" may not on any account be shown, it would be even more interesting to learn why "Our Blushing Brides" ever saw the light of day.

And, since films may not portray "methods of crime open to imita-



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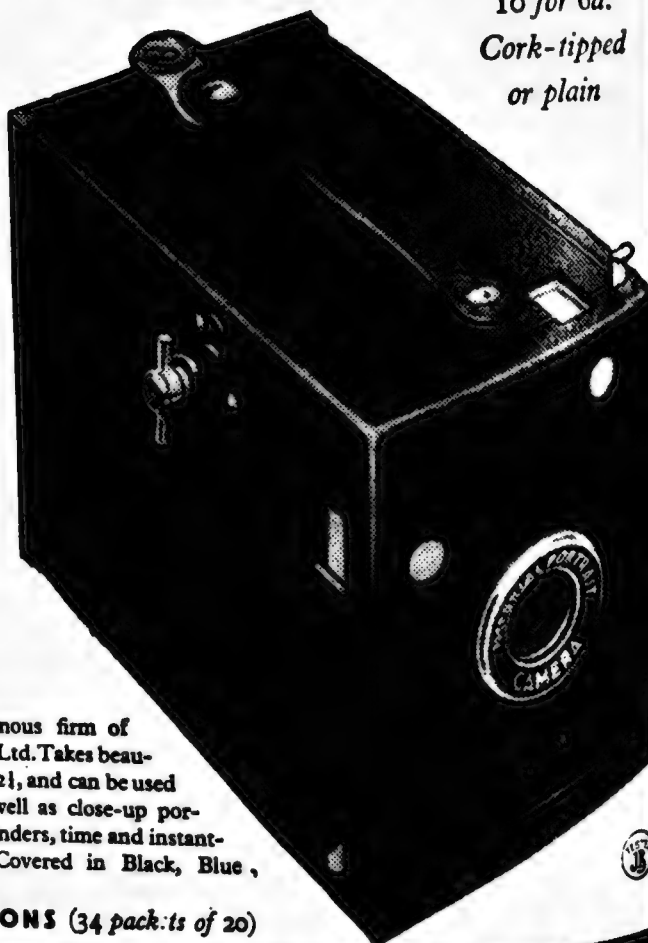
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SILLY

Solomons



THE Government must at once deal with the whole subject of lay magistrates and their atrocious decisions. The time for hesitation is long past.

In last week's issue we exposed the outrageous sentence of a month's hard labour upon five Liverpool youths, since released by order of the Home Secretary; this week, on page 13, we call attention to the positively astounding instance of a 100 per cent. disabled ex-soldier being sent to jail for a month with hard labour, for being drunk—the man's first offence of any description.

Our records are full of such in-

stances; not a week passes without its stupid and often cruel blunders. Never was there a scandal calling for more prompt action than this one.

Pride sometimes finds a voice because in Great Britain we possess some thousands of magistrates who are ready to work for nothing. Nothing, that is, in the shape of cash remuneration, although the title of "J.P." frequently the reward for Party political services, may imply that its owner feels "justly proud."

Too often, however, these unpaid judges of petty crime have little or nothing to be justly proud of. In their working for nothing there is one merit only. It is precisely what they are worth.

Often indeed, since justice and liberty are beyond price, the "free" services of lay magistrates are purchased at a terrific cost.

To say this is not to condemn every Justice of the Peace as an incompetent bungler, but there will be no safety for the citizen until the Lord Chancellor insists that every man or woman added to the roll of justices shall have had at least sufficient legal training to know by heart the rules of evidence and the rudiments of law.

Take this instance of sheer bungling:

The Oldham Justices committed a man for trial to the Manchester Assizes upon a charge of criminal assault, although, as Mr. Justice Charles subsequently declared, there was "not a rag of a case against him."

Judicial thrashing

WORSE still, notwithstanding that the police offered no objection, the magistrates refused to admit the defendant to bail, so that for ten weeks the poor fellow was kept in prison. Meanwhile, his little business, a one-man hairdresser's shop, slumped to ruin.

When at last the day of trial came, the defendant's only consolation was to hear the Oldham justices who had flung him into jail, spoiling his career, castigated by a High Court judge.

These scandals are aggravated when it is remembered that if an aggrieved person wishes to appeal to Quarter Sessions, as he may do, from the decision of a bench of magistrates, he must give security for costs in the sum of £40.

An utterly hopeless outlook for the average working man!

Note this fact, however, for it is of vital significance. Out of the appeals which reach Quarter Sessions from courts where unpaid magistrates sit more than 40 per cent. in an average year are successful.

Couple this remarkable figure with the



"A picture of the ghastly injustice which is going on"

fact that scarcely more than 3 per cent. are rich enough to appeal, and one may form a dim picture of the ghastly injustice which is going on. It is time it was stopped at one smashing blow in the interests of righteous law.

Poaching in court

FRESH in the public memory is the case of the Herefordshire poacher, sentenced to three months' imprisonment by the bunch of local squires and landowners comprising the Bench.

The central episode of the trial reads like a story from the pages of Dickens. During the actual hearing of the case the prosecutor, a woman, beckoned the chairman of the magistrates from his exalted seat for the purpose of having a word in his ear.

Obediently he answered her summons, and a private colloquy ensued. It was stated afterwards in the House of Commons that this secret talk had nothing to do with the poacher's guilt or innocence, but imagine the impression upon the minds of all who learned of the incident, upon the prisoner, upon the onlookers, upon those outside the court who heard what had happened within.

True, the youth was released, owing to the intervention of the Home Secretary, before completing his sentence, but consider the indignity and the suffering.

In not one single court in Britain where a legally trained magistrate sits would such intervention have been permitted.

Coming to downright miscarriages of justice recently noted, we find the case of a respectable and hard-working Russian Jew, Maurice Huller, sentenced by two women magistrates at Manchester to a month's hard labour for a purely technical offence against the Aliens Act.

Afterwards, at the city Quarter Sessions, to which the defendant appealed, the Recorder, Sir W. Greaves-Lord, K.C., quashed both conviction and sentence at sight, with these scathing observations:

"I can only regret that anybody in this country can have seen fit to send this man to prison, and I do not want the records of this country to contain the report of the imprisonment of a man like this. I think it is perfectly disgraceful."

The right of appeal, however, as has been pointed out, is a costly remedy, beyond the

means of 90 per cent. of persons convicted in the police-courts.

Also, as often as they occur, the magistrates are represented by counsel at the country's expense.

Add to this the cost of maintaining people in prison who ought never to be there, and it may be possible to form a faint estimate of the burden the taxpayer is bearing through the pig-headed folly of magistrates pitchforked on to the Bench as a social compliment or in return for political hack-work in younger days.

The cost of legally trained magistrates would be a fleabite in comparison.

In every petty sessional division of the country there ought to be a trained and experienced lawyer to deal with charges of petty crime.

No charge is so trivial that it may not shatter and blast a citizen's whole career. He has as much right to demand expert legal trial as he has to expect skilled doctoring. To expose him in the law courts before amateur justices is as cruel an outrage as to leave him when sick to the mercy of the local butcher.

In fact, to call in the undertaker to a patient would be a closer analogy to parading a prisoner before some Justices of the Peace whose exploits have reached our ears.

The fact that every bench of magistrates is provided with the services of a legal clerk is neither here nor there.

Tin-pot tyranny

THESE tame factotums of the lay justices are not always lawyers, while many of them are of the most puny calibre, afraid to affront the majesty of the chairman with advice or correction, even when he is in the course of perpetrating the grossest irregularities.

In short, as long as the Bench is "boss" and the clerk its servant, law and justice will, in too many instances, play second fiddle to ignorance.

There will never be a feeling of public security until these local Solomons are sent packing from the Bench, to make room for competent stipendiary magistrates who know their work, and are not likely to make blunders.

These blunders, involving cruelly excessive punishment and all sorts of petty tyranny, must cease at once.



Mussolini detests gambling—
but Italy still swarms into the
lottery booths

Your Irish Sweep ticket is a bad
investment—mathematically . . .



TO-DAY—Saturday, May 30—ten million people are eagerly awaiting news of the great Irish Derby Sweepstake draw in Dublin.

Ten million sounds a large total, but it is probably an underestimate.

Taking receipts at a rough figure of £1,500,000, and remembering that tickets have been sold in books of twelve for £5 a book, there must be 3,600,000 ticket-holders.

We can fairly assume that each holder has at least two other people—husband or wife, son, daughter, or friend—directly or indirectly interested in the ticket.

In the same way the Calcutta Sweep must interest several million men and women; and, in addition to these two main groups, there is a vast multitude thrilled this week-end by dreams of sudden fortune coming to them through the Stock Exchange, the Baltic and other minor sweepstakes.

The greatest horse-race in the world—the Derby itself—which will be run on Wednesday, commands less intrinsic interest than the sweepstakes.

This is a truly extraordinary state of affairs in a country which still holds lotteries and sweeps to be illegal.

Annual flutter

We are a nation of gamblers, and, by tradition, the Derby is the greatest gamble of the year. Indeed, for many thousands of ordinary folk it is the only gamble.

But the sweepstake craze which has swept the country just recently like fire through prairie grass is a new development of the gambling spirit.

Naturally enough, the country is divided into two camps—the pros and the antis.

The former would have us believe that sweepstakes offer a legitimate excitement and amusement to the masses, and, furthermore, are a splendid means of raising revenue for hospitals and other charities.

The antis take the view that all sweepstakes are morally indefensible, and that, even for purposes of raising charitable revenue, they

will in the long run do more harm than good.

Mr. Isaac Foot, M.P., speaking in the House of Commons the other day, declared that lotteries lead to "a melancholy catalogue of crime and vice" and tend to "dry up the very springs of charity."

Clearly there are many millions of people to-day who don't agree with Mr. Foot.

But Parliament at least agrees with him so far as to have refused Sir W. H. Davison leave to introduce a Bill to legalise sweepstakes. And it did so by the decided majority of 181 votes to 58.

Glorious fate

The attitude of the man-in-the-street seems to be "Who cares what the law is or what Parliament decides? This ticket I hold is my chance to become rich at a single stroke. If I lose, what of it? 'I've had my dreams, and ten bob is not too much to pay for them. If I win, then I'm going to have the time of my life.'"

That's the lure of the sweepstake and the lottery the world over. The huge prize for the tiny outlay. No matter though your chance be but as a single pebble on a great shingle. It is a chance. Fate may make you pick up that magic pebble.

Here again a vast deal of nonsense has been written about sweepstake luck.

If the unknown uncle in Australia leaves you a fortune you may or may not "go off the rails." That will depend on you yourself. And if your ticket draws a favourite this week-end, you will be in just the same position.

A number of big winners in recent sweeps simply "carried on" as before.

Mrs. Selina Thompson, who won £40,000 in the November Handicap sweep, went for a trip to America, and then came home to go on running the Station Hotel at Workop.

Mr. J. L. Brill, a Leeds outfitter, who won £60,000 in the Calcutta sweep, carried on business as usual.

Miss Nita Helm went on working as a secretary in a Barrow office after she had won £125,000 in the record Stock Exchange sweep of 1928.

Mr. A. J. Lathon and Mr. J. W.

Bangham, who each won a prize of £20,000, still went on working in London.

None of these big winners allowed sudden fortune to upset their ordinary scheme of life.

Naturally, however, there are many cases in which success has been followed by tragedy.

Here is a striking one: Private Dolin, after winning some £50,000 in the Calcutta sweepstake a few years before the war, left the Army and came home to London with his fortune in his pocket.

Three months passed during which Dolin, true to his word, had thoroughly enjoyed himself. Then one day he was introduced to a pretty North Country girl, who was also residing at the same hotel.

Learning that she was a very keen horsewoman, Dolin, despite the fact that there was nothing he detested more than horse-riding, instantly purchased a high-spirited mount in the hope that he would make a good impression.

While riding and paying his courtship to her in Rotten Row, he tumbled from his horse and broke his neck.

Only the other day the Management Committee of the London-derry Hospital disclosed the fact that one of the inmates is a woman who was driven insane by begging letters, callers who pestered her with "business" schemes, and the general excitement and worry of winning some thousands of pounds as a sweepstake prize.

Lose like "sports"

"I should worry," says the man-in-the-street with a laugh. "They are drawing the winners in Dublin to-day, and my ticket may come up. I'm quite ready to take the risks. Give me the big money, and I'll know what to do with it."

What about the losers? Here again there have been wild exaggerations. The plain fact is that almost every man or woman who draws blank—as you and I are sure to do—takes the loss

In the Great Gamble the racehorse has become a millionaire. Millions of perennial plungers care nothing for the want. Substitute some mechanical device for the flesh and blood horse, and the risk their money just the same. Why not, then?

TRUTH THE Derby S

philosophically, shrugs his or her shoulders and is ready to buy another ticket for the next draw.

But here is a point very well worth considering whether you approve of sweepstakes or do not:

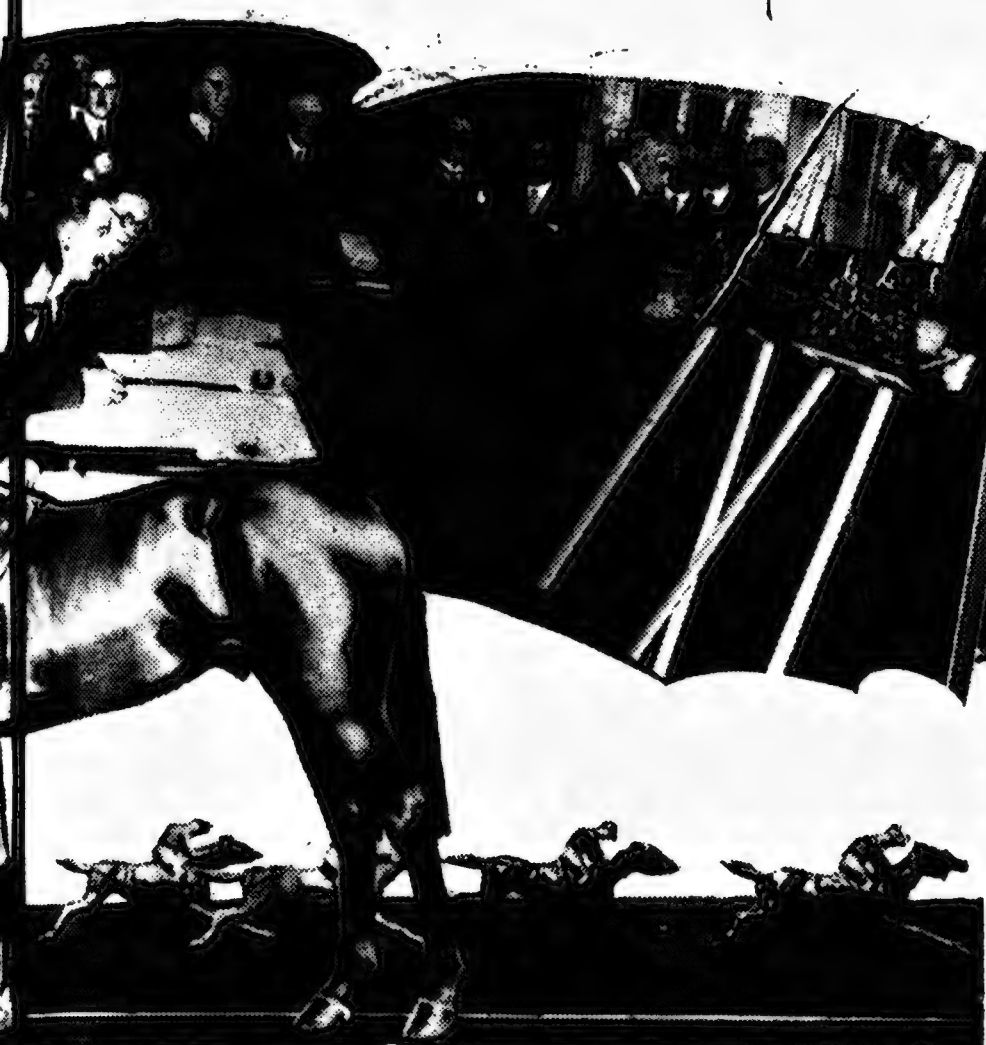
A sweepstake ticket is the world's worst gamble from a strictly mathematical point of view. When you pay 10s. for a ticket in the Irish Sweep you buy a chance which is not worth much more than 5s.

No bookmaker would pinch the odds for you as tightly as that.

This is not guess work. You can find out for yourself if you study the official statement issued in connection with the Dublin sweepstake, or the Manchester November Handicap.

There were 1,580,682 tickets entitled to participate in the draw. At 10s. a ticket that represents £790,341. But the total cash receipts were only £658,618, because the draw had to carry more than

Lord Lonsd
DERBY SELEC
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CAMERON



...a minor factor, the merest incident.
...for the race itself; it's the result they
...for the flesh-and-blood runners and they'd
...not, then, a petits chevaux Derby?

H about THE Sweeps

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a quarter of a million tickets for which it received no money. And then, after payment of contributions to the hospitals, £131,724, and promotion fees and expenses, £117,000, the actual prize-money — including awards to sellers of tickets — was only £409,527, a fraction more than half of the total full value of the tickets.

Efforts have certainly been made on this occasion to reduce the ratio of expenses, and no one would deny that the Irish sweep is conducted with the utmost fairness.

But that merely emphasises the cardinal fact that a sweepstake ticket is a bad investment — mathematically.

Let's face the facts. For you and for me and for the other fellow, the mathematical odds don't matter an atom. All we ask is the chance — no matter how remote — of a fortune for the outlay

of a few shillings. That is the special and peculiar lure of the sweepstake and the lottery.

Many thoughtful men and women, admitting this peculiar lure, regard it as the chief evil of sweeps and lotteries alike.

They deplore the desire to get "something for nothing" and they believe that incalculable time and energy is frittered away in idle dreams. That is an aspect of the problem which ought not to be ignored.

The present sweepstake craze is new to this generation and to this country. It is an ancient commonplace on the Continent.

What fools we look

Mussolini, dictator of Italy, does not believe in gambling. If any one man could have ended a nation's gambling, Mussolini is that man.

But he made no attempt to close the Banco Lotto, the oldest form of State lottery known.

In Spain one lottery succeeds another, and the great Christmas lottery there is an event of world-wide interest.

In Germany, Czechoslovakia, Denmark and many other countries lotteries of various kinds are conducted to the profit of State or charity.

We in this country are exceptional only because the lottery or sweepstake craze is general among us, but is, at the same time, illegal.

On the first day of this month, Lt.-Col. Howard-Bury, M.P. for Chelmsford, said: "There is hardly a Member in the House at this moment who has not got one of these illegal documents — sweep tickets."

Think of that for a moment, and next time you feel tempted to sneer at Prohibition in the land of bootleggers and rum-runners, pause to consider what a spectacle we must present to the outside world in this matter of gambling legislation.

Amid all the welter of argument for and against sweepstakes, one fact emerges like a rock. That

The London Stock Exchange :
magic pellets to make one dream
in a million come true. Right :
In Madrid they exhibit the
lottery lure

fact is the futility and viciousness of a law which prohibits what it cannot prevent.

Everybody knows that in actual fact, sweep tickets can be bought without the slightest difficulty.

True, some small effort has been made to check the traffic in these tickets, but the occasional prosecutions which have resulted, and the nominal penalties which have been imposed here and there, have had no useful effect whatever.

They have merely served to irritate the public.

There is another grave danger in the present situation — the danger of tampering with our broader liberties in order to enforce a prohibition which most people resent.

The searching of passengers' private luggage, the rummaging of documents at Holyhead, when they arrive from Ireland, may be necessary occasionally for the purpose of the Customs.

It becomes an abuse and a tyranny when this search is conducted solely with the view of finding books of sweepstake tickets which have been legally obtained in the Free State.

Still more undesirable and dangerous is the Post Office censorship of mail between Ireland and this country.

Something approaching one million pounds has found its way out of Britain to Ireland during the past few months. That is a sufficient proof of the futility of these feeble efforts at repression.

Still one more aspect of the sweepstake muddle is its relation to charitable funds.

Those who wish to legalise sweepstakes believe that in so doing they would raise a large and assured revenue for our hospitals and other institutions.

Frozen charity

And yet here again is matter for controversy. Lord Powerscourt, writing in the *Lancet* in April, appealed to the Irish public not to suppose that Irish hospitals no longer need subscriptions.

Greater Dublin had proposed a 50 per cent. cut in the municipality's grants to hospitals which had shared in the sweepstake benefits.

Dr. Cyril Garbett, Bishop of Southwark, thinks that it would in the long run be a financial loss to

hospitals to legalise sweepstakes. Many other well-informed people share this opinion. They believe that, if sweepstakes become general, the ordinary subscriber would discontinue or reduce his subscriptions, and that on balance the hospitals would be the losers.

These are theories which cannot be confirmed except by experience. The situation in Ireland is too "young" to form any conclusion.

On the other hand, it is clear beyond all doubt that, while the sweepstake craze continues, huge sums could be raised for hospitals or other charitable purposes by this means.

What is more, the money we spend on the tickets which now goes abroad would remain here.

The nuisance of lottery touts from Continental countries would come to a natural end if we had a Government-approved sweepstake, run by the Betting Board of Control, or any other recognised body at home.

End or mend it

To-day they are drawing the winners in Dublin, and right through this week-end the sweepstake fever will be at its height. That is the undeniable fact. The rest, as we have shown, is surmise and argument.

JOHN BULL takes no side in this sweepstake controversy. We believe that in this matter, as in all others, the will of the people should decide the issue.

But we are definitely of the opinion that one way or another the matter should be settled.

Either sweepstakes should be legalised, or they should be stopped.

Anything is better than the present ludicrous position of a law which is generally being brought into contempt, and through which wholesale annoyance is caused to people who must not be regarded as criminals.

But no matter what happens to the sweepstakes, the Derby itself will be run on Wednesday — the greatest and cleanest horse-race in the world.

We have approached Lord Lonsdale, the famous sporting peer, to give our readers his own special selection for the race and in the most sporting way he has given it — on this page.



Smoking is too important a thing to be put on a "hit or miss" basis—You either get value for money or you don't.

Smoke value depends on flavour—a flavour that rolls round the tongue and helps you to forget the world and your worries—a flavour that takes you out of yourself and the worries of your daily routine.

Light up a Manikin and you will get it at once, a flavour that is so delightfully mild and mellow, so truly satisfying that you will find restful contentment in every puff.

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The Power of the King

WHAT are the powers of our King George V.? Can he intervene in great national emergencies—can his influence sway our lives?

The questions fall appropriately at this time, because June 3 is the King's sixty-sixth birthday.

It is a remarkable tribute to his popularity that scarcely anyone bothers to enquire what are his powers under the British Constitution.

If they do they are content to believe what is doubtless true—that in every act and word His Majesty is inspired by no other consideration than the welfare of the teeming millions over whom he reigns.

But it is none the less a fascinating topic.

Ordinarily the King is advised by his Ministers, whose recommendations upon matters outside the control of Parliament take the shape of Royal decrees.

For example, it is nominally the King in person who reprieves a convicted murderer, though actually the advice of the Home Secretary can alone save the slayer from the gallows.

Bit by bit, the power owned by the King's predecessors has passed to the Cabinet as the representatives of the people, and we may be certain that the present Sovereign has no inclination to thwart the popular will.

In theory, of course, the King could do almost anything through the exercise of the Royal prerogative.

No law of the land would be broken if he disbanded the Army, sold the Navy to a foreign Power, emptied the prisons, or refused his assent to an essential Act of Parliament.

Above the law

The maxim, "The King can do no wrong," is still legally valid, and it is as true to-day as it was in the times of the Tudors that if, to give an absurd example, the King were to shoot the Prime Minister dead no court could lawfully punish the crime.

A monarch lost to all discretion could precipitate a revolution within twenty-four hours.

It does not follow, however, that because the King is a Constitutional Sovereign, with a lofty sense of public duty, he is a mere figure-head of State, a gilded puppet in the hands of all-powerful Ministers.

There is a wide field within which King George can, and in all likelihood does, make his personal influence felt.

The very respect and affection in which he is held by every class of the community, including politicians of all Parties, makes it the more likely that upon occasion his is the decisive word.

The truth is that between the King and the Prime Minister, or leading members of the Cabinet, there are frequent conferences at which His Majesty's opinions are frankly stated.

Between the Sovereign and his advisers there is a constant interchange of views, and not infrequently Cabinet proposals are amended out of deference to the Throne.

When the secret history of these times comes to be written the British

people may be astonished to learn how often King George V. has intervened in affairs of State, always with the aim of preserving the unity of the nation in moments of crisis or danger.

Kingly statesmanship

It is believed, for instance, that after the general strike in 1926 the King's influence was exerted to restrain the die-hards in the House of Commons from angry reprisals.

Shortly before the outbreak of the Great War, the King called a conference of the leading statesmen of all Parties to discuss the possibility of a peaceful settlement of the dispute between Great Britain and Ireland, which had brought us to the edge of civil war.

It is no secret that this wise and statesmanlike move was His Majesty's personal act.

The settlement reached a few years later proved conclusively that the King had instinctively divined the only solution of a problem which had troubled both countries for centuries.

Still earlier, not long after his accession to the throne, His Majesty was called upon for as difficult a decision as has ever faced a constitutional ruler.

General Election averted

During the Premiership of the late Earl of Oxford—Mr. Asquith, as he then was—the Sovereign was asked to create several hundreds of new peers to overcome the opposition of the House of Lords to the Parliament Bill.

So substantial was the opposition to the Bill in the House of Commons that a monarch, standing strictly upon his rights, might have pardonably refused his assent to such a sweeping measure. That would have meant a General Election.

What actually happened future historians will recount with complete knowledge. At any rate, Mr. Asquith was able to assure his Liberal supporters that the requisite authority for the creation of new peers had been obtained.

Then, in the House of Lords, the Conservative leader, Lord Lansdowne, urged his colleagues to offer no further opposition to the Bill.

So there was no sweeping creation of new peers and the Commons won those

STOWAWAY!

A POWERFUL new love story, in which the destinies of the two principal characters are shaped by a stolen £30,000 ruby, begins in the *Daily Herald* on May 28.

Arthur Mills, the famous novelist and traveller, has surpassed himself in "Stowaway," this thrilling tale of the glamorous East, which will hold its readers enthralled from beginning to end.

Order your copy of the *Daily Herald* for Thursday, May 28, now.



"Between the Sovereign and his advisers there is a constant interchange of views"—The King and Mr. Clynes

very powers which Mr. Snowden has now employed regarding the land-tax.

But before the final decision of the peers was reached there had been visits by the leaders of both Parties to Buckingham Palace.

Among disputed questions is whether the King has the right to refuse a dissolution of Parliament to a Prime Minister who finds himself unable to command a working majority.

In the opinion of the best constitutional lawyers, he has the right so to refuse; and, as an alternative, to "send for" the leader of some other political Party, inviting him to form a Government.

It is unlikely that there would be an outbreak of revolutionary anger if, instead of allowing the country to be troubled with another General Election in the event of Mr. MacDonald's failure, His Majesty were to invite Mr. Lloyd George, or even Mr. Baldwin, by some sort of pact or arrangement, to steer the ship of State till the normal expiry of the present Parliament in 1934.

We should lose, if—

Naturally, the King seeks no quarrel with his Ministers, having long ago proved himself an ideal constitutional monarch.

Statesmen, moreover, of all Parties, are loath to affront the personal wishes of a Sovereign who, by a thousand acts of kindly consideration and good will, has endeared himself to a democratic people.

The powers of the King are limited by usage and tradition, but the nation would be the loser if they were less real and effectual than they are.

The Medium who Didn't

RECENTLY there was in England, though not for long, one of the most remarkable women in spiritualist history.

She is Mrs. Hamilton, most sensational of practising American mediums, of Chesterfield, Indiana.

Her coming to these shores was loudly trumpeted in spiritualist circles as "promising to be of exceptional interest to psychic researchers."

According to all accounts, Mrs. Hamilton was no ordinary medium, conveying messages of little import from the departed "Uncle Georges" and "Aunt Marias" of the sitters.

She was that rare bird among spiritualists, a physical medium, able to get full-form materialisations of those who had "gone over." She could produce the body you could almost clasp in your arms.

Mrs. Hamilton was to conjure from that borne whence no traveller returns spirit forms, fully fashioned in their "last earth height," and able to speak, some in "faint whispers" and some in "loud stentorian voices."

It is no wonder that British spiritualists were agog. Here, at last, was a medium who would confound the sceptics.

No matter how long a time had elapsed since the spirit had departed from worldly ken, Mrs. Hamilton was able to bring a materialisation that could easily be recognised by friends and relatives.

NOT for many years, and certainly not since strict tests had been imposed on séances, had any such complete materialisations been effected in this country.

Some authorities aver that our climate is not suitable to materialisa-



Calling up the spirit—
but in this case a
demonstration of the
photographer's art, not
the medium's

Ghosts THAT WENT ON STRIKE

tions; others that our knowledge of the methods of communication is insufficient.

Whatever the cause, the fact remains that materialisation in any complete form is virtually unknown here.

When, therefore, Mr. R. Sproull, an accountant of standing in the City of London, gave to British spiritualists an account of his remarkable experiences in America, it was decided to bring Mrs. Hamilton over here for a series of séances during April and May.

The British College of Psychic Science and the Marylebone Spiritualist Association sponsored the visit. Séances were arranged and tickets, ranging in price from £1 7s. 6d. to £1 15s. for a single sitting, sold like hot cakes.

In his report on what he had seen in America, Mr. Sproull said that the séances were held in a basement-room of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton—and there is no doubt about the sincerity of Mr. Sproull's statement.

There were no windows; the walls and floor were of cement and concrete; there were two controlled openings for ventilation, and the door was locked from the inside. Two red

lamps, controlled by a dimming device, lighted the room.

At his first sitting an aunt appeared. Before she "manifested" she gave her own name, his Christian name, and "referred, in conversation, to matters apposite to the time, place, and to current family events."

Spirit forms, he said, came in all ways; some boldly, many timidly yet gracefully, others with difficulty. All were well-built and exhibited natural movements.

Quite a number of sitters got more than one manifestation, but generally each sitter got at least one. Mr. Sproull got two at several séances, and conversed with the spirit forms.

Where conversation was good, he said, it was convincing of personality.

One of his materialised friends stood in the light, and delivered, in clear, almost stentorian voice, a lecture on the phenomena, lasting from five to ten minutes.

The two British bodies were, it appears, somewhat doubtful whether such results could be obtained here, and the arrangements with Mrs. Hamilton provided for preliminary test sittings.

If these failed, the public séances would be cancelled, and the money paid for tickets would be refunded.

These stipulations were accepted, and Mrs. Hamilton agreed to come here, accompanied by her husband.

IN one of the spiritualist publications the husband is referred to as a "barker."

A "barker," in the picturesque slang of our American cousins, is the term for one who invites the crowd to a fair to "walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen," and see the "bearded lady," the "human hairpin," the "tattooed marvel," or whatever happens to be the freak attraction of "the greatest show on earth."

British spiritualists, apparently, are not devotees of the talking kinemas, for they all seemed to be in ignorance of the duties of a "barker." The fact is that "barker" was a misprint for "banker," and that Mr. Hamilton actually works in a bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton duly arrived in this country, and no time was lost in arranging the test séances.

A room was prepared; Mrs. Hamil-

ton was subjected to the usual strict tests and searchings nowadays imposed on mediums.

In the dim, red light the committees of the British College of Psychic Science and the Marylebone Spiritualist Association waited tensely.

Mrs. Hamilton began to go into the mediumistic trance, but nothing happened. The committees still waited, and then Mrs. Hamilton became physically sick.

There was a painful situation for a few moments, and then the séance was abandoned.

It was expected that further test sittings would be held, but the next day the committees were informed that Mrs. Hamilton was so ill that she was under a doctor's care.

A FEW days later Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton returned to America, not a single British spirit, if spirits have nationality, having materialised.

The money paid for tickets has been refunded, and, beyond a brief announcement, that the first test sitting proved abortive and that all other tests were cancelled owing to Mrs. Hamilton's illness, the matter has been allowed to drop.

It is stated that Mrs. Hamilton proposes to return to England in the autumn; but the hopes of British spiritualists of presenting sceptics with an opportunity of meeting and conversing with dwellers of the spirit-world have been considerably dampened.

Spiritualist circles here seem to know singularly little about Mrs. Hamilton.

It seems strange, in these days of the almost uncanny swiftness of mechanical communication, that the fame of a medium who could accomplish the marvels of Mrs. Hamilton is not world-wide.

Perhaps the British College of Psychic Science and the Marylebone Spiritualist Association acted with unscientific haste.

Yet enquiries among American spiritualists, with whom the name of a medium of such remarkable powers must be a household word, would have given them some idea of whether or not the results anticipated could be obtained here.

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JOHN BULL

22

LIFE RUINED BY A LIE

"Was ever anyone so
penalised by a boyish lie?"
Stephen Murphy and his
daughter cooking a meal on
the roadside



No Quackery!

It is no more possible to make a "good" tobacco by doping inferior leaf with perfume and flavouring than it is to make hair tonic by scenting and colouring ordinary tap-water. Tobacco, if it is to give solid satisfaction, month after month, must be made like Rubicon Mixture is made, from sound, characterful leaf.

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Made by John Sinclair Limited
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ONE of the most perplexed and troubled persons in this country to-day is Mr. Stephen Murphy, who has no fixed abode and no fixed nationality.

At the age of fifty-eight he is an outcast in his own country—an Ishmaelite with the world's hand against him—because of a casual lie, thoughtlessly uttered when he was an adventurous youth of nineteen.

After thirty-nine years that lie has followed him half across the world, and he and his daughter are being made to suffer.

They are labelled as "aliens," and nobody seems to be able to do anything for them.

Stephen Murphy's story is a long and romantic one.

Adrift

Throughout his life he has been a rover, sailing the Seven Seas and visiting countless lands as a true citizen of the world.

It is ironical, therefore, that he should now find himself, in the autumn of his days, a man without a country.

Born at Seacombe, Cheshire, in 1873, he went to sea as a boy of eleven, making his maiden voyage from Newport, Monmouthshire, in the barque *The Lady Nairn*.

He followed the sea for seven years; his voyages took him to the United States, Canada, South America, South Africa, China and Japan.

When the barquentine *White Wings* foundered on a voyage from Rio de Janeiro to Hamburg, Murphy spent eleven days in an open boat before being rescued by a Spanish steamer.

He finally sought land employment, and worked for a time as an apprentice with a Canadian farmer. But after his taste of travel and adventure it was natural that he should become restless.

Eager to enlist

He followed the call of adventure when America went to war with Spain. Crossing the border into Detroit, he enlisted in the United States Cavalry.

It was then, he tells us, that he uttered the lie which is now reacting upon him so terribly.

In his eagerness to enlist he gave his nationality as American, and said that he had been born in New York.

The lie passed, and for nine years young Murphy grew up to manhood in the American Army, rising to the rank of Warrant Officer Shoeing-Smith.

After his service in the Spanish-American war he took part as an American soldier in the Boxer Rising and fought alongside the British Marines—his own countrymen. While in the U.S. Cavalry he married an American-born girl of German parentage.

In 1906 his daughter, Doris, was born



at Kenton, Ohio; the mother died before the child was a year old.

After taking his discharge from the Army, Murphy joined the St. Louis police force, with which he remained until 1914.

Then, when the Great War broke out, his patriotism was fired, and he decided that his duty lay in England.

He would soon have qualified for a good police pension, but he unhesitatingly resigned, and, leaving his daughter with her grandparents, returned home to England.

His first consideration on landing was to revisit his home town in the hope of finding his mother; but he arrived too late—she had died a few months before.

He did, however, trace a brother, and after a brief reunion of three weeks Murphy enlisted in the Royal Army Service Corps, giving his nationality accurately as British.

His reward

By December, 1914, he was in France, and there he remained for nearly two years, finally returning with the loss of two fingers from the right hand; he also had a number of shrapnel wounds.

On taking his discharge, he obtained two temporary police posts—first with the Liverpool Police, then with the Oldbury Munition Police.

In 1922 Murphy was joined by his daughter, who came from America to keep house for her father. He was now in steady employment at Hull, which lasted until the coal strike of 1928.

A spell of adversity now overtook him.

He had been comfortably off on coming from the States, but by now his savings had dwindled, and he left his daughter with his brother at Seacombe while he went in search of work.

But Doris had inherited her father's roving disposition, and she was not content to be left behind in idleness.

Pluckily, she tramped 150 miles to join her father on the road, and declared that they could "look for work together!"

Kindly aid

Murphy could not dissuade her, so for a time they existed by obtaining casual work with farmers. In this way they tramped largely over England.

It so chanced that they encountered a woman in their travels who was ac-

quainted with Miss Margaret Bondfield, the Minister of Labour. Through her they were introduced to an official at the Home Office.

As a result, Murphy was eventually given employment at a well-known London hospital.

Then, one day, he was surprised to receive a telephone-call from the Aliens Office asking him to report there.

Broken

The outcome was that Murphy and his daughter were compelled to register as aliens.

He lost his job at the hospital, the authorities naturally feeling that preference should be given to an "Englishman."

That was in April last year. Since then father and daughter have wandered about aimlessly, often without shelter, obtaining odd jobs when and where they could.

Both have broken down in health, and the long strain is telling sadly upon them.

What are they to do? Murphy has been told that he and his daughter can become "naturalised" British subjects by paying the requisite fees.

But even if he had the money, Murphy contends that it would be absurd to go through such a farcical ceremony when he is a British subject already.

Review!

Apparently the official view is that by serving in the American Army and the American Police Murphy has virtually become an American citizen.

The fact that he has subsequently served in the British Army as a British subject cannot—officially—wash out that lie he told nearly forty years ago as an adventurous boy!

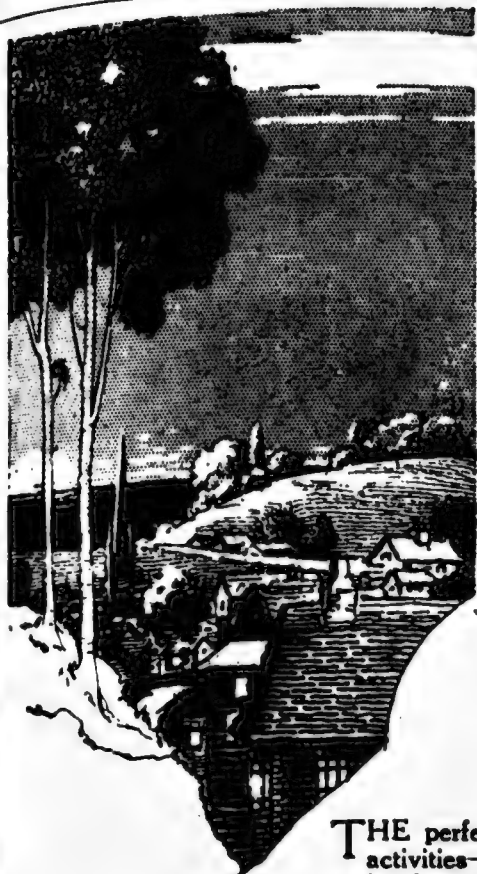
On the other hand, Murphy could not now return to America as a citizen even if he chose.

His war wounds make it impossible for him to pass the physical examination imposed by the United States authorities.

Was ever any man in such a quandary? And was ever anyone so penalised by a boyish lie?

Stephen Murphy's case is so unusual that we feel it should receive special consideration. It is difficult to see where there should be any hindrance to his reinstatement as a British citizen.

His war services alone entitle him to sympathetic consideration, and we think the Home Office might well review his case.



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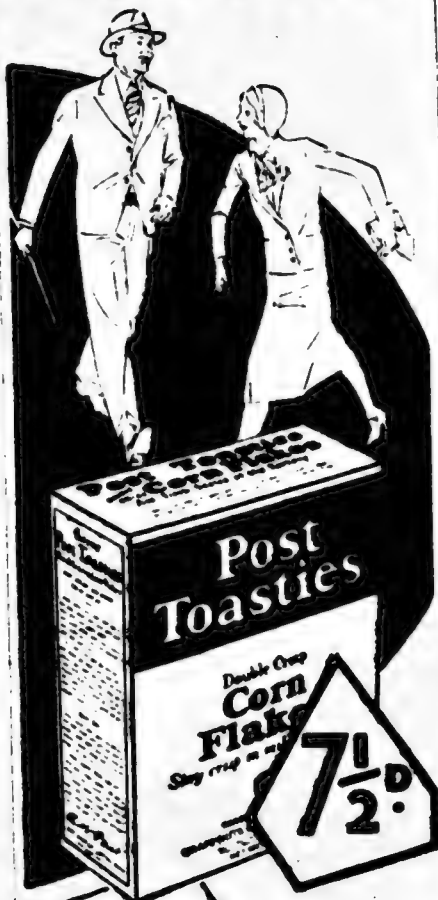
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The VOW

"He came running . . .
his eyes almost starting out
of his head"

FROM the peace of Woodley Green Vicarage, with its cedar-shaded lawn and riot of colour and fragrance in the gardens, to the sweltering, stabbing heat of Malaya would be a great change for Eve Haldane.

With my feet among the daisies on that summer afternoon nearly eighteen years ago, I told her so, prophesying that we should see her back for long, long leaves.

Eve smiled dreamily. She was very much in love and terribly conscious of the half hoop of diamonds on her third finger which was the prelude to the plain gold band which should make her Mrs. John Worthing.

"I don't know, Joan," she said. "Where the white man can go his wife should follow, and if he can stand it, she should be able to stay. If I didn't think I could stay beside John I wouldn't marry him."

And I knew Eve well enough to be sure that she meant that. She would wed her District Officer and do her duty.

I said—not quite sure of the wisdom of my remark—"I thought it was Jerry Mander you'd marry, Eve. I always imagined—"

Eve's face flamed. "Don't!" she cried. "Didn't you know?"

I shook my head. In crisp sentences she became explicit:

"Kathleen, my sister, ran away with Jerry. It was the night before my wedding-day. Don't mention it to father. He refuses to acknowledge her. I have vowed never to speak to her again," she said. "Should you mind if we don't talk of her?"

We didn't. It was from others that I heard more of Eve's sister, Kathleen Haldane—how she had messed up her life. For Jerry hadn't married her, and nobody was sure of her whereabouts. Her family had no wish to hear, and to them she was as dead.

I helped Eve stock up with linen and cotton and muslin, and, knowing her "sticking powers" could cope with anything from the wheezy organ in the parish church to a tropical climate, wondered if we'd ever meet again.

We did—years after—and out of the impressions and confessions Eve gave me I weave this story of real life.

Eve had been prepared for heat and glare by that short time ashore they had spent in Penang, but Singapore seemed hotter still as she walked along the P. and O. wharf to where the gharries and rickshaws waited.

"Hot enough for you, dear?" asked her husband, lean and brown from five years of the climate.

Eve smiled back into John Worthing's grey eyes.

"I don't wonder that you say the whites do little walking," she said. "But it's all very interesting, darling, and I'm glad to be here."

Five minutes later she was seated beside her husband in a gharry, and

to the tinkle of many bells on the pony and the swinging whip of the red-turbaned Indian driver, in sarong and khaki coat, was being driven up-town. To Eve it was all strange and thrilling. Even the heat and glare seemed bearable.

Rickshaws passed, some first-class with rubber tyres and vivid red paint, with bicycle-bell made fast to the shaft and used by the runner to clear the way.

Second-class rickshaws Eve noticed held Chinese and other natives, while the coolies who dragged them seemed as tired of life as the decrepit vehicle they pulled so slowly.

They crossed the river—a jumble of sampans, from which arose a babel of Chinese as the men aboard did their best to extricate their own particular craft from the floating forest of boats.

Raffles Square appeared, more civilised, with its imitation European emporiums, and soon the little pony trotted briskly towards the comparative

(Continued on page 25)

A TRUE STORY OF
EAST AND WEST

by

JOAN
KENNEDY

He keeps
up his
strength
on



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PROTECT! doctors advise

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Burns
Grazes
need this
protection
from dangerous
infection



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Discomfort and pain will quickly disappear if "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is used at once.

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TURN TO PAGE 29 NOW!



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The Vow—continued from page 24



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Arranged alphabetically for easy reference, every disorder is dealt with in the fewest possible words, so that essential facts are grasped without wading through a host of unnecessary detail.

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A Question of rolling



And down goes the cost of your smoking, and up goes the quality of your cigarettes. Insist on

ZIG-ZAG
CIGARETTE PAPERS

coolness and seclusion of Raffles Hotel.

There on the veranda among the green wicker chairs and palms, with fans rustling the greenery and a cool drink on the table beside her, Eve Worthing took a deep breath and looked at the man she had married.

"If anyone had told me a year ago, John, that I should be in Singapore to-day, I wouldn't have believed it."

"And if anyone had told me a year ago that by to-day I should be married to my ideal woman, I don't suppose I'd have believed it," was John's low-voiced reply.

Thereafter Eve and John had many things to say which belong exclusively to themselves.

They planned out the three days they were to stay in the "lion city," and talked of certain preparations still to be completed in the turning of that up-country bungalow into a home.

BY the evening of their third day Eve declared that she felt quite acclimatised, and had reached the stage when she could go off shopping in a rickshaw and handle dollars and cents as though they had been a life-time currency with her.

Her adaptability pleased John.

"It looks as though you may be able to settle down here, my dear," he said. To which Eve had only one assurance—that there could be no other idea but that she would settle where he was.

So, on that third evening, when John had picked up his post and found instructions to report at Kuala Lumpur before proceeding to his district, he was not so disturbed as he might have been.

"I feel sure you'll be all right, Eve. If I leave you here," he said. "And I'll only be gone a couple of days."

It would be their first parting, but Eve knew that with John's work partings were bound to come.

She laughed and reassured him. There were some of her own kind in the hotel, and the freedom of the East had already impressed her.

It was in the afternoon of that first day alone that she remembered certain oddments of shopping she had still to do and decided to go out.

The hotel veranda was comparatively empty just then. There came the tinkle of glasses where Chinese "boys" served behind the bar. At a table near the entrance sat a man who had just called for a "stengah."

The boy had served him and he had signed the chit block. Eve noticed his clear-cut, handsome profile as he raised his glass and drank. When she passed she knew that the man looked at her.

It happened that the jaga was not at the entrance in his usual position, and there was no one to call Eve's rickshaw.

Sensing her difficulties the handsome stranger immediately came forward. "May I?" he asked.

Eve thanked him and was soon on her way. It struck her that the man had an extraordinarily pleasing personality and charming manners.

After dinner that same evening, on the veranda of the hotel, they spoke again, exchanging names on the strength of their trivial introduction.

His name, she found, was Jim Miller, and he was a planter, soon to go home on a well-earned leave. He told her where he lived and referred to his wife.

"What's the Old Country looking like?" he asked. "We're thinking of going back for the spring and summer."

EVE drew him a vivid picture of life in those pre-war days and a pleasant hour passed.

She talked with Jim Miller several times before John returned, and that first impression of his charming manners was strengthened.

She had an extraordinary sense of friendliness towards him, as though they had known each other a long time. That was strange for Eve, because she was usually slow to form friendships.

Then John came back from headquarters and Jim Miller was forgotten, until she happened to see him, and

then told her husband just what had happened.

"I'm sorry," said John, and he frowned. For a comparatively new husband he looked annoyed. But he explained his annoyance.

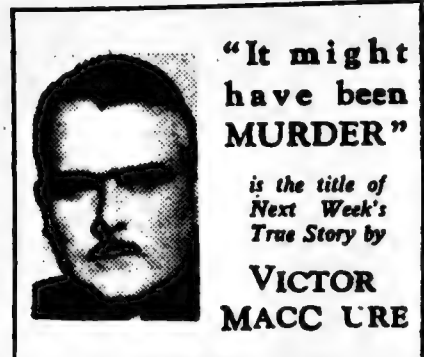
He told Eve that the man had not a very savoury reputation among the whites—and this in a country where the social code was not quite so strict as at home.

"However, we won't worry about it," he concluded. "Luckily the man doesn't live anywhere near where we shall be, so you may never see him again."

With this both he and Eve thrust the incident aside. They had far more intimate details to settle about their future and the home up-country.

They left for it next day, going from Tank Road by the night mail.

As it chugged-chugged through the jungle, where sometimes a monkey



"It might have been MURDER"

is the title of Next Week's True Story by

VICTOR MACC URE

chattered or an elephant trumpeted, with that strange, dank heat making little difference between night and day, Eve had the sensation of having put the old life behind her.

Midnight found her entering the garden of the bungalow, where the moonflowers swayed like pale ghosts in the moonshine, drenching the air with perfume.

They were the first flowers in this Eastern land which she had found with scent, and it gave a touch of home and awakened a memory of the old garden where night-scented stock and the tobacco-plant would now be scenting the air.

The District Officer assumed again his duties, and Eve took up her rôle as wife. Very soon she knew everybody within a reasonable distance, and began to adapt herself to climate and conditions.

THREE months slipped away. Eve was getting used to the life and stood the climate better than she thought she would.

But she was always wishing to see more of the country. So when John spoke of going by Government launch up to Patu-Patat she pleaded to accompany him.

"It's so primitive, my dear," he told her. "We'll probably find hardly any stores in the rest-house and no comfort—certainly not a place for a woman. The Chinese 'boy' may kill an emaciated chicken, but I warn you. No ice, stinking oil-lamps, mosquitoes everywhere—"

"I'm coming, John. If you can stand it, I can."

So Eve went. She found the rest-house fully lived up to John's lugubrious description, but laughed at obstacles. They had a meal of sorts that night, and, because of the heat, walked about outside afterwards.

"I'd forgotten," said John. "That fellow you talked with down in Singapore hangs out pretty near here." He laughed then. "Don't suppose I'd have let you come if I'd remembered," he told her.

Eve laughed, too. They were merry, though uncomfortable in their quarters.

Mosquitoes buzzed continuously. From near by came the dull sound of a gong as the local mata-mata beat out the hour. The moon came up beyond the rubber-trees, making the night luminous and wonderful.

"How still it is," said Eve. "Now

confess, John, you'd have been lonely without me!"

The man swung his arm about her and they stood there in the silence.

Suddenly it was rent by a piercing human cry—the cry of a woman.

Both started. The sound came from beyond the rubber-trees. John Worthing stiffened. "My God!" he cried.

"It is true, then, what they say?" "John, what is it? What do you mean?"

HE looked at Eve. He said: "That fellow, that Jim Miller, I've heard that he's a brute. Beats his wife and things like that. It's common talk."

Eve looked horrified. Again there came that piteous cry—piercing, terror-filled.

"Oh, John, can't you do something?" Eve demanded. "You're the District Officer."

"Unfortunately, my office doesn't give me power to interfere with private lives," he told her. "The fellow's probably drunk."

But as that agonising cry came again John's face looked grim. He half started forward. Then through the rubber trees came a figure, bursting out into the patch of moonlight.

It was a Chinese "boy," and he came running towards Jim, his eyes almost starting out of his head.

"Tuan—Tuan—marl sin! Mem ada sakit!" he cried.

"What's he say, John?" demanded Eve.

John spoke quickly. "He asks me to go with him. The Mem is ill."

"Let me come, John." She held his arm and in her eyes he read a great compassion. "It's a woman. I may be able to help," she said.

He nodded. Together they followed the "boy" into the shadows. Together they entered Jim Miller's bungalow.

ONE glance did Eve give at the man whom she had last seen in Singapore. The bloodshot eyes,

the savage lust in that hand—some face, the sight of the whip he held revolted her. She left him to John. It was the woman who needed her.

Eve looked down on that sobbing, quivering form huddled on the wicker lounge and something stabbed her memory. She bent, her arm going round the woman.

"Don't be afraid. We've come to help you," she said softly. And as her encircling arm took the woman, pity surged through her.

The poor thing seemed just a bag of bones with a cotton covering, and the great weals on her bare arms where the thong of the whip had cut her flesh made Eve's heart ache. A passionate desire to save this woman shook her.

"My dear!" she cried.

And then the woman moved, raising her quivering form from the gaudy, crumpled cushions. Eve saw her features—thin and pale, the eyes holding terror untold—but she knew her.

It was her sister Kathleen, the woman she had vowed never to speak to again!

Out there beyond the jungle, in the Malaysian night, the two had met again—the one come to great happiness, the other already having paid in personal suffering a hundredfold for that selfish action of the past.

SOME years later Eve and I discussed everything together.

"Knowing you, I can guess what happened!" I said to Eve.

"You forgave her. The vow didn't matter."

Into Eve's calm face there came a loveliness no climate could steal. She said, "I had already broken my vow." She said, "And anyhow, she needed me. She's living with father now. In a way, Jim Miller has expiated some of his sins. He was killed in the war."

"And you?" I asked.

"Just going back to John," she answered. "I only came over to put my two boys to school."

Half your size maybe..
but he uses up energy
twice as fast as you do!



That's why your small son
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Science has shown that children use up energy, in growth and physical activity, at least twice as fast as grown-ups. No wonder little systems need a balanced nourishing diet!

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Your own small sons and daughters are just the same! In order to keep healthy and energetic they need constant "winding up." They must have the right "fuel." . . .

Science has shown that even at rest, growing children burn up energy at least twice as rapidly as the normal grown person! For this reason alone it is of vital importance that they should have a *balanced diet*.

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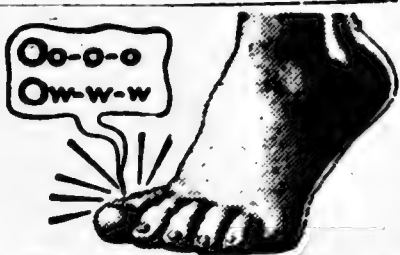


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Woman's Gethsemane

Tragic Victim OF AN Outworn Law

AS a mere girl, I married a man who turned out to be a drunken bully. I lived with him three months, after which he went on foreign service and disappeared.

I have not set eyes on him for fourteen years, though I have heard that he is alive, and has gone through the form of marriage with another woman whom he beats and ill-treats as he once treated me.

While I was still wondering what best to do after it became clear that I was deserted, I met a young man whose friendship seemed like a gleam of sunshine in my blighted life.

Although I resisted a long time, at last I fell in with his suggestion that, since a legal marriage was out of the question, we should defy convention and live together.

There followed more than twelve years of the happiest life that a well-mated couple ever spent. Four children have been born.

My husband had a steady job, and we were known as a quiet, self-respecting and God-fearing man and wife.

But though God may make allowances for human weakness and suffering, man can be cruel if once one steps outside the pale of the law.

THIS I found when tragedy, sudden and stark, swept all my little plot of happiness suddenly from beneath my feet.

My husband—for so I must always call him and think of him—had been far from well.

One morning he was really desperately ill, but such was his dread of losing his job that he insisted upon going to work. He collapsed, and on being carried to hospital was found to be suffering from pneumonia.

When I was sitting at home one evening almost out of my mind with anxiety, a kiddie came screaming down the lane calling out that my little lad of five, his father's special pet, had been killed by a passing lorry. I rushed to the cottage hospital where they had carried my tiny lad, only to find the awful news was true.

As I sat, stony with grief, by the tragic little death-bed, news arrived from the other hospital where my husband lay that if I wished to see him before he passed away, I must go at once.

How I got there I do not know, only that I collapsed at the bedside and had to be given restoratives.

My husband did not die that night, but the double shock had been too much, and I hovered between life and

death for some days. When I was able to be told, I learned I was a widow.

Now I am alone, with three little children dependent upon me. But because I cannot produce the magic bit of paper that certifies me legally married, I cannot have a widow's pension.

Worse than this is the revelation that has been made of my life tragedy. I feel exactly like a hunted rat when I see the eyes of neighbours upon me, and all because years ago I would not go before the altar with a lie upon my lips to safeguard my position.

"HUMANIST" says: You are a tragic victim of the outworn law that refuses a deserted wife her freedom. Thus, you are debarred from State pensions.

But I strongly advise you to tell the whole truth to a sympathetic member of the local Public Assistance Committee.

The Poor Law authorities, having wider powers, may, in view of your dire need, arrange for you to receive adequate relief.

SHE PROPOSES

—but he has fears

HAVING a club foot and being almost a hunchback, I have been a cripple all my life. Although my friends assure me otherwise, I think my features are repulsive; I am not strong, and owing to my handicap, I spend most of my leisure in reading and study.

These pursuits have led me into a friendship with a girl whose tastes are similar. She has shown her sympathy in many gentle ways, and has helped me to bear my cross with patience.

Nevertheless, she herself is a very

healthy girl, active and fond of outdoor sports.

To me she is the very incarnation of everything desirable. She has many admirers, and I have braced myself to bear the news whenever she should announce that she is engaged.

I thought it was coming one day recently when she whispered that she had something to confide to me.

We had been discussing marriage, when she suddenly asked, since we were such close friends, why should we not marry? She took the initiative because she felt so sure that I should never dare.

After two days of absolute exhilaration and delight at this declaration, I am again overwhelmed with despair and doubt.

Is she doing this out of pity? If so, I would never accept. More disturbing still, is it right for me, a crippled weakling, to mate with this healthy young woman?

"HUMANIST" says: Your first duty is to consult your doctor and ask him to tell you frankly whether there is any danger of your physical defects being passed on to offspring.

If he says there is no such danger, then be greatly thankful for the love of this brave girl and marry her.

On the other hand, if the doctor's verdict is unfavourable, tell her the truth and be man enough to put marriage out of your thoughts.

WILFUL WIFE

stoops to folly

I HAVE been married five years and have two children, a boy and a girl. Although I was fairly happy with my husband and certainly loved the children, I found life far too tame.

I had learned the violin at school, and now began practising it with such success that I found it utterly impossible to stay at home in the evenings, doing nothing but stare at my sack-by-the-fire doormat of a husband.

Concerts, in which I was always able to take an acceptable part, tempted me out. After a time my husband openly rebelled at my constant absences. There was a violent quarrel. My husband defied me ever to attend another concert.

I took the first opportunity I could get to do so. At this concert I was introduced to a 'cello-player, and because of our mutual interest in music we struck up a friendship.

We arranged to work together. This went on until I decided to leave my husband and the children and earn my own living with my music.

I went into lodgings, which I soon found were abominable compared to the comfort of home. Also, this action led my musical friend to think I had done it in order to live with him. When I demurred, he just walked off, indignant, and left me.

I did not find it easy to get enough engagements, and one night, thinking over the mistake I had made, I felt I should go mad unless I could go back home and be once more with my husband and children. I went.

My husband himself opened the door, keeping it on the chain. His face was like a thundercloud as he informed me: "You have forfeited the right to enter here. You shall see nobody, not even the children."

The situation is breaking my heart. Please advise me what to do.

"HUMANIST" says: Your husband probably intends to institute divorce proceedings. You have tried him very severely.

If you have a friend who will act as intermediary, this is your best hope of finding out whether your husband is willing to forgive you, or you might write to him and explain the position fully.

He ought to be told, as soon as possible, that his suspicions are groundless.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Help the Motherless!

WHEN a man is in regular work, even though his weekly wage is small and his family large, if his wife is good and careful, the family jogs along happily enough. When the man loses his "missis" and the children their mother, calamity like a big black cloud envelops the household.

Charlie's father is in regular work, earning a modest wage, and Charlie is one of eight children. Following the birth of his baby brother, his mother was operated upon for acute laryngitis, and in the evening she died.

The eldest girl, aged sixteen, left service, and is trying to take her mother's



Charlie

place. The next girl, aged fourteen, has been removed to an isolation hospital, as she was found to be a germ-carrier.

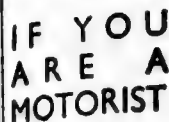
Then comes Charlie, aged ten, and the little ones, aged eight, six, four and two years, not to mention the infant, a few weeks old.

Their dad states: "I fought during the Great War in Mesopotamia," and his character is that of "a hard-working, deserving man."

It does not need much imagination to realise what a heavy cloud of anxiety, caused by the extra expense entailed by the coming of a baby and the mother's sudden death, hangs over Charlie's dad and big sister.

This cloud our readers can lift by sending donations to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Where names and addresses are given, acknowledgments will be sent by post. Lists can be seen at our offices, and a copy of the current list will be sent on application.



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complete & Carriage Pad Giv-
ing. \$7.95 new, & 12 monthly payments
of \$1.00 in install. Fullness Approval.
Children of Parents and Baby Care,
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THE PRIZE VALUE

Coach-built Frame with
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Ball Bearings, Ribbed
Cambion Tyres, Detachable Hood,
14 sidegates, Alarm, Agron.
complete & Carriage Paid G.V.

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Catalogue of Frames and Baby Cars,
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While you're storing up the sunshine of happy days, you're also making chances of winning big prizes. In the Kodak £20,000 International Competition there are 379 prizes for the British Isles alone! Only amateurs may enter; only *picture interest* counts. It's equal chances for all! The snaps a boy with a Brownie might take have as good a chance as any. You may send in as many snaps as you like, and of any subject. Each snap will add to your chance of winning. Read below how one snap may win £3,300. Enter now, enter to win!

Make the most of every chance—Use Kodak film



Does Your Mirror Reflect Rough, Pimpley Skin?

TURN USE

CUTICURA

And Have A Clear Skin?

ANONCE the affected parts with **Cuticura Ointment**. Wash off in a few minutes with **Cuticura Soap** and hot water and continue bathing. Pimples, rashes and nearly all forms of skin troubles yield to this treatment.



Soaps. Ointments. 3d. and
2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at
all chemists. British Depot
F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd.
31, Banner St., London,
E. C. 1.

BOILS

Mrs. HARRISON,
38, Talbot Street, Surabaya, writes :
"I broke out in boils at the
bottom of my back. I had them
for twelve months. One would
come and go, and then another
would appear, and so on. I
tried everything I could think
of—all to no use—until some-
one recommended Vitadato.
I tried it. After the first two
bottles they stopped coming,
but I still kept up with it,
and everyone was surprised to
see how well I was looking.
I have not had a boil since."

Vitadatio

invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and
 Internal Ailments. Sold by Messrs.
 Timothy White, and most Chemists and
 3- and 5- per bottle, or per post 6d.
 Great Britain only. Special 21- Bottles, for
 5 weeks' supply, for Export only. post 1/-
VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY,

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONY

**The Easiest way to get the Best Value
is to buy goods advertised in "John Bull."**

The Guarantee appears on page 23.

Caution!

Readers of this paper who desire to bet will be well advised to only do business with a firm of repute.

TAKE OUR ADVICE
Send all your commissions to:—

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.),
227, BATH STREET,
GLASGOW, C.2.

Letter Commissions are accepted from 1/- up to any amount, and if postmarked not later than set time of race and in accordance with rules

YOU ARE ON
AT FULL STARTING PRICE
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as desired. Winnings sent by immediate return. No irksome rules or unreasonable conditions.

A SQUARE DEAL
EVERY TIME.

Best Prices Offered on all Future Events.

Every new client qualifies for a free copy of "THE BIG TWO'S" Famous Sportsman's Diary.

Become a Client TO-DAY

BEECH NUT
CHEWING SWEETS



1st PER PACKET **1st PER PACKET**

BRIGHTEN YOUR SMILE!

CATARRH
Cold in the Nose
Bronchial Cough—Influenza

Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Chronic Winter Cough, Tonsillitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Ear, Chest, and Lung Diseases. The Shadforth Triple Catarrh Treatment (No. 331 T) acts like a charm. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost of this world-famous and reliable remedy is very small.

Price 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12, 6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service,
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LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White's and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

MY CHOICE OF A
HOLIDAY
PAL

MY choice will always be my wife. In her I have my life's partner, and who could be a better pal?

She shares my sorrows, and is most entitled to share my joys. We know each other's tastes, and the limits of my purse.

We work hard in different ways to make our home happy, and in leisure hours seek each other's company.

She is at my side during the long year when I need help or advice. She needs a holiday just as much as I do, and so I choose my wife as "my holiday pal"
—G. E. P., Liverpool.

Modest

A chap who doesn't care a jot for the weather, who can find amusement somewhere if it rains, hails or snows.

One who will not mention a word about this office or works, but lets these painful necessities sink into oblivion for a precious fourteen days.

A fellow who'll have a drink, but who has no wish to spend his holiday at the bar, and who is about any equal at games (outdoor and in).

Not the "life of the party," or a self-fancied comedian, but a modest sort of cove, as I hope I am myself.—L. G. Willcocks, London, N.

A Tonic

I am having a tramping holiday, and would like for company a real "Weary Willie," the more seasoned and hard-bitten the better.

In return for his companionship, confidences and secrets of his life, I shall share my loose cash with him and give him those little luxuries which he cannot beg, borrow or—er, pinch.

I need a tonic of this kind to restore the balance upset by an enfeebled civilisation.—Tired Tim, Dumfries.

Better than Books

My fiancée, naturally. Because Mrs. Grundy does not approve is still a mystery to me. If more young people got away together, each finding out their many shortcomings, there wouldn't be so many divorce cases.

This will be my fourth year away with "she," and I've become engaged only recently. Luckily we both are blessed with broadminded parents, able to trust us.

It has helped more than a load of advice and tons of books, and, what's



"Here's mine!"
They are unanimous

more, we both enter matrimony without a tremor.

By being allowed to spend our holidays together we get down to "brass tacks," with no "rose-coloured dreams."
—C., Aberdeen.

Memories

I should not wander far from my own home in the choice of a "holiday pal." It would be my life pal—my hubby.

After passing through fifty weeks of the year with all its petty worries of meals, housework, housekeeping accounts and his office "ups and downs," what better companion could one desire to share the joys of the "ups and downs" of the hills and valleys?

When the pleasure of two weeks' freedom is at an end, the holiday is re-lived during the winter evenings by recalling pleasant memories with your "holiday pal."—G. E. C., Norwich.

On the Spot

Dear old dad, every time. Whether by the seaside or in the heart of the country, he's my guide, philosopher and friend.

Habits of birds and beasts are explained, and wild flowers take an added blush or give an understanding nod when he eulogises their charms.

Everything necessary is done by him; tickets, meals and routes are arranged—yes, and paid for—by him. I do nothing but enjoy his company and the scenery.
—P. R. Foster, Codnor.

A Gold-Digger

By August I shall have saved up enough to pay my fare to "Somewhere by the Sea" and settle with the landlady in advance.

After buying myself a bathing-suit and a few light frocks and a panama, in which to make a conquest, I shall not have a penny left for ices, trips, cafés and roundabouts.

So I am going to choose for my

"Race with Silver Ring"

DERBY FINALS

I AM in the unhappy position of having to put up my final selections for the Derby ten days before the great race will be decided.

I cannot say whether the going will come right for Goyescas, who seems a different horse on soft turf at Newmarket, or whether Boyd-Rochfort can coax sufficient muscle on to Jacopo to give him a chance after his York defeat by Doctor Dolittle.

With regard to this pair, I shall have to rely on the Code.

Turning to the provincially-trained horses, I cannot get away from Pomme d'Api, who has satisfied his connections in his preparation and his "try-outs."

Pomme d'Api was put up as the best each-way selection when figuring at 33 to 1. As I write his price is 13 to 1, and may shorten still more.

If there is one trainer in the country who should know what is required to win the Derby, it is R. C. Dawson. He has the two recent winners, Trigo and Blenheim, to go on.

A voice from Manton way told me that Orta would win at York. (He did.) That Thorndean would score at Doncaster. (This would also.) And that Link

Boy would win the Derby. I like Link Boy almost as much as

POMME D'API

as an each-way selection, but as the Whatcombe colt has won over the Derby distance I shall rely on him.

It was pleasing to note that Fury, the second selection sent by my Northern correspondent, came up at Haydock. Buoyant Bachelor, won at 7 to 1, was coded the same day.

At Lingfield this week-end Mellin and Insurance seem a likely pair.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 28, to Wednesday, June 3.

B X O R P E J L S W T A N G Q K

P C V Z I H U M D Y 73 74 75 76 78 79

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

M74279F7576 would read LARKING. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

L74D274F would read MASSAI.

"SILVER RING."

Our Letter Parliament

Darby and Joan win! Among the hundreds of letters received this week there is not one in favour of separate holidays for man and wife.

An overwhelming majority for husbands and wives find each other their best 'holiday pal'

holiday pal any member of the opposite sex who is willing to pay my expenses as well as his own, to return for the honour of my company. Mrs. A. J. Newcastle.

Baby

Who better could I choose for my holiday pal than my entertaining baby boy of two years old?

Whether I go to the seaside or the country, he will fill all my holiday hours with gladness, just watching him frolicking and seeing his face aglow with finding out new things and enjoying them to the full.

He needs no artificial enjoyment, a most older folk do, and even then often find a grumble about "digs," weather, fashions, etc. But baby—no
—I. D., Nottingham.

Remember?

I would choose for my holiday pal an old chum, who for many years has been abroad.

Together we would revisit the favourite haunts of our boyhood—the old stream where we caught "red throats" and he once a "ducking."

So we could go on with our "Dyes" remember this and that? each recalling a particular adventure.

A holiday so spent would, for me, be ideal.—Daily, Acton, W.

With a Hook

During a holiday I like to have a pal who shares my enthusiasm for angling.

If it is wet, he will not grumble, but console me by suggesting that the fishing may be improved.

Anglers are patient, a necessary attribute for a holiday companion. Sometimes they are silent and do not word by incessant chattering.

How can one better enjoy the scenery open air and sunshine than with a calm silent pal, peacefully smoking his pipe.
—A. W. S. Morris, Worthing.

Dumb, but—

No studying is required. My dog chosen immediately. What a pal! In two ideas as to where to go each day. Wherever I choose, he is more than willing to go with me.

His appreciation of any little thing that I might do for him is only eclipsed by what he does for me.

He comforts me when I feel downhearted, and is only too ready to join in any manifestation of high spirits.

His is a friendship which can only be broken in the manner that eventual overcome all. May that time be far hence.—Dog-Lover, Rochdale.

King Sol is the only companion require when on holiday, for he always turns holidays into jolly days.—Rhodes, Chesterfield.

An ideal companion for me would be a really old-fashioned, knowledgeable cockney—one who knew London well and delighted in showing me all the really interesting sections of the capital.—F. J. N. Lane, Woolwich.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 2.

Should a Woman be Afraid to Tell Her Age?

[During the census instances were freely discussed of women who positively refused to give their correct age]

His Hair Grew Again



Mr. Bennett had lost all his hair. It began to fall out in patches and very soon he was completely bald. After trying a doctor's prescription without result he decided to try Kotalko. He describes its action as "marvellous" for within a few weeks he had obtained a new growth of lovely wavy hair.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair. For aching, weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS. You may obtain a testing box of KOTALKO by sending threepence in stamps to—

JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (S.S. 8M) London, W.1.

GENUINE PURE BEER at 1D PER PINT



3 GALLONS for 2/- of
CANDROO BEER
Made at Home from
VIGGORMALT
a highly concentrated
extract of

MALT & HOPS ONLY YEAST NO MILLING

SUPPLIED FREE
BREW BEER AS GOOD AS YOU COULD WISH TO DRINK
With 6 FREE BOOKLET or SEND 9/- for
1/- TRIAL TIN TO MAKE 6 PINTS or 1/- TIN TO
MAKE 3 GALLONS
VIGGORMALT LTD.,
DEPT. 4, DAVIDSON RD., HOVE, SUSSEX.

£3,300 and 379 Prizes
can be won in the
**KODAK £20,000 WORLD
COMPETITION**
TURN TO PAGE 29 NOW!

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON



HERE is a chance to save
thousands of pounds. Your
dream of a cycle of all kinds,
many fitted with Sunray
Archery 5-speed gear and Dunlop
tyres. A special willfully
carriage paid. As an adver-
tisement to
15/- Free Gift Coupon
will be given to all who
write for my FREE
CATALOGUE.

FROM
1315 Chas. Robey &
CO. LTD. LONDON & COVENTRY

Reduce YOUR High BLOOD PRESSURE

REJUVENATE YOUR ARTERIES.
STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.
COME OFF THE DANGER LIST.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely un-
necessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart
action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries
is now possible for those past their prime. The
"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-
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tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddi-
ness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness;
it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you
20 years younger within 20 days. Get it Now.
Prescription No. 1104/27. Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 22), 42, KING WILLIAM STREET,
LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists
either hold stock or gladly obtain in order at a few days'
notice if requested to do so.



HALF A CUP
OF
FULL-CREAM
BRITISH
MILK
IN EVERY
2¹/₂ BAR

CADBURY'S 2¹/₂ MILK BAR

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of chocolate.

1 lb. blocks 5d.
1 lb. blocks 10d.



£1,100

Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition
No. 114.

Correct solutions in the above contest were received from the following two competitors, who share the £1,000
offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £500 will be despatched:—

J. R. Brown, 8, Ion's Avenue, Villa Place, Hull.
A. Henson, 66, Wrotham Road, London, W.1.

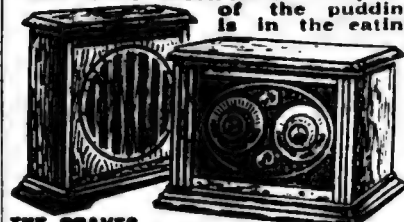
Solutions containing one error were received from the following 50 competitors, who share the Second Prize
of £100, each receiving £2:—

Andis, G. W., 23, Hornsey Park Rd., Hornsey, N.8; Baden, Mrs. A., "Aubry," High St., Oakley, Beds;
Bailley, Mrs. F. A., Alexandra Rd., Sible Hedingham, Essex; Ball, Mrs. E., 157, Norwood Rd., Southport,
Lancs; Bean, Mrs. E., 6, Grafton Cottage, Littlebourne, Kent; Brougham, G., 2, Mornington Rd,
Bingley; Campbell, W., 47, Brynhydd, Blaen Glynach, Rhondda; Carr, M., 243, Green St., Bethnal
Green, E.2; Chatterton, G. F., Somerby Hall, Barnsley, W.6; Chiswick, Mrs. M., 4, Oakley Rd., Bridg-
ton, S. Wales; Cooke, W., 64, Santee Rd., Wandsworth, S.W.; Critchlow, J., 12, Ricardo Yce, Armagh,
Staffs; Duffield, J., 2, Upper Graham St., South Bank, Yorks; Gibson, F., 63, St. Northern Rd., Derby;
Grant, J. E., 17, Maxwell St., Paisley; Griffiths, E. J., 11, Harrow Rd., Newport, Mon.; Graver, F. G.,
16, Danville Rd., N.W.5; Habbard, J., 140, Lower Kensington Lane, S.E.11; Hartstone, R. V., 57, Dag-
nan Rd., Baltham, S.W.12; Hendry, F., Virginia Cottage, Claydon, Newark; Hill, G. W., 17, Marlboro'
St., Glasgow; Hoperat, Mrs. K., 14, Duke St., Barnsley, W.6; Jenkins, Mrs. J., 2, Baron St., Gt.
St. James, Mrs. G. L., 12, Oakland St., Alfreton, Derbyshire; Jones, J., 34, Powell St., Swansea, Glam.;
Kingsley, W., 4, Monmouth Rd., East Ham, E.8; Marshall, A., 8, Roberts Rd., Upper Retford, E.15;
Marsden, H., 14, Talbot Rd., Littlehampton, Sussex; Maycock, F. G., 24, The Crescent, E. Acton, W.3;
Moss, J., 60, Dean Lane, Southville, Bristol; Pail, Mrs. A., West End, Eps., Peterborough; Phillips, L., 14,
Pent, St., 60, Dean Lane, Southville, Bristol; Rascott, R., 45, Somers Rd., Southsea, Hants; Robinson, W. M., 7,
Rosedale Rd., Gosport, Hants; Rogers, Mrs. W. G., Trevelyan Down, Camber, Cornwall;
Rushden, W., 206, Harrington St., Clayton, Manchester; Salt, J. W. H., "Pashurst," Long Lane, Stock-
ton, Birmingham; Savage, Mrs. E., East Saddleigh, Devon; Smith, F., 2, Manor Grove, South Kirby, W.
Preston, Yorks; Southam, Mrs. G., 112, Ladbroke Rd., W.1; Taylor, A., 12, Market St., Mersey Bay; Taylor, Mrs. M.,
"Trevor," Wordsworth Rd., Salisbury, Wilt; Thomas, Mrs. B., 38, Brynhydd St., Ebbw Vale, Mon.; Treach, Mrs.
M., 20, Mill St., Kirtlington, Angus; Thomas, Mrs. B., 38, Brynhydd St., Ebbw Vale, Mon.; Treach, Mrs.
A. E., Castle Garage, Rye, Sussex; Umphrey, L., 110, Chars, Seaford; White, Mrs. E.,
21, Noidon St., Bolsover, Leicesters; Williams, Miss H., 143, Redland Rd., Redland, Bristol; Wood, G.,
67, Talbot St., Whitechurch, Salford; Young, H., 5, Sowers Rd., Sherborn, Dorset, Kent.

Another £1,100 Cross-word appears on Page 32. Try your Skill Now!

TRUTH ABOUT WIRELESS

Facts are stubborn things. The proof
of the pudding
is in the eating



THE GRAVES
"VULCAN" 2-VALVE OUTFIT is the perfect
Set for the man who wants the best possible results
for the most moderate outlay. It is made under
Marconi patents and embodies all the late improve-
ments. It gives you the National Programme in
perfection, and a wide choice of distant stations.
Perfectly reliable and satisfactory, and it compares
favourably with sets costing several pounds more.

THE "VULCAN" Set is
a handsome full size
production case in
polished Oak and
the full size Loud
Speaker is to match.
Complete and Car-
riage Paid with full
instructions
£7:10:0



HERE ARE TWO OTHER GREAT WIRELESS SUCCESSSES
Fully illustrated and described in our Catalogue Post Free
The Graves Screened-Grid 3-Valve Set. Hand-
some Oak Cabinet & Loud
Speaker. All complete &
ready to go £12:10:0
Terms: W. now, W. month
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

See John Bull's "Shop Window"
& Small Ads on Pages 12 & 14.

JOHN BULL'S HUGE X-WORD FIRST!

£100
for
runners-
up

£1000

No
Claims
Required

THE huge prize of £1,000 is offered in "John Bull's" great square and fair Crossword. Here is an opportunity to win a four-figure fortune by the use of simple skill and leisure time. Don't delay: the prize is big and the effort required small. GO AHEAD—ENTER NOW—and make up your mind to win.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution, on one form, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions

contain one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale on Thursday, June 11, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 18.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Seizures.
3. Sometimes interrupt public meeting.
7. Decks are, when ship founders.
9. An open carriage.
12. Do what you're told.
14. Possess.
15. Landed property.
18. Carl above a king.
19. Make a sharp noise.
21. Like a ——— of lightning.
23. Direct course of ship.
25. Serpent.
27. A notion.
28. Atmosphere.
30. Short for kilogram.
31. Describes hat wife wants.
34. Generally preferred to daughters.
36. Money.
37. Dispose of for cash.
39. Entwined.
40. Time past.
41. Drought affects their growth.
42. This awakens when stirred.

CLUES DOWN

1. May mean fortune for you.
2. Mother pacifies sonny with.
4. Beer.
5. Merry.
6. Press urgently for payment.
8. Very warm.
10. Ship is, on reaching port.
11. Reverential fear.
13. I'm at her — and call.
16. Wives do, on husbands.
17. Used to trees.
18. Speak louder than words.
20. Drink often borne on this.
21. Affects harvest from soil.
22. Scarce.
23. Slippery fish.
26. Spinster often does, for husband.
29. Wrathful.
32. Something sour.
33. Multitude.
35. Seen on registered envelope.
38. Cut from a tree.

ENTRY FEE.

With one coupon send Postal Order for SIXPENCE. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 117



JB 117 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB 117

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters pertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. _____ P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JUNE 4th.

ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 11d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 117), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 117



JB 117 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB 117

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters pertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. _____ P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JUNE 4th.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Coupons
1/-

Winners in X-Word No. 116 appear on page 31.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 115

CABIN MARSH
OWL FACILITY
REALM SODAS
E. O. R. S. BOA
SPEED OF DIES
U. ROBE OATH
ALTOBAORE
CLUSTER RENT
H. S. R. Y. NO
SOON SOLOMO
BEANS POET

Result will be published next week.
The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 115 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

HOW YOU CAN WIN £1,000

Rules and Conditions

1.—Complete puzzle IN ORDINARY INK not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for 1 double entry form is SIX PENCE; for 2 double entry forms send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd. and cross it "X" and write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, June 4th.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double entry forms. Squares left incomplete mutilated. Indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of the contest will appear in "John Bull" on Thursday, June 11th. Should any competitor not announced as winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 30th, in accordance with directions given with results weekly. Any scrutiny, which may amend the result, may be accepted as final. Scrutiny can be conducted in connection with additional award of £100 (Cash). Competitors should note that errors are computed according to number of words which wrong answers the Clues given.

4.—In the event of tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employers and families are not eligible.

Hanner Swaffer joins the staff of the Daily Herald

Write to "John Bull" About It!

Barrow (Islington).—"I know all about beer." From bitter experience?

F. B. (Bungay).—"I don't read an awful lot." No, but you write it.

D. N. (Wivenhoe).—"What is a gate-crasher?" An outsider inside.

G. L. (Goole).—"What causes so many wet washing-days?" Rain.

C. S. (Matlock).—"A woman's face is still her fortune." Some women ought to be arrested for forgery.

H. B. (Stevenage).—"What would you take for violent pains in the right side?" The very first offer.

F. P. (Bodmin).—"The recent frost caught my early beans." Then they couldn't have been very good runners.

Mac (Aberdeen).—"I changed my mind the day before the wedding." Presents got up to expectations?

T. L. (Folkestone).—"What shall I do with my son? He seems to be no earthly use." Get him into the Air Force.

S. C. (Cardiff).—"I was awarded damages after being knocked down by a lorry." Enough to put you on the foot?

A. T. (Kettering).—"What part of household gas is it that causes violent explosions?" The bill.

J. F. (Westcliff).—"I made my will last week." Now you have made us look forward.

B. N. (Colchester).—"I supply picnic-parties with the necessary equipment." Umbrellas and mackintoshes?

C. H. (Swindon).—"I can't be everywhere at once." Anyway, that's something to be thankful for.

PAINTER (Frognaal).—"I'm wedded to my art." After seeing your work, we can only advise a divorce.

ALF (Felixstowe).—"I never whined when I was a baby." At what age did you begin?

LAWYER (Evesham).—"Modern law cases beggar description." And beggar the litigants, too.

S. T. (Ardwick).—"You'll find waiters no good at tennis." Their service is too slow?

O. N. (Gateshead).—"A dramatic critic began work in a laundry." Which explains why he tears every play to shreds.

P. A. (Orton).—"There is no ladder of fortune to-day." Except for manufacturers of silk hose.

C. A. (Derry).—"He said I hadn't the brains of a monkey." Never mind; perhaps you have.

Mrs. C. (Aston).—"No woman should carry on her profession after marriage." You've forgotten nursemaids.

SERGEANT (Aldershot).—"Physical jerks all germs." The problem is to get the germs to do the jerks.

MOTHER (Cudworth).—"My neighbour grows wearisome praising those children of hers." Especially when you are dying to praise yours.

Y. C. (Barking).—"Burglars seem to be having a busy time lately." We have not heard of any applying to the employment exchange.

R. P. (Grendon).—"The car was travelling at about 100 m.p.h. when something started to knock." Your heart, we suppose?

Tom (Hitchin).—"I have just married the girl whom I asked to share my umbrella during a storm." Caught in the rain.

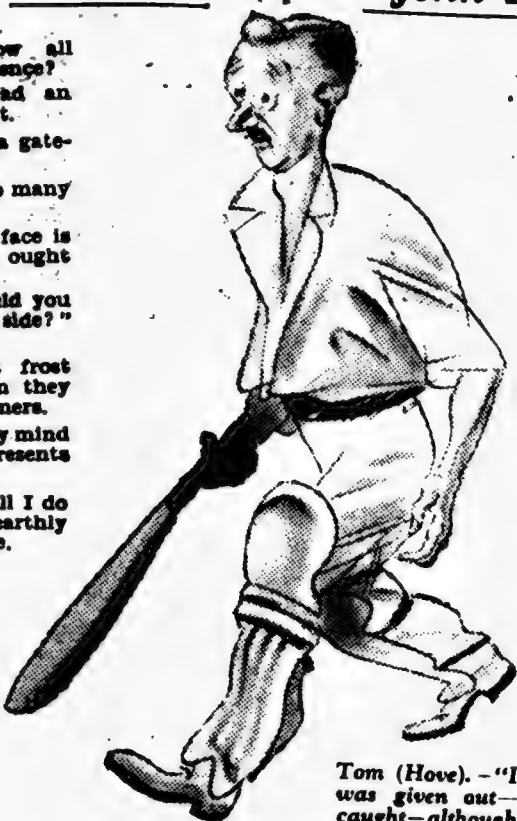
Mrs. H. DAY (Birmingham).—"My baby, which was born on April 27, has been named Budget Day." We have informed the N.S.P.C.C.

FILM ACTRESS (Elstree).—"Many a heart was broken when I was married." That's the worst of being married too often.

H. C. (Bromley, Kent).—"On the advice of my medical adviser I am spending my vacation hiking." Mind you don't get run down.

A. W. (Berkhamstead).—"I proposed to my wife on the telephone." And now you tell her you were given the wrong number?

D. S. (Baldock).—"Although I am colour blind, I am a keen gardener." But you can't tell when green-fly are making things look black for your red roses.



Tom (Hove).—"I was given out—caught—although the ball came off my head." The umpire went by the sound?

THE

EDITOR

Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

H. R. (Dorking).—"He struck me and gave me a black eye." How odd!

P. E. (Camden Town).—"What I call a luxury, my wife calls a necessity." Her neighbour has evidently bought one.

M. L. (Askwith).—"The price of my poems has gone up." So has your poem—up the chimney.

ELSIE (Lynmouth).—"What makes women look old before their time?" Trying to look young after their time.

HORACE (Worksop).—"My old school-master made me what I am to-day." The wretched bungler!

R. P. (Wigan).—"Youth always chatters." The older one gets, the more things one has done to keep silent about.

Mrs. D. (Warrington).—"It is dangerous to eat until one is full." So you keep a boarding-house!

S. D. (Southwell).—"My boy is training to become a commercial traveller." Memorising funny stories?



BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"The second robber opened fire MILDLY with a pistol."

THE STAR:—"Mr. —, replying to the toast of the guests, said the MESSAGE from Britain's best salesman would fill them with devotion and activity."

SWINDON ADVERTISER FOOTBALL PINK:—"Playing with plenty of confidence, the HOME team bombarded the HOME goal."

CARDIGAN AND TIVY-SIDE ADVERTISER:—"Whether the spirits of the mere male will also rise at the thought that the straw BLOATER has returned to favour."

T. G. (Purley).—"I always speak of a thing as I find it." So many people would just slip it in their pocket.

B. E. A. (Colchester).—"I learn by my errors." You must know quite a lot by now.

A. B. (Stirling).—"Never trust a man who tells you he has a thousand a year." No, he may mean bills.

D. N. (Rawdon).—"War isn't necessarily a tragedy for a nation." No, it involves at least two nations.

MISS M. (Portsmouth).—"The modern girl knows how to keep herself." But she still prefers a man to act as proxy.

W. S. (Goole).—"I'm not one of those people who think..." You've said enough.

Mrs. L. (Camden Town).—"Most of our war profiteers are now doddering old men." And serve them right, too.

BILLPOSTER (Chorley).—"I've worked for my firm for thirty years." You're a stickler!

JESSIE (Woodstock).—"There's nothing about him I admire, so I refused him when he proposed." Not even his taste?

D. V. H. (Kewick).—"Let's make a clean sweep." They'll have to repeal the Lotteries Act first.

M. S. (Winchester).—"Nothing is achieved by sitting still." Madam Hen manages it.

Mrs. F. (Newbury).—"Every time I give my husband bacon for breakfast he just grunts." So did the bacon once.

J. N. (Ilkley).—"They had a narrow escape at the fire." We thought they were all regulation size.

H. E. (Inverurie).—"My wife lacks judgment." You whom she married said it yourself.

L. B. O. (Cleghorn).—"My wife is away starrng." Is that why you are mooning?

F. M. (Redland).—"Where do they find all the film faces?" The usual place—between the ears.

MOTORIST (Liversedge).—"I always carry three spare wheels." You should have signed your letter "Pessimist."

T. T. (Rosehill).—"No sooner had the new tea service arrived than the maid dropped it." Crash on delivery.

W. P. (Hungerford).—"You have no right to condemn a thing till you try it." What about murder?

W. H. (Moss Bank).—"My girl is as pretty as a picture." As pretty as she's painted?

C. H. (Hutton).—"The inventor of the saxophone is dead." But the evil that he did lives after him.

H. S. H. (Liverpool).—"I'm the sort of chap who never can get quite to the top in anything." You're just the chap we had in mind when planning the *Bullets* prize-list this week. Have you seen the "Big Ten" on page 35?

H. M. (Walham Green).—"The dress did not suit her complexion." And which did she change?

EM (Streatham).—"Covent Garden opera singers have protested against the importation of Russians." A chorus of protest.

J. C. (Harlow).—"The sight of a man in a dark blue suit has a soothing effect on me." You evidently have a clear conscience.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current *Pests* are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent, with publisher's name of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to reader of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

HUNTINGDON-SHIRE POST:—"The sow was extremely EMAN-CIPATED."

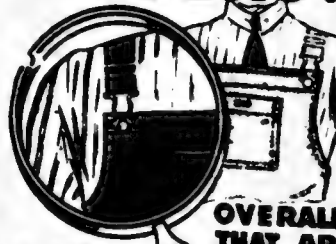
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"Lybro Easy-fit" Boiler Suits - 9 11

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8/9 And 14 month. by payments of 8/9 completes purchase.



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DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE.

CHAIN BRITISH BEAT ROLLER 1/2 in. x 1/2 in.

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£1312

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Mr. P. Vile

Example:
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INCREASED FIRST PRIZE!

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8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

THIS
WEEK
ONLY

BIG BULLETIN

TEN GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES—HURRY!

THE Bullets thermometer is rising fast. Awaiting your attention this week is a First Prize increased to £400, followed by an attractive range of nine other big cheques, all waiting for a few well-chosen words from your pen.

To this serial story of substantial sums there will be ten happy endings—in the homes of the ten "Bulleeteers" who head this unusual prize-list.

Any of these fine fat cheques can be yours for writing a good *Bullet* on one of the coupons on this page. Just add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given and there is a *Bullet* which may win you anything from £400 down to a "Target" Prize.

To help you, here is a specimen effort. Suppose you choose the *Example* *If We Were At War*, the added words *GOVERNMENT WOULDN'T NEGLECT HOSPITALS* would complete a *Bullet*.

For twenty-three hints on winning styles study the *Bullets* below, any of which could have been made up by you.

Amuse yourself for half-an-hour this evening by seeing what sort of *Bullets* you can turn out. And make sure that they are in by Saturday, June 6, if you want to capture one of the *Bullets* "Big Ten"!

£1312 10s. CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000—COMPETITION No. 803

Mr. T. N. Bridge, 32, Benish Road, Walthamstow, E.

Example:—*IN TRAINING*

Bullet:—*PRINCE HASN'T "SKIPPED" MUCH.*

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. F. Aile, 21, Griffe Head Road, Wyke, Bradford.

Example: *In The End*
Bullet: *Wealth's Nothing — Meanwhile, Everything.*

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. Y. W. Chitt, 182, High Street, Aston, Birmingham.

Example: *Wife's Driving, So*
Bullet: *I'm Her Plucky Mascot.*

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

L. COATES, 102, De-la-Pole Avenue, Hull.

Example: *Quite Understandable—"Our Navy"—"The Sun."*

A. HALL, 30, Walton Crescent, nr. Warrington.

Example: *Only Thing Left—Life—Blackmail Takes That.*

Mr. E. KNIGHTALL, 52, Deepdale Road, Rotherham.

Example: *I'll Never Forget—What's-his-name's Kindness!*

D. McLACHLAN, 14, Terrace Road, Greenock.

Example: *By Yourself Move—By Others, Stand.*

A. MOORE, 5, St. John's Road, Gravesend.

Example: *Keeps Me Fit—Milk—I Unload Churn!*

W. G. PERRY, 58, Fairlands Avenue, Thornton Heath.

Example: *New Servant—Britain Needs—Nothing Shining.*

A. STEWART, 450, Longmoor Lane, Liverpool.

Example: *Made A Fortune—Millionaire—And Son's Bookmaker.*

E. R. STOEY, 14, Merridale Lane, Wolverhampton.

Example: *What Gandhi Wants—Lion's Share—Lion Rhorn.*

C. WARREN, Wyncote, Wilburton, Ely.

Example: *What Gandhi Wants—Sister Susie Bent Soldiers.*

R. WATTS, 131, Keendonwood Road, Bromley, Kent.

Example: *Careful Housewife—Thinker—Tailor—Solver—Saver.*

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. M. ADAMS, "Wayside," Wellesley Road, Sutton, Surrey.

Example: *Keeps Me Fit—Dog's Trot, Not Foxtrot.*

G. W. CRAIG, 2, Meads Road, Wood Green, London, N.

Example: *"Come, Come!" Chases Away.*

R. CROWTHER, 52, Stoney Lane, Longwood, Huddersfield.

Example: *The Highway Code—Forgotten—Another Car Ahead!*

E. FEAKINS, 31, Hambrough Road, Fitcham, Middx.

Example: *The Highway Code—Or Doctor's Hierarchy—Choose!*

H. POWESLAND, Meacombe Cottage, Moretonhamstead.

Example: *Pampered—Pedestrian—New Motorist Swerved.*

G. W. REED, 23, College Hill, London, E.C.

Example: *Starting Life—Profiteer's Baby—Silver Laddie.*

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. REES, Felinfach Mill, Talachddu, nr. Brecon.

Example: *New Servant—Sacked—Found Writing Novel.*

R. ROBERTS, "Seacot," Grosvenor Avenue, Rhyl, N. Wales.

Example: *In The End—Thanks Heaven—Owes Doctor.*

C. E. SWANSON, 12, Bostall Lane, Abbey Wood, S.E.

Example: *Wife's Driving, So—Others "Go On" Behind.*

H. O. TAYLOR, 215, Barnsole Road, Gillingham, Kent.

Example: *Sealed The Bargain—Antique Fell to Pieces.*

A list of 25 £5, 50 10/- and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheques for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 802 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Smith, Seemish, Co. Durham.

REWRAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Rewragents from whom the winners of the chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 807 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bulletin* Bulletins, commencing with next available issue.

Write Name and Address clearly.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Post to "Bullets" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

Examples for Competition No. 807

RELIEF TO EVERYBODY

THRIVING

IF WE WERE AT WAR

WHAT SHE MEANT

HYPOCRISY

MAN WHO'S GRUNTLING

DISCREET SILENCE

A LITTLE SOUVENIR

I NEED MONEY, BUT

STILL ALIVE

IN PLAIN LANGUAGE

A TRUMP CARD

SCREAMING

FOR PLEASURE

ONLY FATHER

RAIN OR SHINE

BUYING A TICKET

LOOKS INVITING

VOICE FROM THE GALLERY

ALWAYS OPEN

IMPORTANT PART

THE FIRST THREE

ON INVESTIGATION

WOMAN WORKER

UPSETTING HIS RECKONING

WEARILY

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

FEELING FRISKY

LIKE THE REST

DOCTORS SAY

NOTHING DAUNTED

ON THE CASUALTY LIST

Example _____ Closing SAT. June 6

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(807) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 1d.

Example _____ Closing SAT. June 6

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

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I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Example _____ Closing SAT. June 6

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

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I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Example _____ Closing SAT. June 6

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

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If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets" you can write the extra efforts on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 807, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

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I remain, Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. E. MARSHALL.

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2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
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9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
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'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

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CICFA & INDIGESTION

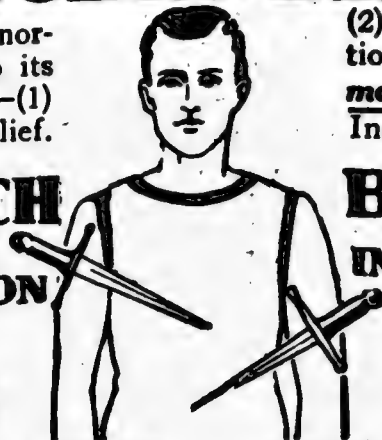
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Cicfa owes its enormous success to its two-fold action:—(1) It gives prompt relief.

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**STOMACH
INDIGESTION**
gives rise to the following SYMPTOMS

**BOWEL
INDIGESTION**
gives rise to the following SYMPTOMS



ACIDITY with HEARTBURN.
GASES with eructations.
NEURALGIC HEADACHES.
TONGUE coated white.
COMPLEXION blotchy.
REDNESS of nose.
EATING disliked and Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest.
BURNING SPOT behind left Shoulder-blade.

CONSTIPATION with griping pains in Bowel.
FLATULENCE.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Lumbago,
RHEUMATISM, Sciatica, etc.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty
TONGUE coated yellow.
BILIOUSNESS and bad taste in mouth.

Many say "I never feel 'fit'"; many more say "I am constantly in distress or pain. I have a feeling of pressure and pain; a burning pain between the Shoulder-Blades; I have pain soon after eating, or pain two hours after eating."

Yet all these pains are due to the same cause as lack of fitness—that is to INDIGESTION.

Those who are unfit, and those who suffer from pain and distress, should know that Digestion begins in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food, is continued on the Albuminous food in the Stomach by the Digestive Ferments, and completed in the Bowel by the action of further Digestive Ferments on the Starchy food. WITHOUT THESE FERMENTS DIGESTION COULD NOT OCCUR.

Cicfa both adds to and stimulates the secretion of a natural Digestive Ferment AND SO RESTORES DIGESTION. Thus the nourishment is absorbed as the digesting food moves slowly downwards. Fermentation is checked, Flatulence decreases, and the blood grows richer and purer, nourishing the tissues and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body.

Of all chemists, price 1/3 and 3/-.

WARNING
There are many imitations of Cicfa on the market. They are sold at 6d. and 7d. It is claimed for them that they are "exactly the same as Cicfa." DO NOT BE MISLED. Not one of them is the least like Cicfa, and not one of them has, or can have, the same effect. Just on having Cicfa and do not be put off with worthless imitations.

**FREE
10 MEAL
TEST**

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1d. stamp for postage, and receive a 10-meal sample of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.
THE CICFA COMPANY,
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Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week.
You will profit by it.

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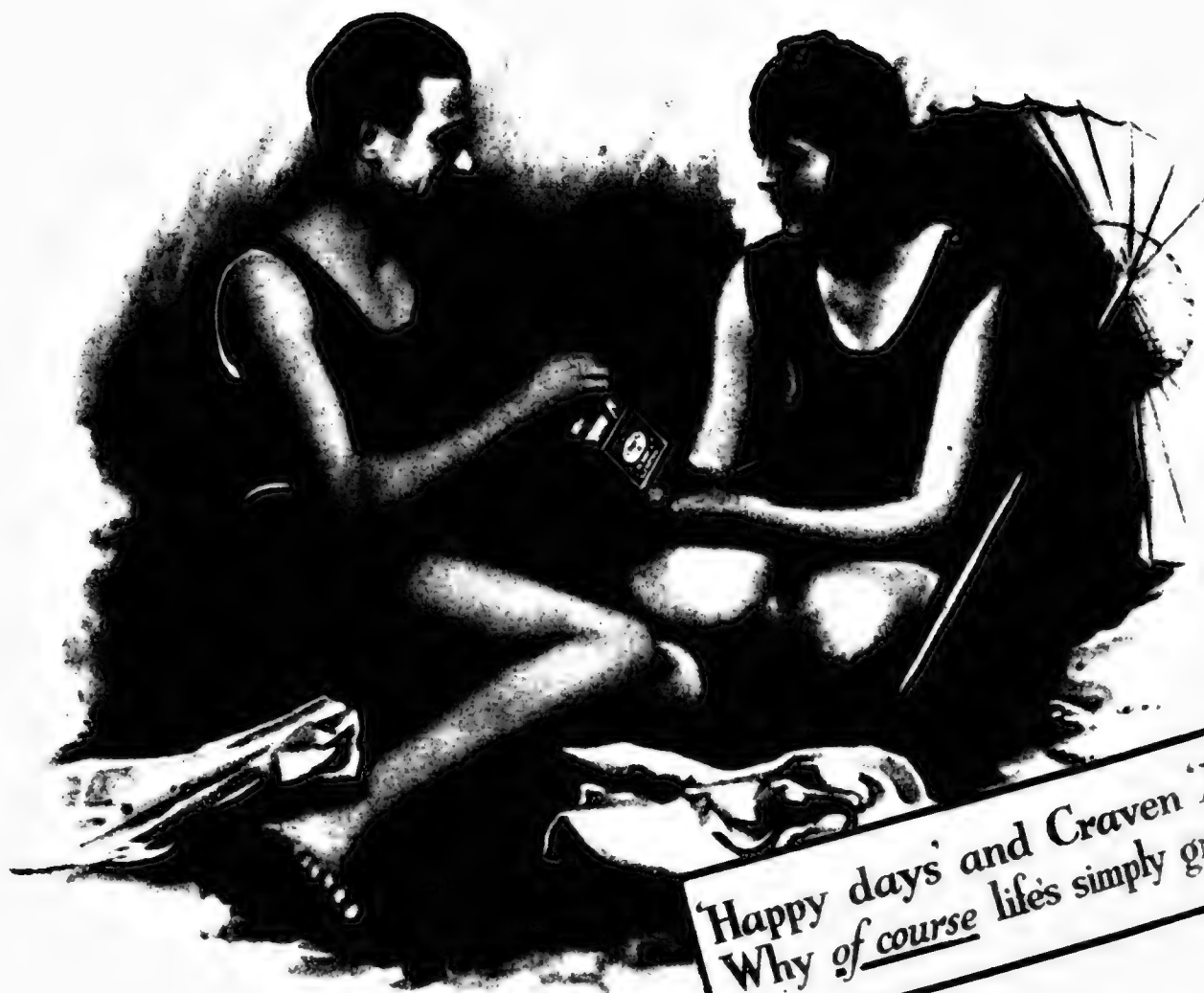
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HOLIDAY
ANNUAL

6^p



MIXED BATHING!

*"Happy Days
are here again!"*



*'Happy days' and Craven 'A's
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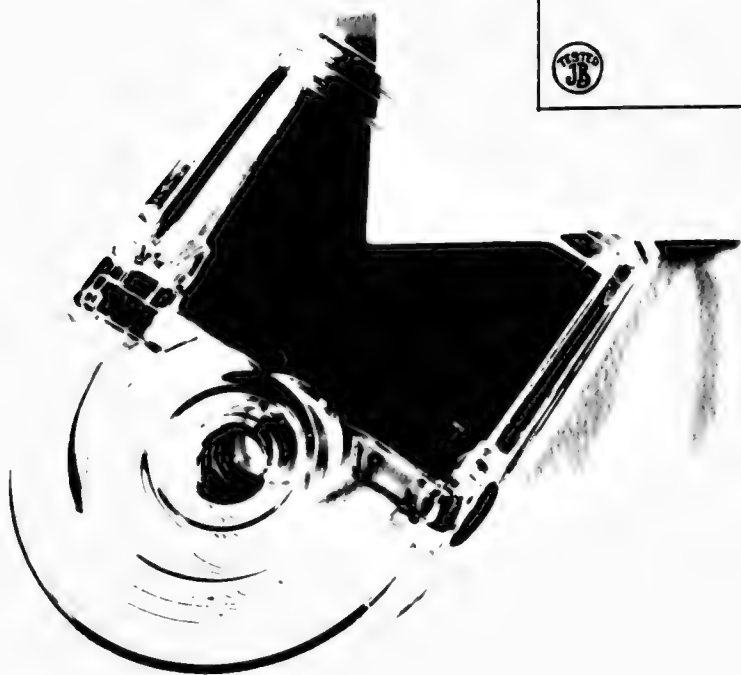
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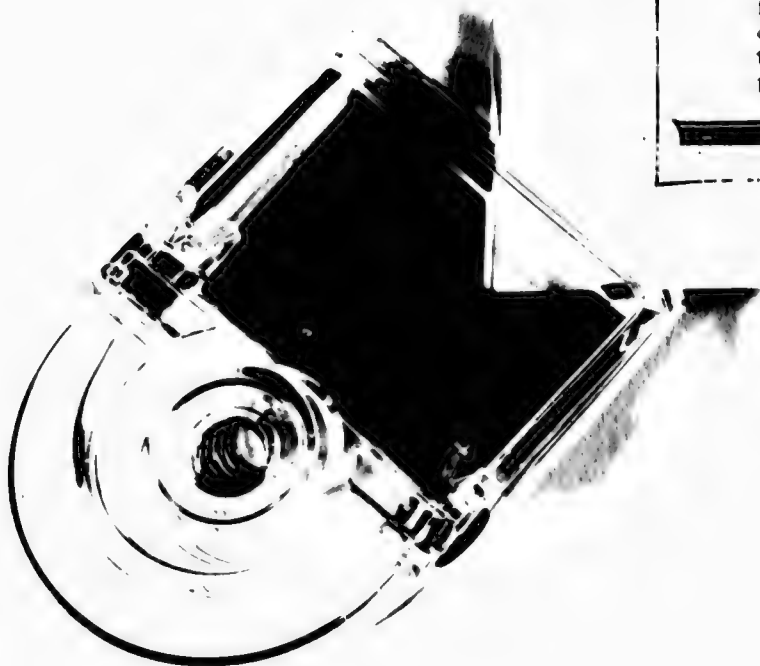
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Cut out this advertisement and keep it by you as a reminder. You will probably be glad later on!

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20 prizes of £5 each

25 " " £1 "

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RULES

1. Name and address must be written on the back of the photograph. Competitors may send in as many photographs as they like, but each must be accompanied by three outside printed wrappers from Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Prizes valued £350 will be awarded.
2. Photographs must not have been previously published in any way.
3. The Editor of the *DAILY SKETCH* will act as judge, and his decision must be regarded as final. No correspondence can be entered into in connection with this competition.
4. The last day for receiving entries is Aug. 29, 1931, and the result will be announced in the *DAILY SKETCH* on Sept. 19, 1931.
5. All photographs submitted must be free from copyright fees. None can be returned under any circumstances.

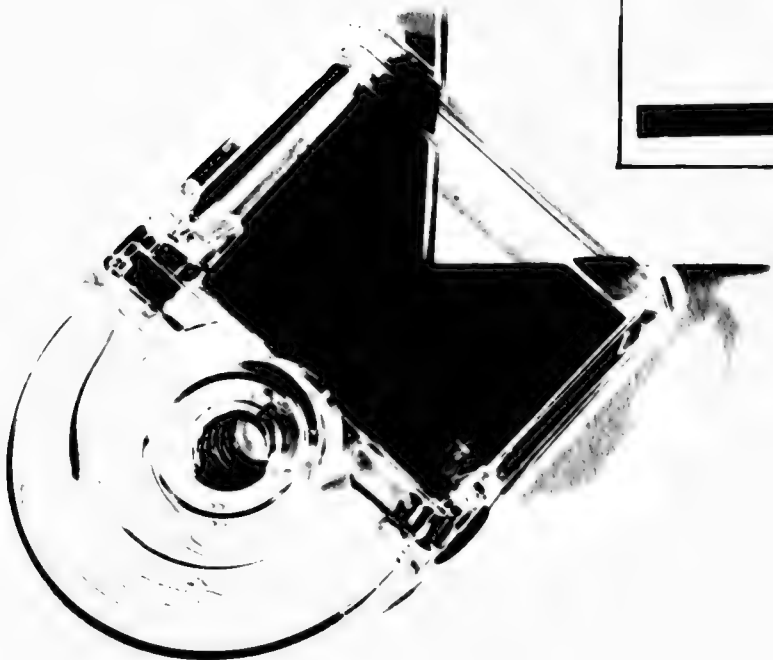
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WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR SOAP

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WHOOPS!

HOLIDAYS, they say, give a man an opportunity to follow his natural bent. Whatever his bent may be, he is sure to come back broke.

THOUGH figures are to be slimmer than ever this year, those of boarding-house bills will still retain their old ample proportions.

"SEASIDE waiters," says an article, "are engaged for long periods during the summer months." And seaside couples are engaged for much shorter periods.

THE most optimistic person of my acquaintance intends to apply for the post of speed-cop for Channel swimmers.

"OUR educational system has pleasant features," says a psychologist, "but teaches nothing whatever." Our seaside belles have employed this method of learning swimming for years.

WHY spend money on slimming treatment when Mrs. Skinner, of Ocean View, will reduce you practically to nothing in a fortnight?

"SOMETHING must be done," says an article, "to prevent the menace of crabs to bathers." Only I hope I'm not called upon to put my foot down.

"SOME of the holiday resorts we most want to go to," says a writer, "have names that are difficult to spell." And in the end, they are mostly spelt M-A-R-G-A-T-E.

THE modern visitor, we are told, will no longer put up with poky apartments. And when Willie is let loose with the ice-cream, they become hokey-pokey apartments.

"HIS face was contorted with passion," says a passage from a novelette. "His whole frame was twisted with insane rage, as he picked himself up from the ground." Just like father, fixing a deck-chair!

SEASIDE naturalists are hoping to find many specimens this summer, and even the pierrots are looking forward to a good collection.

"CARS," says a magistrate, "cannot stop just where they like." We know some holiday touring cars which can and do.

AT a recent school sports the record for throwing the cricket ball, was broken by several yards. The winner has been engaged by the management of an hotel, advertising itself as a stone's-throw from the sea.

"AVOID the risk of bathing accidents," says a holiday tip. Think of the fate of the girl who, while only in her forty-second lesson, accidentally learnt to swim!

BATHING costumes are now being made in a new material which is very beautiful but susceptible to damage by sea-water. The latter fact is interesting, but irrelevant.

"HOLIDAYS," says a pessimist, "have no bite left in them." He never seems to have met a really good picnic-mosquito.

"TO the tired tradesman," I read, "the seaside panorama is a continuous joy." The village grocer must enjoy the sight of such quantities of sand.

"WHAT is your favourite seaside reading?" asks a questionnaire. That classic volume: Pierrots and Pierrot-Worship

I AM so unlucky with my gardening tools that when the council's steam-roller parked outside my house last week three neighbours promptly came to borrow it.

"WHERE," asks an article, "could we be assured of continued fine weather?" Only in heaven and on the dial of a boarding-house barometer.

ALTHOUGH holidays are good for the temper, few real bathers can refrain from going off the deep end.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS are still trying to decipher the hieroglyphics on an ancient stone dug up near Brighton beach. New and original pierrot jokes, probably.

HERE'S luck to you all by the sea—
Sunshine and frolic and glee;
And even if rain should come down
Don't flurry or worry or frown;
Take life in gay stages
And read MY next pages!



Drawn by Wilson Fenning

"Bathing direct from cars is more popular than ever this year."

FAIR BATHER (to friend who has brought her down): "Hi, Gerald, what's the number of our machine?"

The TRUTH about ETHELRED

by A.A.Thomson



PROFESSIONAL historians have dealt harshly with Ethelred. They have missed practically all that was beautiful in his character.

What do they tell us? Merely this: that (a) he married a lady named Emma; (b) that he organised a massacre of tax-gatherers, and that (c) he was known as The Unready because he was never on the spot when wanted. So far, the pundits.

Now it seems to me that these defects, if defects they are, call for understanding and sympathy rather than reproof. He is not the only good man who has married an Emma. Mental specialists tell us that men of mild and amiable temperament are more prone to marry Emmas than any other class.

As to the paltry affair of massacring a few score tax-gatherers, I contend that it is a thing any gentleman would have done. It was, I hold, a worthy piece of work.

Of the period following his retirement from active politics, historians have said little. Actually, he lived quietly at Tunbridge Wells,

eking out a precarious but honest livelihood by journalism.

Some of his articles were signed "Our Dietetic Expert," some simply "A Mother," and some—very powerful these—"Disgusted Conservative."

It is not generally known that he conducted the column "Ask Aunt Alfrida" in the *Sunday Saxon* for years, while an advertisement for Leofric's Liver-Joy, beginning "For years I suffered agonies..." is one of the most vivid pieces of prose that has come down to us.

IT is, however, of the crisis of his life that I wish to speak, and of a certain summer holiday which formed the turning-point in his career. A discussion arose in the modest home as to where the holiday should be spent.

"Margate," suggested Ethelred mildly.

"How like you," retorted Emma, "to pick on the one spot in the Heptarchy that I abominate."

"So sorry," he apologised. "I meant Rainsgate."

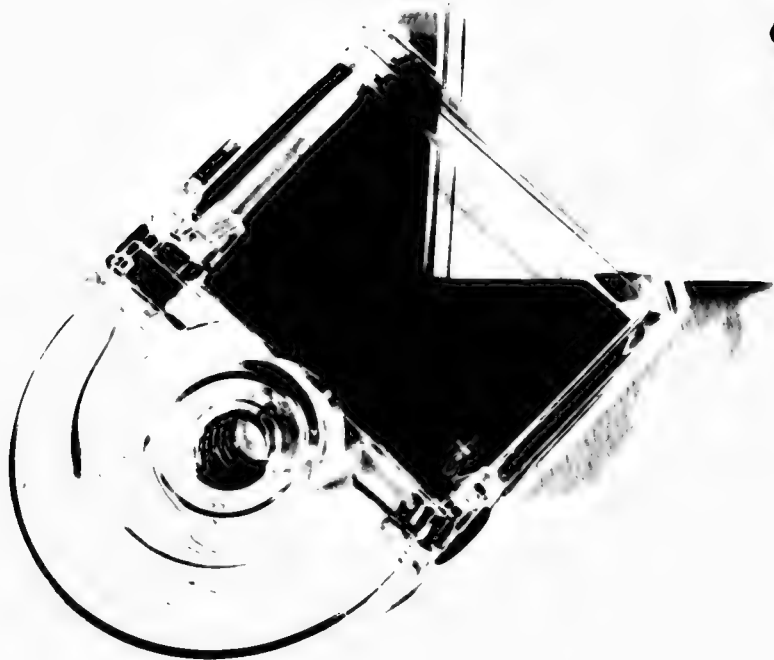
"A loathly spot," said Emma.

Patiently and exhaustively Ethelred skirted our better-known coasts, beginning with Morecambe and working round by Llandudno and Poldhu to Budleigh Salterton and Bognor Regis.

"You wet fish," said Emma.



W. HEATH ROBINSON



"Very well, my love," sighed Ethelred, "perhaps you had better decide."

And she said how like a man that was to evade his responsibilities and shift the burden on to the shoulders of a weak, uncomplaining woman.

Next day they set out, as had been their custom for the last twenty-seven years, for Wurze-on-Sea. I say they set out, but on the first two days Ethelred, as also was his custom, arrived too late for the train.

ON the third day he reached the booking-office—I want you to picture him—carrying a suitcase, the twins, Egbert and Egflip, a bag of golf clubs, a carpet-bag, a partially inflated motor-tyre for the children's swimming-lessons, a fishing-rod and a parrot in a cage.

In the first place he forgot, as well he might, where he wanted to go to, though at least forty honest Anglo-Saxons in the queue behind were vociferously eager to tell him, and when, by a tremendous mental effort, he remembered his destination, he was unable to find money for the tickets.

Partial disrobement was of no material assistance, and when he had narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of the infuriated mob behind he found once more that the train had gone.

On the sixth or seventh day the station-master, aided by two railway directors, a taxi-driver and several other churls, picked him up and hurled him bodily through the window of the compartment. Ethelred was off at last.

His constitutional failings of lateness and absence of mind still haunted him at Wurze-on-Sea. He always got up too late to eat his kipper, which in those quaint

far-off days formed the staple breakfast product at seaside boarding-houses.

At the local pierrot troupe he would always arrive in the auditorium just as the pianist was beginning to play the National Anthem, and the comedian of the show, an obnoxious fellow, would bestow an ill-bred wink on the rest of the audience and shout, "Here comes the late Mr. Ethelred!"

It was a cruel personal gibe, and it wounded the sensitive Ethelred deeply.

In much the same way ill-fortune dogged him during what ought to have been pleasant mornings by the sea. Ethelred, who was nothing if not an idealist, merely wished to be on a sunny beach with his eyes closed, at peace with the world, for hours and hours and hours.

Somehow, by the time he had collected the children, the deck-chairs, the spades, the pails, the shrimping-nets, the paddlers, the towels, some more children, his wife's knitting, sun-glasses, novel and sandwiches, plus, finally, the ultimate twin—by the time, I say, this little lot had been collected, shed on the promenade and carried down to the beach, there was just time to cart them off back to the boarding-house in order to be late for lunch.

THE thing preyed on his sensitive mind. He blamed himself. But what could he do? If he went on growing more and more absent-minded a crisis would occur.

A crisis did occur. One afternoon, in sheer absent-mindedness, he carefully hung up his bathing-costume in the van and walked into the sea with all his clothes on. He was forcibly and roughly rescued by a cordon of bathing attendants

and policewomen, and brought, dripping, before the local bench on a charge of bathing in an unauthorised costume.

"Any previous convictions?" asked the chairman.

The police mentioned, as in duty bound, the affair of the tax-gatherers.

"Ah, well," said the magistrate, "in view of your good record we'll take a lenient view this time, but," he added, "the next time you try to drown yourself, my man, don't do it in plus-fours!"

An ill-natured remark, but it gave Ethelred an idea. Why not? If existence was so miserable, why not end it all? No more carrying parcels. No more being late. A beautiful idea. He mentioned it to his wife, and she concurred.

"First sensible suggestion you've made for years," she said, "you poor nut."

"But I really mean it, my dear."

"You'd never get up in time, you poor wet splash."

"I'll dive straight off the pier this afternoon," he protested.

"That's right," she snapped. "You think of nothing but your own selfish pleasure. Afterwards—when you have had your fun—your uncomplaining wife will find that you had forgotten to fill up the insurance coupons."

Ethelred blushed deeply.

"I'll fill them up after tea," he promised. "Honestly, I will."

It was finally decided that the deed should be done on their return journey on board the s.s. *Wurze Belle*. He would do it about five miles out at sea.

THE day dawned clear. Not one of the holiday-makers jostling from pier to gangway suspected that a tragedy was about to be enacted. All they saw was a mild little man, struggling with a mass of luggage, children, golf-clubs, pails, spades and a parrot in a cage.

Successively he handed them over to a majestic female, who had already taken up a commanding position on deck. All was aboard, except Ethelred himself. A siren hooted. Ethelred prepared to scuttle up the gangway.

"Tickets, please!" said a harsh voice.

Ethelred felt frenziedly in his pockets. Bells clanged. Whistles blew. He made a wild leap at the receding gangway, waving an expired tram-ticket (Blackfriars Bridge to Kennington). Rough hands seized him.

"No, you don't, my lad! Not this time. We know your sort!"

Tragedy. . . . Ethelred, true to character, had missed the boat.

But let us look on the bright side. That afternoon the *Wurze Belle* struck a rock (or something), went down with all hands, and was never seen again. A week later a parrot's cage was picked up at Bognor Regis, or it may have been Budleigh Salterton.

A week later, too, you might have seen on the sunny beach at Wurze-on-Sea a mild, absent-minded little man, just lying there, at peace with the world, for hours and hours and hours.

Dear old Ethelred had come into his own at last. . . . His eyes were closed. Or, stay . . . did not one eye open, flicker an instant, and close again?



... on the first two days Ethelred arrived too late for the train



Drawn by H. Frank Pearce

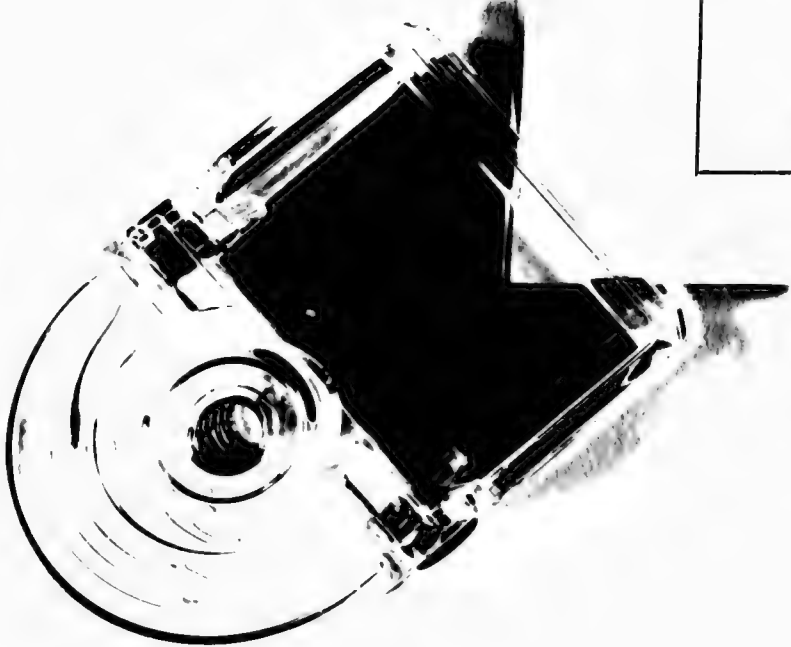
LITTLE BOY: "Boo-on—I got a fly in my eye."

MOTHER (thoroughly snappy): "Serve you right—you should keep your eyes open."



Drawn by Wilson Fanning

WIFE (to husband getting punt ready): "Herbert, I don't think we'd better go out this afternoon. The Meteorological Office has just issued a gale warning to shipping!"





Drawn by A. C. Berrett

AMATEUR YACHTSMAN: "It looks as though we shall have to stay here until high-tide doesn't coincide with opening time at 'The Jolly Sailor.'"

Eight

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but over languages many sad tears are shed

FRITZI VON SEIDLER, of Hamburg, and Hans Schaffer, of Berlin, did not exactly meet in Ostend.

Well, anyhow, here's the story.

Mr. Schaffer, aged twenty-two, was holiday-making on the Belgian coast, alone, all alone, complete with horn-rimmed glasses and sackcloth plus-fours, the national costume of Berlin when it gets out into the great open spaces.

Mr. Schaffer was seeing as much of the world as you can get for a thousand marks, and, being in quest of facts and information, had taken aboard a certain cargo of boredom by way of spray.

The town hall may have been founded in 1444, and the output of oakum may have increased by 57½ per cent. since seven-fifteen on the morning of May 5, 1902. But a holiday's a holiday.

Mr. Schaffer was as full of statistics as a man of twenty-two can be and not sink. Now, with three days to go, he wanted something to take back home with him to the little house in the Somethingstrasse.

Wherefore he got himself to the harbour and watched the boats go out.

Watching the boats go out, he saw a few come in; which is how he first came to see Fritzi von Seidler.

Fraulein von Seidler was leaning over the railing, or whatever they call the fence that runs round the side of a boat, taking in nearly the whole of Ostend at one peep. Not quite all. She missed the bit that Herr Schaffer was standing on. But a whole lot of people always missed that bit, wherever it was. Hans was used to being overlooked.

She wore a striped dress and no hat and her hair was blowing in the breeze. Slung across her shoulder was a leather strap that carried a small folding camera in case.

There's a phrase about being knocked silly. In Mr. Schaffer's case probably it ought to be "sillier." But the fact is he got it as bad as you can, and saw nothing but the face of Fritzi for days and days and days.

He ploughed his way to the rails and saw her disembark, saw her make her way behind a porter with her suitcases to the

Customs shed, saw her go in, saw her come out, made his way into the station hall and watched her leave the station.

And when she claimed a cab and gave the driver his orders, Herr Schaffer suddenly sprang to action.

He claimed a cab himself.

And he commanded the driver to follow the cab ahead.

Which brought them at length to the Plaza Hotel.

She got out. She went in.

He got out. He went in.

She was signing her name in the register. Then she walked away, followed by a porter and a bell-boy.

HE went up to the register and looked at it. The handwriting was firm and bold. He stared at it full of admiration. He read her name three times.

"Fritzi von Seidler, Hamburg."

And then the reception clerk asked him what it was he wanted.

He started and blushed at that. After all, what did he want at the Hotel Plaza? Nothing. He muttered something and hurried out to cover his confusion.

He'd made a fool of himself, but at any rate he knew her name and he knew where she was staying.

His watch said four-thirty. She was sure to have tea. She was certain not to show up for an hour at least.

He returned to his own modest hotel, himself had tea, and made an attempt to compel his sackcloth plus-fours to present a better appearance. Not much hope in that direction.

At five-thirty he was back outside the Hotel Plaza, sitting at a pavement café over the way. It was not very warm, but he did not feel the bite of the wind. In the hotel opposite—somewhere—was Fraulein von Seidler. . . . Fritzi. . . .

She came out and he rose clumsily. She walked up to the promenade as far as the Royal Palace, then back to the Casino, listened to the orchestra for an hour, and then returned to her hotel for dinner. He walked with her, six yards behind, but she did not know.

After dinner she did a tiny tour of the boulevards and the cafés, idling, just watching the life of the town drift past. He was with her, but still she did not know. Until near the end. Then she seemed to become aware of him, sitting at a table not far from hers. When she looked at him he looked away. He blushed.

That interested her, in a small way. In the Rue Chapelle she saw him again, pretending to look in the same shop window that was claiming her attention.

Fritzi began to wonder.

She went to Mariakerke on the tram the



O'CLOCK in the Parc Leopold

By WILL SCOTT

next day. So did Hans. She went to the Casino concert in the evening. So did Hans. And when she pulled down her blind again that night there he was again, over the way, sitting at a table outside the café.

Fritzi von Seidler didn't quite know what to do about it.

But then, neither did Hans Schaffer.

For the next day was his last day in Ostend. After that, the Somethingstrasse, and the office, and facts, and figures, and no romance.

No, he didn't quite know what to do about it.

THE next morning Fritzi bathed. Hans didn't. He sat on the sea wall and pretended to look at the horizon. Later, she bought brass in the market. And so did he. He didn't want the brass,

but he bought it. You've got to do something in a market.

And in the afternoon she took the funny ferry across the harbour to see what lay beyond. Hans knew what lay beyond, but he took the funny ferry. There was nothing in the world between them but a commercial traveller from Ipswich.

Landed, she walked along the sands towards the dunes of Breedene. So did he. So did half a dozen other people. It was hot and bright and windy. He felt shockingly nervous.

She sat down at the foot of the sandhills. He walked on, passed her, proceeded for about a hundred yards, and then too sat down.

HE felt he would like to meet her by the coloured fountain in the Parc Leopold that night. After dark!

Then you could talk. With nobody looking! With no light but the rainbow light of the flashing water.

You couldn't talk here—in the full glare of the white beach. But by night, in the Parc Leopold, by the coloured fountain.

Yet how to tell her?

"I will be by the fountain in the Parc Leopold at eight o'clock to-night." But how on earth could he tell her that?

He risked a glance. She was looking at him. Blushing, he turned his head away, looked down at the sand. And then he got his idea. Not a new idea. An idea as old as Punch. Or older.

With his walking stick, in the firm, wet sand he wrote his message to Fritzi.

"Ich werde zu der Brummen bei der Parc Leopold, heute Nacht um acht Uhr sein."

He looked up again. She had risen and was watching him. In confusion he hurried up the sandhills and did not stop till he reached the top. There he looked back.

She was standing where he had been sitting. Looking down at his message in the wet sand. Then she looked up at him, and he thought she was smiling but it wasn't easy to tell at that distance.

He turned and plunged down the other side of the dunes and across the grass to the high road.

He got the first tram back to Ostend.

AT five minutes to eight he was leaning over the railings beside the coloured fountain in the Parc Leopold. The bright lights of the Avenue Leopold led up to the Casino, but Herr Schaffer himself was hidden in almost complete blackness. One side of his face changed from pink to blue, blue to amber, amber to green, as the fountain threw its light on high. But the rest was blackness.

And silence.

Noises came up to him from the Avenue Leopold, but all was silence on this little height. He could have heard the softest footfall.

He was waiting for the softest footfall.

Somewhere, a clock struck eight. Hans Schaffer jumped. He jumped again when it struck a quarter past. He did not jump when it struck the half hour. He groaned when it struck a quarter to.

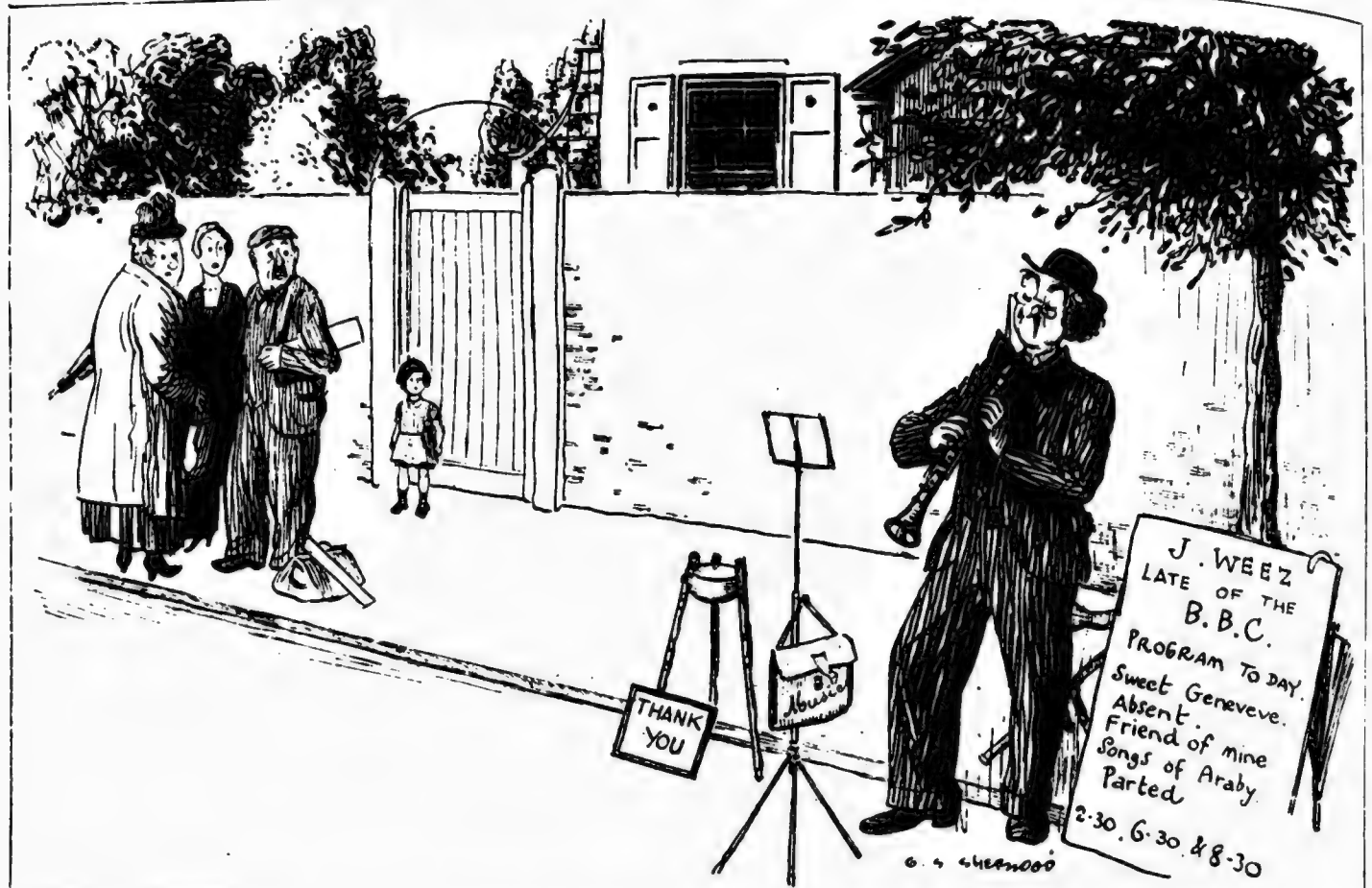
And when it struck nine he simply sighed and went back to his cheap hotel and began to pack.

BACK home in Hamburg, Pa., Fritzi von Seidler unbosomed herself to her dearest friend.

"Say, I nearly hooked a guy in Yurup. Tracked me around like a lost sheep for days. All goo-goo! Dumb? I'll say! Carved a kind of Cupid's call or sumptin' in the beach with his cane, and left me to think it out. Search me for what it added up to! Kind of Esperanto, I guess. Must have been one of these foreign nuts from Somewhereovakia, some place. Never saw him again. Faded right out. Queer guys, foreigners. I always said. Have a gum?"



He was with her, but still she did not know



Drawn by G. S. Sherwood

HE: "'Struth! 'E ain't 'arf putting on some airs since the B.B.C. included 'im in their street noises."



Drawn by Frank Whitburn

Our plumber takes a holiday at the seaside.



COME TO PEBBLE-ON-SEA

OVER 1,000,000,000
PEBBLES TO THROW
INTO THE SEA



SUMMER AT SANDSEA

THE LIGHTEST
SAND ANYWHERE



BRIGHTSEA

ABSOLUTELY NO RISK
OF SPENDING YOUR MONEY
ON FOOLISH FLAPPERS



ROUGHROCK

THE BEST
SHELTERS
ON THE COAST



Drawn by Norman Pett

TRUTH IN SEASIDE ADVERTISING

The MYSTERY of the INFERNAL TRIANGLE

If you fancy yourself as a solver of mystery stories, try this one

ASHLEY
STERNE

PROMPTLY as the hour of six struck on the church clock of St. Pancras' and All Sweetbreads', Euston Road, Dulcie Dumpling rose from her desk in the office of Messrs. Cob and Pen, writers to the *Cygnets*, put her pencil and india-rubber away in the safe, donned her outdoor raiment, and, with a polite nod and a cheery "Good night!" to her employers, quitted their premises and passed out into the street.

She was hungry. Her simple lunch of a pound of chocolates and seven cream buns had long ago been digested. Yet she felt she could not return to her cheerless suite at the Fritz and toy with its severely plain *table d'hôte*. She would go to some gay restaurant, she thought, and paused in her walk to consider which.

From out a darkened doorway stepped a man, heavily muffled, and confronted her. With a little startled cry Dulcie looked up, and noticed with amazement that the man possessed only half a moustache. She was about to walk on past him abruptly when he addressed her.

"Miss Dulcie Dumpling, I believe?"

"I am. But I don't know you. Kindly let me pass, please, or I will summon a policeman—or something."

"One moment! I have been instructed by the Infernal Triangle to hand you these!"

And to Dulcie's utter astonishment he thrust into her arms a roll of linoleum, a pork pie, and a musical-box.

When Dulcie had recovered her composure and looked about her, the man had vanished!

CHAPTER II.

HER mind in a whirl, Dulcie continued her way, wondering who or what the Infernal Triangle was, and why its mysterious emissary had given her these extraordinary gifts. What should she do with them? Passers-by were already looking at her strange burdens and muttering jocular remarks to themselves, and Dulcie was a sensitive girl.

Ah! there in the gutter a few yards ahead stood a poor beggar-woman, plaintively droning "I'm the Last of the Red-Hot Mommas." Here, at any rate, was a chance to relieve herself of the cumbersome pie.

"Take this, my poor woman!" Dulcie exclaimed compassionately, proffering the pie.

But, to her surprise, the woman repulsed her with a gesture, fumbled for a moment in the pocket of her shabby coat, and handed Dulcie a copy of "Paradise Lost," a spirit-level and a tube of tooth-paste.

"By order of the Infernal Triangle!" she mumbled, as she placed them in Dulcie's hands.

"But why? What is the meaning of it all?" gasped Dulcie.

"Bend low, and listen carefully!" said the beggar-woman. "The Infernal Triangle wishes to mur—"

But at that moment a runaway steam-

roller dashed rapidly round an adjacent corner, knocked the poor woman down, and squashed her out flat.

"Blow it!" muttered Dulcie to herself, as she moved away. "Now I shall never know!"

CHAPTER III.

Utterly perplexed, Dulcie resumed her way as though in a dream, revolving in her mind the bizarre events of the last quarter of an hour.

But soon the pangs of hunger assailed her again, and temporarily banished all thought of anything else.

A brightly illuminated "Good Pull-up for Carmen" across the street caught her eye, so, threading her way through the traffic, she traversed the road, and approached the portals.

Sounds of an orchestra intermingled with gay laughter smote her ears as she crossed the threshold and walked down the corridor leading to the cloak-room, where she proposed to deposit her *attaché-case*, in which she had managed to cram her curious presents.

But no sooner had she entered that apartment than the attendant placed a telegram in her hand.

"For you, Miss!"

BEWILDERED, Dulcie tore open the flimsy cover and perused the message. It had been handed in at Leighton Buzzard the day previously! It ran as follows:

"Avoid the turbot. It is drugged. You may trust Adolf Schweinfleisch, the Scotch waiter. He is on the level. Your Unknown Friend."

Dulcie turned to question the attendant, but she had disappeared. With her brain in a turmoil, she made for the dining-room.

CHAPTER IV.

It was obviously Gala Night, for the tables were loaded with balloons, tin trumpets, rattles, and other tokens of festivity. Guests, too, were throwing rolls of bread about.

"This way, please, madam!"—and Dulcie found herself following a waiter clad in the orthodox swallow-tails, but wearing a kilt and sporran in lieu of the usual trousers.

This must be Adolf Schweinfleisch, the Scotch waiter, she thought, as she took the seat he indicated in a secluded corner of the room.

But she saw no balloons or other baubles upon the table. Instead, clearly marked with labels bearing her name within a small black triangle, Dulcie found a large bar of Castille soap, the Complete Works of Frances Ridley Havergal, and a bicycle-pump.

She checked the wild cry that sprang to her lips, and addressed the waiter.

"Are you Adolf Schweinfleisch, the Scotch waiter?" she enquired.

"Yeah! Guess you're that bit of sugar, Dulcie Dumpling?"

"How do you know my name?" demanded Dulcie. "How does everyone seem to know my name to-night?"

"Sure, ain't it common enough, baby? Nobody could help knowing it. Chocse your eats, but don't have turbot. It's gone cuckoo."

Dulcie affected to study the menu, but her thoughts were elsewhere.

"Bring me a lump of cold pudding," she ordered at length, "with horse-radish sauce."

The waiter departed, to return in a few minutes with the welcome food, which Dulcie began to swallow ravenously.

"Say, kiddo!" whispered the waiter, under cover of helping her to sauce. "You're for the spot to-night! But I'm your college chum. I'm here to stop the bump. Say, first of all, have you got any dough?"

DULCIE, mistaking his meaning, handed him a large piece of cold pudding.

"Quit that, Cutie! Money, I mean?"

Dulcie searched her hand-bag, and took out a roll of notes.

"Yes, plenty, thanks," she replied.

"Have no anxiety on that score."

"Shp it over to me, then," said the waiter, grabbing the packet and hiding it in his sporran.

"I have been told that I may trust you," said Dulcie. "Tell me, then, what all these queer happenings mean?" And she recounted to him all the events of the evening.

"Sorry I can't oblige a lady," said the waiter, as Dulcie finished her story and pudding simultaneously, "but I'm sworn mum. You must jest trust me a hundred per cent."

"See here. You must quit this joint at



once. Go straight to Aldgate pump, and look around for a guy with one arm named Postlethwaite. I've clean forgotten the name of his other arm, but that don't matter. You'll easily recognise him, as he's only got one leg.

"Jest go up to him and say, 'Blood-oranges build bonny baboons,' and he'll tell you what to do next."

A minute later Dulcie, conducted by the waiter, left the room. Neither noticed the sinister face, equipped with only half a moustache, that peeped at them from under the table whereat Dulcie had been sitting!

CHAPTER V.

It was dreary work waiting at Aldgate pump. That part of the City, however, was nearly empty, and so it would not be hard, thought Dulcie, to detect a one-legged man among the passers-by.

But though several men passed her with no legs at all, and a few with three legs, she saw nobody with a single leg, and began to think the whole thing was a plant. But n'ne o'clock struck—then ten o'clock—before she finally determined to abandon her position.

Then, just as she was about to turn away, she descried a cab come clattering along Fenchurch Street. To her astonishment, she saw that it was being drawn by a dromedary, and lingered to see it pass.

But abreast of the pump, dromedary and cab stopped suddenly, as though they had both been shot, and a man, wearing the headpiece of a deep-sea diver, sprang out, and went straight up to Dulcie.

"Get in!" he ordered brusquely, indicating the cab. "Make the slightest sign of resistance and you're a dead woman!"

Dulcie, terror-stricken, had no course but to obey. As she entered the vehicle she took a glance through the window of her kidnapper's headpiece and saw that the face within possessed only half a moustache!

CHAPTER VI.

Whither her captor took her Dulcie never knew. No sooner had he taken his seat beside her than a damp sponge was clapped across her face, and the subtle fumes of raspberry vinegar entered her nostrils, reducing her quickly to unconsciousness.

She did not come-to until, with a jolt, the cab stopped outside a large isolated house, to whose porch was attached a big brass plate bearing the words:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE INFERNAL TRIANGLE, LTD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MURDERERS

FAMILIES WAITED UPON DAILY.
OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 6.

"Get out!" ordered the man.

Dulcie did so. Immediately the door of the house opened.

"Go in!" came the abrupt command, and Dulcie entered.

The door clanged behind her. Before her stood a figure clad from neck to foot in a long white gown. Over the face was drawn a white cowl, with two slits in it for eye-holes.

THE figure beckoned, and Dulcie followed her silent guide into an adjoining room. It contained no furniture, save a curious-looking chair in the centre of the room.

The figure motioned her to seat herself. Dulcie did so. Immediately there was a series of harsh, metallic snaps, and Dulcie found herself clamped by hands, feet and head.

With horror she realised that she was firmly fixed in an electrocution-chair!

She tried to shriek, but her mouth seemed gagged. Only faint gurgles came from it. Paralysed with fright, she saw the dreadful white-robed figure cross the room, and approach a switch fixed in the wall opposite her. . . .

AUTHOR'S ENTR'ACTE.

Before the reader enters upon the next and concluding chapter of this very singular story, I feel that a word or two of explanation is necessary.

The tale was originally written for the *Snarl and Spigot*, the official organ of the Plumbers' Union, in the columns of which it appeared weekly as a serial. As the reader may readily imagine, its publication caused intense excitement in the plumbing world, as, week by week, the thrilling instalments were printed.

Now, it will be recalled that when Charles Dickens' "The Old Curiosity Shop" was appearing as a serial, and the life of Little Nell hung in the sorest jeopardy, the author used to be inundated with letters by every post, imploring him not to let the girl die.

That experience has been mine, too. As the climax of poor Dulcie's story approached, I was similarly swamped with letters, telegrams, picture-postcards of Herne Bay, writs, telephone-calls, and personal visitors, all beseeching me not to let Dulcie be bumped off by the Infernal Triangle.

Well, albeit I thought (and still think) that Dulcie richly deserved that fate (for she really was a silly little fool!), I decided to yield to the pleas of my public, and to give my story a happy ending.

That ending is the one given here, although I very reluctantly agree to the immolation of true art upon the altar of neurotic sentiment.

In the circumstances, however, it is perhaps all for the best, as the present *dénouement* enables me to explain in a very few words what would otherwise take at least another two chapters. All the mysterious happenings, which doubtless seemed wholly confusing and illogical to the reader, are satisfactorily accounted for in one brief master-stroke.

CHAPTER VII.

For the second time that fateful night

Dulcie slowly regained consciousness. But this time it was the real goods. When she at length opened her eyes the room had changed.

Gone was the chair of doom. Her limbs were free. Instead, she found herself reclining in a comfortable chair amid surroundings which she hazily remembered encountering that same evening about five minutes before this story, as narrated, began.

A white-clothed figure still hovered around her, and attempted to thrust something into her hand.

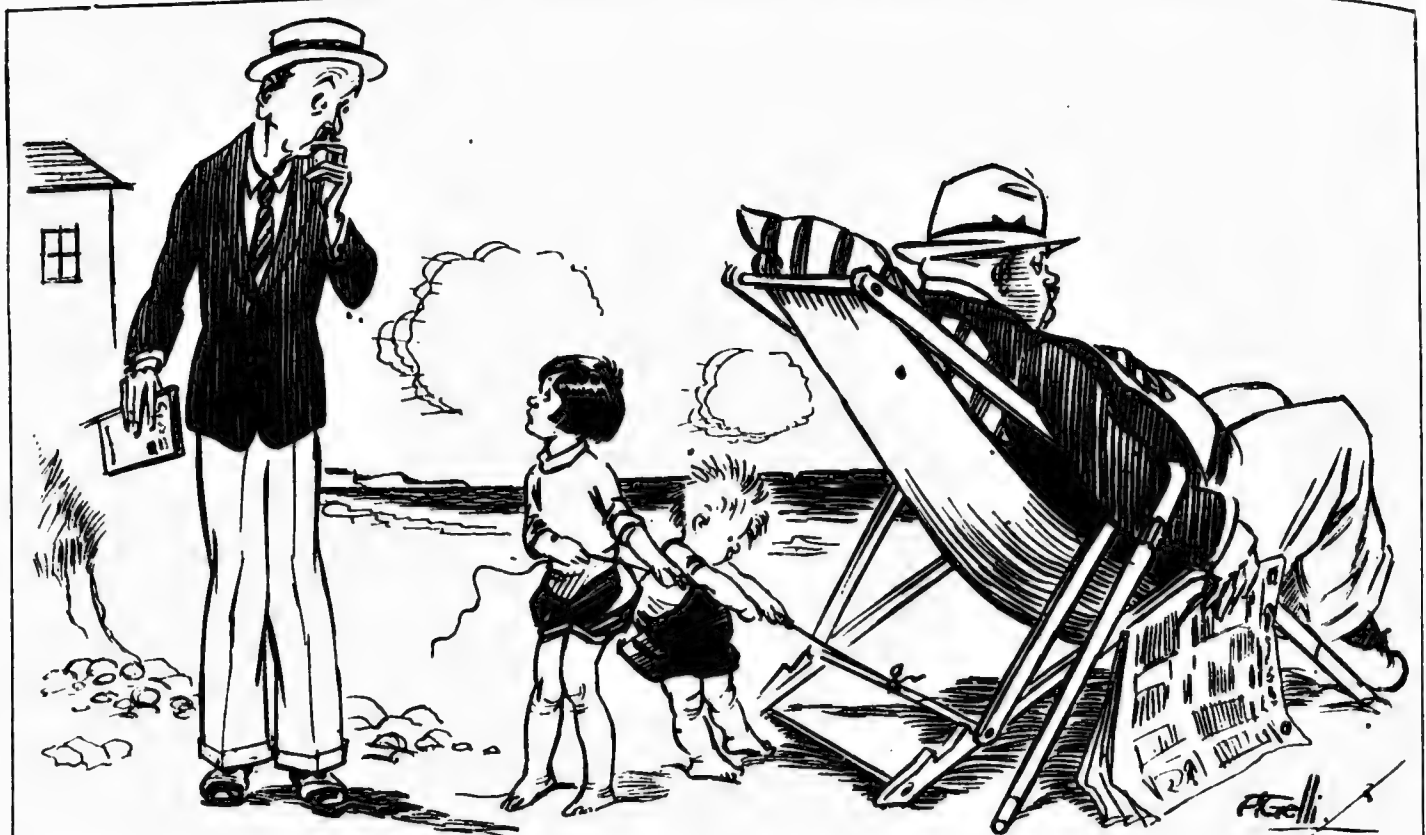
Another mysterious gift from the Infernal Triangle? she dreamily wondered, when the figure spoke.

"There! You'll be all right directly, Miss Dumpling. Just rinse your mouth out with this!"



Dromedary and cab stopped suddenly, and a man sprang out





Drawn by A. Gelli.

"Would you mind pulling this string for us? Uncle is so heavy."



Drawn by Edgar Spencer.

LITTLE GIRL: "Why do you always see washing hanging out to dry—do sailors like doing it?"
FATHER: "Oh, it must be very easy with all that water about."





Unhappy experience of a Professor of Zoology who was advised by his physician to go away for a complete change

In Honour of Mr. Pootle

by H.F.
Maltby

A Dinner of dramatic surprises

THERE were many firms of house and estate agents in the rapidly growing south coast seaside resort of Southbeach-on-Sea, but, without a doubt, the most prosperous of them all was the oldest established concern of Henges and Horsa.

It was impossible to turn a corner or traverse a street without being confronted by their names; it appeared wherever there was a house to let or for sale, a piece of building land to be disposed of, furniture to be auctioned, or a shop or business in the market.

"Apply Henges and Horsa, 999, Chapel Street," was a legend that could not be missed.

Almost as well known as this familiar legend was old Mr. Henges himself. Quite a personality was Mr. Henges, with his snow-white hair and close-cropped beard, his funny, old-fashioned black tailcoat and his square, brown bowler hat.

Everybody knew him and everybody liked him: for in business, although he would drive a hard bargain, his word was known to be his bond. And most people would rather have a verbal "Yes" from Mr. Henges than a five-page stamped and signed agreement with many another person.

OUT of business, Mr. Henges was quiet and kindly; a certain subscriber to any subscription list that might be going, whether in aid of the police sports, the Girl Guides, or the children's hospital. In fact, so far as donations went, Mr. Henges was fish for any net that may be spread.

About Mr. Horsa there was no information obtainable. He died some thirty years before the incident recorded in this story and left nothing by which he could be remembered except his name, which his partner in loyalty to his memory never discarded.

Many persons, however, unacquainted with the history of the firm, were often quite under the impression that the tall, dark, clean-shaven and good-looking middle-aged man with whom they did business was Mr. Horsa. In that, of course, they were mistaken, the individual in question being Mr. Pootle, Mr. Henges' right-hand man.

In striking contrast to Mr. Henges was Mr. Pootle. No one, observing his well-cut clothes, his polished manners and carefully manicured hands, would ever have guessed that this model of everything that was "just so" had emanated from a council school.

Mr. Pootle himself had done his best to forget the fact, but there still remained people in Southbeach who could tell you all about him. Jealous people, for the most part, they were: people who envied Mr. Pootle his good fortune and resented



There was no doubt about it, he was looking older and more haggard. Something seemed to have gone from him

the favours that had been showered upon him by his kind employer.

A great many people disliked Mr. Pootle, but he could afford to disregard their likes and dislikes so long as his employer was satisfied with him, and there was not the slightest doubt on that score.

No one with half an eye could fail to observe the affection that Mr. Henges—a childless widower—bestowed upon his confidential clerk.

"It won't be long before he owns the whole business!" the jealous ones would observe to one another. "He as good as runs it now!"

MR. POOTLE sat at his roll-topped desk signing the last batch of letters that were to catch the evening post, when the door opened and his boss entered the room.

Mr. Pootle looked up for a moment and nodded.

"Not gone home yet?" observed Mr. Henges.

"No," responded Mr. Pootle. "I shan't be long, though. I've just got to sign this lot and then I'm through."

"I was wondering," Mr. Henges began, "if you had anything fixed for Saturday evening, March 8?"

"Not that I'm aware of," replied Mr. Pootle. "Why?"

Mr. Henges paused and thoughtfully filled his pipe.

"Does the date—March 8—convey anything to you?" he asked at length.

Mr. Pootle thought for a second and then shook his head.

"Well," Mr. Henges explained, "I have been going through some of our old office diaries, and I came across an entry—'March 8, 1905, arrival of new office boy, named Pootle.'"

Mr. Pootle's eyes met those of his employer, and they both smiled.

"Twenty-five years ago," mused Mr. Pootle.

"Yes," sighed the other, "twenty-five years come March 8. A lot of water has flowed under the bridges since then! We were all younger then. . . . A far-away look came into his kindly blue eyes. "Twenty-five years," he repeated. "A quarter of a century, and we've been together ever since."

NEITHER man spoke for a few seconds—it was the elder man who broke the silence.

"I can see you now as you came into my room for the first time," he resumed.



"Mr. Pootle has been my confidant—my friend—my almost son"

"A little scrub of a chap in a cheap, ready-made, threadbare suit, with ink all over your face and hands!"

Mr. Pootle shuddered: perhaps he did not like to be reminded of those days, but his employer went on:

"Everything you touched had thumb-marks of ink on them in those days, and Johnstone said you'd have to go. How long is it since Johnstone died?" he broke off.

"Must be twenty years," opined Mr. Pootle.

"Can't be less," mused the old man. "Poor old Johnstone—good man, but no initiative. Yes, he said you'd have to go, but I liked you from the first, so I bought you a nail-brush and a cake of soap. Do you remember that?"

Mr. Pootle shuddered again. "I have everything to thank you for," he murmured.

"I have everything to thank you for," his employer rejoined. "That's why I asked you about Saturday, March 8. I would like to celebrate the occasion."

Mr. Pootle looked up questioningly. "A little dinner—I thought—to the staff," Mr. Henges explained. "Mrs. Pootle, of course, and a few other friends. A representative from each of the other house-agent firms in the town, someone from the *Wessex News*, and perhaps the *Southbeach Clarion*. Make a proper thing of it, you know."

MR. POOTLE rose from his chair and wiped both eyes.

"How can I ever thank you, gov'nor?" he murmured.

"Don't try," advised the other.

"Twenty-five years is a long time. I shan't see another—you will—but not me. We'll celebrate this one, anyhow. Is that agreed?"

"You're too kind, sir," faltered Mr. Pootle.

"No, I'm not," Mr. Henges contradicted. "I've wanted to show my appreciation of your work for some time, and this is the best way to do it."

THE dinner to Mr. Francis Pootle to mark his twenty-five years of service with the firm of Henges and Horsa became a bigger function than anyone ever supposed it would be. When one starts issuing invitations for an entertainment of that description it is amazing how many names of prospective guests turn up.

It was Mr. Pootle who suggested the vicar of the church where he was sidesman, and of course the vicar's wife had to be invited as well. That brought up the question of the vicar of Mr. Henges' parish and his good lady.

Then the Mayor and Mayoress cropped up, and after that the town clerk, and so on and so forth, until it was discovered that the dining-room at the Marina Hotel, where the dinner was to be held, would not be large enough to accommodate them all.

It was decided that the function must be held in the ballroom, which made room for so many more, that in the end covers were laid for nearly a hundred persons.

Mr. Henges entered into the spirit of the thing with his whole heart and soul. If it had been his own diamond jubilee he couldn't have been more excited. Every little detail he personally supervised.

Rumour said that he had up his sleeve a grand speech, and, what was much more important, a grand surprise for Mr. Pootle.

Some said the surprise would take the form of a handsome cheque, some said a deed of partnership—some said both.

It was decided that the Saturday of the dinner-party should be set aside as a

holiday for the staff of Henges and Horsa, and that the office should be closed for the day. That necessitated a little extra work on the Friday night, but no one minded that.

MR. HENGES sat late in his office that night: long after the rest had departed he remained. He had refused the proffered assistance of Mr. Pootle and others.

It seemed he wanted to get rid of them all: and in truth he did. For although he would own it to no one, it was not affairs of business he was concentrating upon, but on the grand speech he was to make on the morrow.

The trend of the speech he had well in his mind. He would sketch out Mr. Pootle's career from the day he arrived at the office to the present moment, with many humorous little incidents thrown in.

The little grubby boy covered in ink—that would be his first sketch. Then the little Pootle's handwriting—an unformed scrawl like the march of a regiment of inky flies across the paper. Then, as he grew older, how his handwriting had formed. Very interesting this would be; and he would endeavour to illustrate it with vivid descriptions.

Of course, to do the thing thoroughly meant much research and much delving into long-forgotten ledgers and day-books. But to Mr. Henges, who never undertook a task unless he did it thoroughly, it was a labour of love.

Hour after hour he sat alone in his office. Midnight chimed—then one, then two, then three. At last, just as the first faint light of dawn began to illumine the sky, he opened the front door and let himself out into the street.

As he stepped on to the pavement an electric torch was flashed in his face.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Henges!" exclaimed the voice of a policeman. "I was wondering who was inside, sir, and was just going to make enquiries."

"Yes, it's me," snapped a voice that did not sound like the kindly voice of Mr. Henges, and he walked off down the street without another word.

"Never known him so snappy before," mused the policeman. "I expect he's tired, that's what it is."

THE dinner was a big success. The chef of the Marina Hotel absolutely surpassed himself, and everyone was at his respective best.

Mr. and Mrs. Pootle beamed on everybody, and everybody beamed on Mr. and Mrs. Pootle; for although a great many present were not particularly fond of either, all realised that Mr. Pootle was a person to be reckoned with in Southbeach-on-Sea.

Some people remarked that Mr. Henges looked older than they had ever seen him look before—almost haggard, some opined; but then he had been working very late—didn't leave his office until after five. The town clerk had had that from the policeman, and there was very little that the town clerk knew that his wife didn't broadcast.

At length the last course was served, and Mr. Henges, as host and chairman combined, rose to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen, The King!"

"The King! God bless him!" replied one and all.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you may smoke."



Drawn by Norman Kay.

SHE: "What does your love for me amount to, anyway?"
HE: "Six cheque books."

Half a hundred matches were struck as the chairman resumed his seat. Presently he rose again.

"Chair!" "Order!" "Quiet!" "Chair!"

Everyone was silent, a pin dropping might have been heard.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began.

Yes, there was no doubt about it, he was looking older and much more haggard. Something seemed to have gone from him and something else to have taken its place.

"Ladies and gentlemen..." His voice was hard and rasping—not like the old voice at all. "We are all gathered here together on a very memorable occasion. To celebrate the twenty-fifth completed year that my confidential manager, Mr. Pootle, has been with my firm of Henges and Horsa."

He paused, as if overcome with emotion, regained his composure, and continued:

"Mr. Pootle joined the firm in the humble capacity of office-boy. Am I right?" he broke off suddenly, turning to the gentleman sitting on his right.

"Quite right," murmured Mr. Pootle. How he hoped his employer was not going to labour the point.

"As office-boy," Mr. Henges continued, "his weekly remuneration being then eight shillings. Mr. Pootle came straight to the firm from the council school where he had been educated. . . . I think I am right in saying that he was an orphan dependent almost entirely upon charity for his existence."

He paused. Mr. Pootle pursued a crumb with his finger across the tablecloth. Mrs. Pootle's pink face took on a slightly pinker tint.

"During his early career," the old man continued, "I was more than once earnestly advised to dispense with his services—advice, which you will see, I did not take. I was sorry for this poor, friendless little boy in his thin, thread-

bare clothes. I think it was I who gave him his first really warm underwear. Am I right?" he broke off again.

There was almost a snarl in his voice. He seemed to be waiting for an answer.

"Yes, sir—quite right," whispered Mr. Pootle.

This was not at all what he had expected; he would much rather have forgotten all that.

"Mr. Pootle has been with me ever

since," Mr. Henges went on. "Twenty-five years—a quarter of a century. I have raised his salary in leaps and bounds. . . . From the eight shillings a week he received when he first entered my service I have advanced him to the £900 a year he now enjoys! He has been my confidant—my friend—my almost son! I had made my will in his favour—leaving everything I possessed to him. . . . But last night—"

HE paused—there was a silence that could be felt—the uncanny still that precedes a storm.

"Last night I chanced upon an entry made in one of the books—made by him nearly twenty years ago. It caused me to search deeper, and I have found that, without a shadow of a doubt, this man, whom I have trusted and loved, has for the last twenty years defrauded me in the meanest and most despicable manner possible!

"Ladies and gentlemen, let me present to you a thief! A cad! And a black-guard!

"It is not my intention to prosecute—I have no desire to send him to prison; but before you all I denounce him as something unclean and unfit for the society of honest men and women! Mr. Pootle—get out!"

He pointed dramatically to the door. . . . Mr. Pootle rose to his feet, his face an ashen white.

"Guv'nor!" he gasped.

"Get out!" shouted the old man. "I never wish to set eyes on you again!"

IN a hushed silence the unfortunate man tottered from the room.

And so ended the dinner-party given by the firm of Henges and Horsa, house and estate agents, in honour of Mr. Pootle on the occasion of his twenty-five completed years with the firm.



Drawn by Kay

MASTER OF THE HOUSE: "You might get my bath ready for me."
MAID: "I'm sorry, sir, it's being used by the goldfish. Mistress said it was to have a treat on its birthday."



Drawn by George Whitelaw

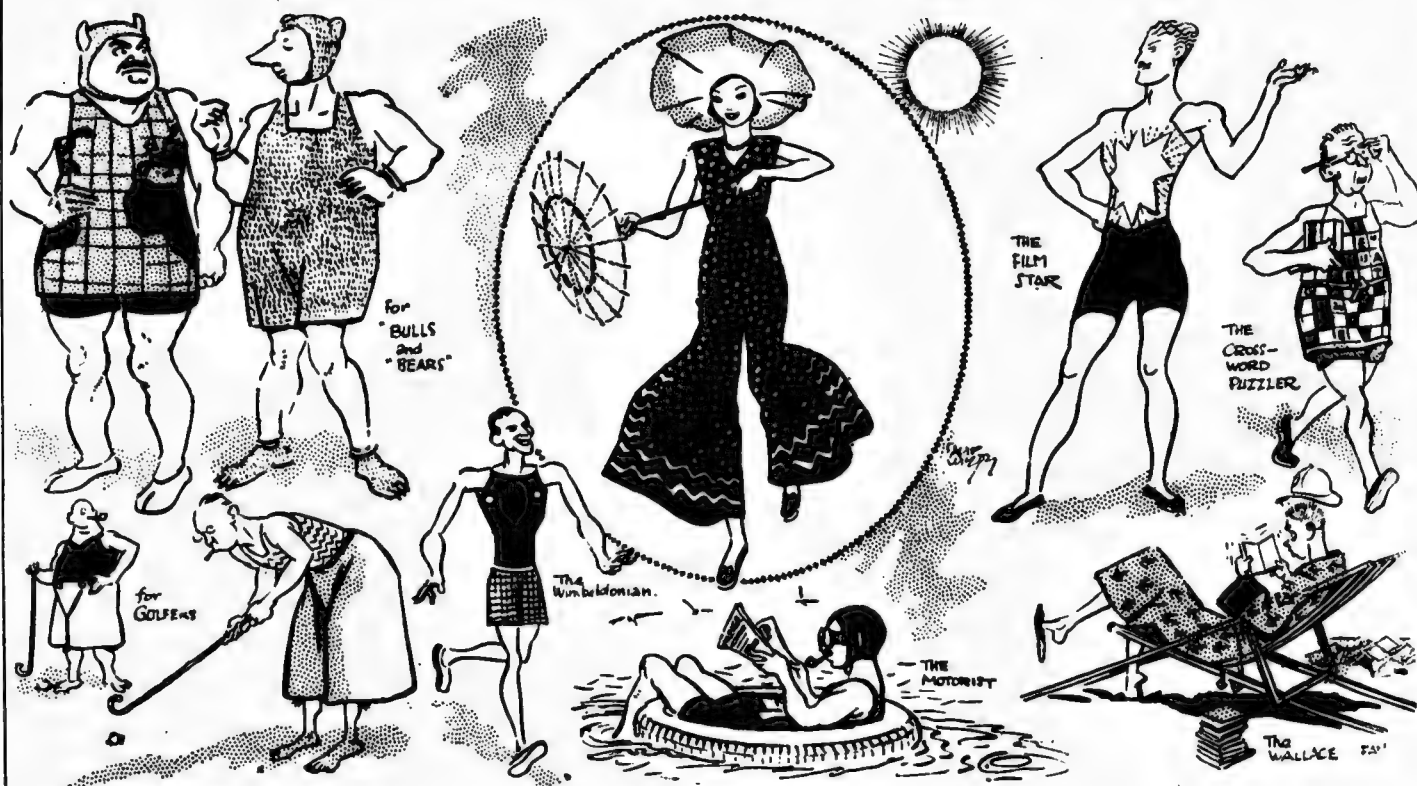
PLUMBER'S WIFE: "Oh, Charlie, the landlady has found out that you're a plumber, and she says if you will repair the taps we can stay here rent free."

PLUMBER: "What a bit of luck! Now we can be here for the rest of the summer, instead of a week."



Drawn by Beauchamp

THE GIRL: "Doesn't the hay smell beautiful—or is it your new 'Arris tweed suit?"



Drawn by David Wilson

Bathing costumes for women are becoming more and more ornate, so why should not male bathers adopt more expressive attire?

Means, WAYS & MEANS



"They walk round the garden for five minutes and then begin to yawn"

By
Anthony
Grey

Solving the Holiday Problem

MET Bill yesterday, down at Little Byliddle. Motoring down there, to look up a place for the wife and kids to stay in September. Appears Bill's got a place there for July. Talk about surprised!

"Why, hello Bill!" says I.

"Hello, old man!" says Bill. "What you doing here?"

I told him.

"What are you doing here?" says I.

He told me.

"What about having one?" says Bill.

"Why stop counting so sudden?" says I.

So we went into the "Tadpole and Baked Beans" and we didn't trouble to count at all.

"Surprised to find you here, Bill," says I.

"Why, old man?" says Bill.

"Expensive," says I. "Supposed to be the most expensive village in Britain. Can't rent a house under heaven knows how much, I understand. Everything's up."

"Rents are certainly fierce," Bill agrees.

"But then, what are you doing here? Business good?"

"Ghastly," says I. "I go bankrupt next month. So that now's my time to have a fling. Rents are fierce?"

"You wouldn't believe!" said Bill. "The pokiest little holes are getting six guineas a week in July. Can't turn round in 'em, but the place is fashionable."

"What sort of a place have you got, Bill?" says I.

"I'll take you along to see it soon," says

Bill. "But I was telling you how I came to come here"

"Were you?" says I.

"I saw an advert. in a paper," says Bill. "'The Rookery, Little Byliddle, Kent. Mile from sea and Downs. Famous links. Historic district.' And it took my wife's fancy. 'If only we could have the summer there,' says she. So I came down to look at it."

"I reckoned on about three guineas a week. I mean, July. Summer's three years off in July, and I had an idea things would be going cheap. So I took a peep at The Rookery."

"Went out with the agent bloke. 'Lovely place,' said I. 'Divine,' said he. 'How much?' said I. 'Ten guineas,' said he. 'Year?' said I. 'Week,' said he. 'Good-bye,' said I. 'Good-bye,' said he."

"SO I take a peep at a few more places, and the more the prices shrink the more the places shrink. There was a place called The Barn they wanted five guineas a week for. The cheapest place was what you might call next door. Ten bob a week. The Barn people kept their dog in it, and you could keep your dog in it if you took The Barn for the other five guineas."

"So I beat it back to town and told the missus that Little Byliddle was off. Have another?"

"This is mine," says I. "Go on. How is it you're here, after all?"

"I'm telling you," says Bill. "D'you know Brown-Jones?"

"Not in the singular," says I.

"One of those cocktail, night-club, city lights sort of lads," says Bill. "Thinks it's rather rural to be 'County.' You know the sort?"

"Top hat and spats and thinks Hammersmith's in the provinces?" says I.

"You've got him!" says Bill. "Knows every house in Piccadilly by name or number and thinks the country's made up of the weak bits they weeded out of Hyde Park years ago."

"WELL, Brown-Jones always spends his holidays in Paris or Brussels or Vienna or some place where the bright lights are. Must be near taxis and hotels and electric light and shining pavements. Wife's just the same. As for the kids—well, they think a field is some kind of dirt. Never been used to sitting down where a waiter wasn't, or going to sleep without about fifty cars per minute dashing past their window. You know?"

"I know," says I.

"Well," says Bill, "the Brown-Joneses took a place here."

"Go on!" says I.

"Fact," says Bill. "Indeed it was through me they came here."

"Proceed," says I.

"Well, when I got back to the office," says Bill, "I saw Brown-Jones and hap-



pened to say where was he going to for his holidays, and he says he supposes Paris as usual. So then I told him all about Little Bylittles, over which I was enthusiastic, having just come from the place, you see.

"He didn't listen for the first five minutes, but I kept on. Talked about the old architecture and the maypole and the ninth-century church and everything. Told him about the Downs. Most surprised, he was, to learn they were up. He'd always thought they must be down.

"Then I told him about the sea, mile from. You should have seen his face when I described the beach. He'd once been to the seaside when he was three. Couldn't remember it, but he's heard his nurse talk about it. I told him it would be just the place for the kids.

"And I didn't leave out the historic interest. He was absolutely bewildered. Never heard of Wat Tyler and Ethelred the Unwilling or anybody like that. Never heard of Archbishop Cranmer. He'd heard of G. K. Chesterton, but not since he went to live in Bucks.

"Well, I could see I'd kind of put a new

idea in his head, and he says he'll mention it to the wife.

"And the next day he says he's mentioned it to the wife and she says it'll be something new, but will they like it? 'Like it?' says I, 'you've only got to see it. Like Naples, you know.'

"What's Naples?' says Brown-Jones.

"Well, anyway, I kept on the job. I got some charts from the Society for Dirtical Research and gave 'em to Brown-Jones to study. They showed what happens to the inside of your lungs after five minutes in Paris and what doesn't happen to the inside of your lungs after five years in the country.

"Oh, and I showed him a picture of Ethelred the Unlikely that I got out of a book. He thought it was the King of Spades with the spades missing.

"Anyway, he worked up real excitement at the thought of a novelty like a holiday in the country, and he went home and talked some more to his wife, and in the end they decide it'll be an adventure, and down comes Brown-Jones to Little Bylittles and they take a house here and move in for the summer."

"Very interesting," says I. "And is it doing 'em good, like the charts said?"

Bill laughed.

"The first morning," says he, "they walk round the garden for five minutes and then they begin to yawn. Then they have a walk round the village and yawn some more. Then the kids go on the beach, but ten minutes of that and they're fed to the teeth. They want a movie, but there aren't any.

"Then Mrs. Brown-Jones thinks she'd like a manicure parlour for an hour, but there aren't any manicure parlours either. They tried for about five minutes to work up interest in the historic associations, but that gives 'em the willies and they rack it up. Then they tried to find something to do, but there was no such.

"THEN Brown-Jones suggests perhaps the kids would like to go to the beach, but the kids say they've seen the beach and isn't there something else. And of course there isn't.

"So at seven o'clock they yawn for an hour and wonder what's doing in Paris and then they go to bed. But it's so peaceful they never sleep a wink, and next morning the row starts.

"If I stay here another day I shall go mad!" says Mrs. Brown-Jones. "Can't we get an aeroplane to some place?"

"And Brown-Jones sees it's going to be a bit of a frost. He asks 'em if they'd like to see the village again, but they've seen the village. Then would they like to look at the historic associations once more, but they've seen the historic associations. Then what about a walk round the garden, but they said they walked round the garden the night before.

"So then Brown-Jones says from what he can see they'd better pack it up and beat it, so they beat it, and they were in Paris before the sun went down that night, and I guess they weren't yawning either.

"COURSE you see the mistake. The city temperament. You can't get it to settle down and appreciate a country atmosphere. Never could. Never will. It doesn't work."

"Perhaps it wasn't a very nice place they took here?" says I to Bill.

"Wasn't it?" says Bill. "I guess there isn't a nicer in the whole place. The Rookery it was, that I was telling you about. Ten guineas a week and they took it for a month."

"Near to the place you've got?" says I.

"It is the place I've got," says Bill.

"The Rookery?" says I.

"The Rookery," says Bill.

"But how?" says I.

"Why," says Bill, "when the Brown-Joneses got fed to the teeth, Brown-Jones he says to me: 'Take it off my hands and I'll let you have it for two guineas a week. Only for heaven's sake do take it off my hands! I never want to see the place again!' And that's how."

"Was there any argument as to price?" I says to Bill.

"There was a spot," says Bill. "but there was no time to argue for long. Matter of fact, I told him it wouldn't be easy to let at short notice for a short term, and if he didn't want to be landed with the lot he might as well accept my offer. And he did."

"Bill," says I to Bill, "did you work all this fake on purpose?"

"Old man," says Bill to me, "have another drink."



The Plutocrat falls a victim to Competition Fever.

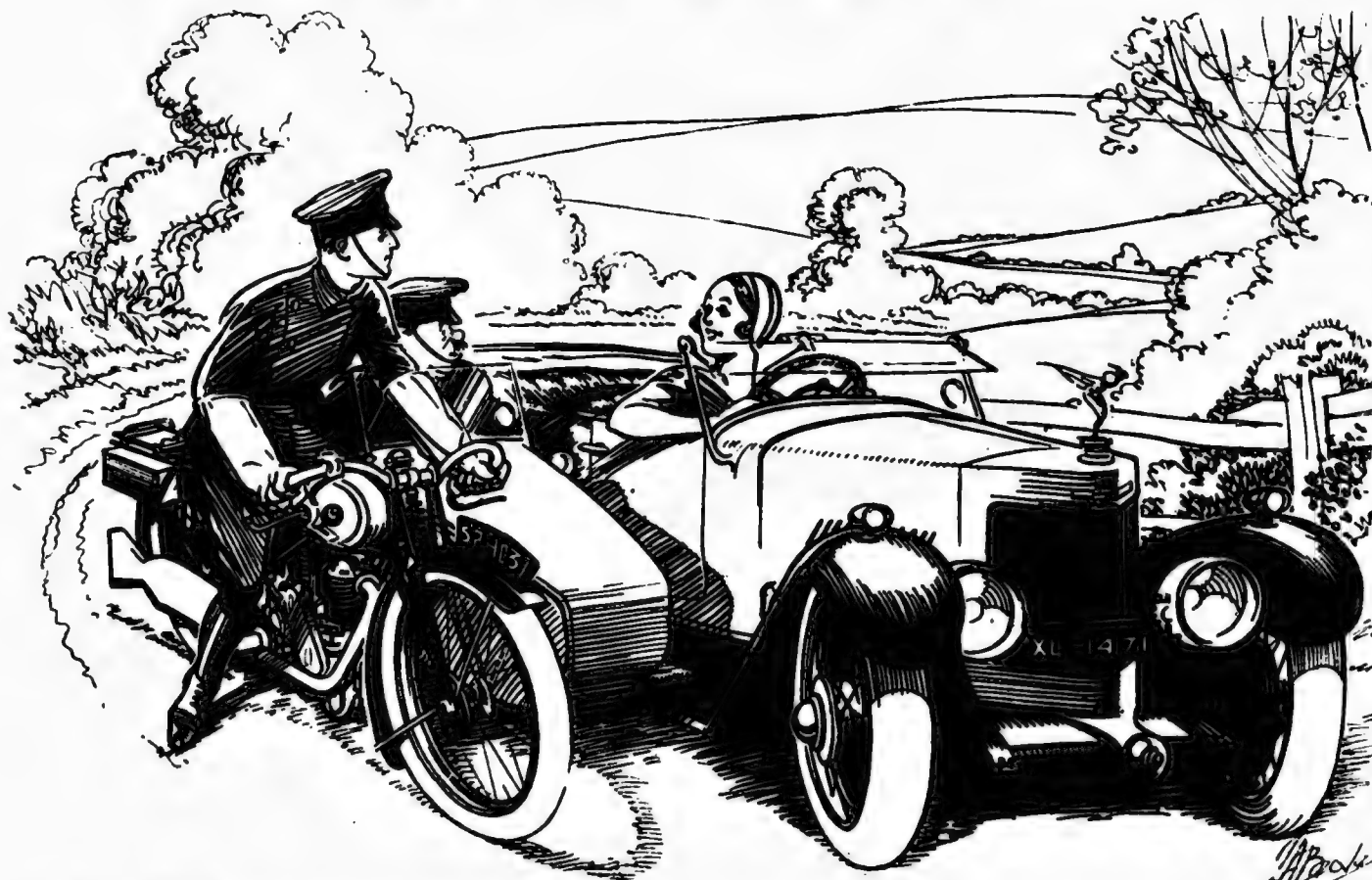
Drawn by Ridgewell



Drawn by L. B. Martin

GOLFING NOVICE: "Are you still keeping my score?"

CADDY: "You keep pegging away, sir. I can manage that all right—I used to be a billiards marker."



Drawn by J. A. Beale

HANDSOME YOUNG SPEED COP: "Look here, miss, I've been chasing you for over half an hour."
 "Oh, I'm frightfully sorry. I'd have stopped at once, if you'd been a'one!"

THE GIRL AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE

by Pearkes Withers

Another Seaside Romance Shattered



THERE had been rain earlier in the morning, but now all the waves that washed the sandy shore of Baversham Bay were sparkling in the sunlight, while up in the sky a number of tiny white clouds were floating idly about in the blue for all the world as though they had been washed clean in Nature's laundry and hung up there to dry.

Near the band-stand, in the middle of the mile-long promenade, two industrious hirelings of the local borough council were removing canvas-covered chairs from a tarpaulin-covered stack and arranging them in a vast semicircle.

But Ernest Martin sat watchfully at one end of a curved wooden seat for the use of which no charge was made, and upon which he had spread his morning newspaper in case the slats were still damp.

Ernest Martin was not watching the arrangement of the chairs; he was watching a tall, bare-headed young man in white trousers and a gaudy pullover who had already passed and repassed him a number of times.

There were several things about this bare-headed young man that annoyed Ernest. (a) He was clean-shaven and good-looking. (b) His hair was black and sleek. (c) He was staying at the Elvira Private Hotel—which was really only a boarding-house. (d) At meal-times he sat opposite golden-haired Marjorie Dalton, and quite often her violet-blue eyes drooped to her plate when he gazed at her. (e) His name was Tidmarsh—and that was a silly name, anyhow!

Ernest himself was not lacking in looks, but this fellow had a super-abundance of them. Ernest's own hair was almost as sandy as Baversham Bay; and his eyes were china-blue, and consequently appeared to be staring even when their owner had no desire to stare. In his soul Ernest cursed the passer-by; and even as he did so the passer-by paused, turned, and seated himself.

"Not too bad, now," he suggested as one seeking a conversational opening.

"No," said Ernest.

(Directly, if her word was to be relied upon, Marjorie Dalton would come sauntering along the asphalt—and there were so many other places where Tidmarsh might go. Ernest thought of one place in particular.)

"Let's see," said Tidmarsh reflectively, "you've been here a week, or more, but I only arrived last Saturday. Good weather before I came?"

"Perfect!" said Ernest tersely.

"H'm! Rotten night last night, wasn't it?"

"Putrid!"

"Still, it had its compensations. That sing-song in the drawing-room, for instance. Marj—I mean, Miss Dalton—sings rather well, don't you think? But the piano's atrocious."

"Ought to be burned!" declared Ernest emphatically. "Ruined a perfectly delightful voice!"

"You felt that, eh? She certainly can sing—purity of tone, and all that. Came on Monday, mid-day, didn't she? I was out."

"You've been in ever since," rebuked Ernest.

"The weather! Fancy—Monday, Tuesday, and again this morning! Still, it has cleared up now. I see her full face from across the table—how d'you like her profile? You sit on her right."

It was in Ernest's mind to retort that Marjorie Dalton's profile had nothing to do with the young man who far too often stared her full in the face; but he did not obey that impulse.

"Perfect!" he said with enthusiasm.

"I've noticed it. In the doorway—and on the steps. Fine figure, too—slim and graceful, isn't she? I've seen her bathing in the rain. You've done more than that!"

"I swim!"

"Quite. I got frightfully wet yesterday watching you trying to teach her. Good pupil?"

ACTUALLY it was a joy to Ernest to try to teach Marjorie Dalton to swim, whether she ever mastered the art of natation or otherwise. Tuition established intimacy; it—well, it helped. Considerably. But what Ernest replied was simply:

"Not bad."

"I don't think she'll ever learn, personally."

"Do you swim?"

"Can. But I haven't much inclination—without a partner. By the by, I must say I admire the celerity with which you pass her the toast at breakfast. Beat me every time! The salad at lunch, too! And the cake at tea! I did get there first with a roll at dinner last night, though—she likes 'em well browned."

"So I noticed," said Ernest. "How did you know?"

"Still," evaded Tidmarsh, "you had the joy of turning over the music for her last night, didn't you? And I noticed your head brushed against her golden hair more than once. Very noticeable, when ginger hair mingles with spun gold—"

"My hair isn't ginger!" cried Ernest indignantly. "A trifle sandy, I'll admit, but distinctly not ginger."

"SORRY! Looks ginger—against gold. By George, I envied you when you held her hand outside her bedroom door."

"I could have knocked your head off for watching," snapped Ernest. "That silly face of yours looking out from your own door! Haven't you any sense of decency?"

"Decency, old boy?" echoed Tidmarsh. "I just happened to be there—for heaven's sake don't think me a spoil-sport. You don't understand."

"I understand that you sit facing her, and make her look down at her plate!" retorted Ernest, losing his temper. "I understand that you're always peering round corners, and looking out at doors, and peeping out of windows, and—and butting in when you're not wanted. Emphatically not wanted!"

Thoughtfully Tidmarsh rubbed his chin and glanced sideways at his companion.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about me," he said apologetically. "As I said before, I'm anything but a spoil-sport. As a matter of fact, and quite between ourselves, I—I'm a married man."

"A married man?" exclaimed Ernest with infinite relief. "Why, then, of course—"

"Exactly! You're waiting for her now, aren't you? I heard you fix up with her to go and see the 'Bonny Boys' on the pier at 11.30. But she won't be along just yet—I left her talking to the Jones family at the gate, and you know how old Jones can spout."

"THERE'S plenty of time for me to tell you my sad story, and I want to tell it to you because I've noticed, ever since tea-time Monday, that you haven't really liked me. Yet, honestly speaking, I'm to be pitied."

"Why pitied?"

"I'm here all on my own—the victim of circumstance. I read the newspapers, you know; read 'em from end to end. You

sit on them, I see—a far better idea. Far better!"

"What on earth are you driving at?"

"Last year my wife and I went to Pebblethorpe. Know it? It's about ten miles from here. She wanted to go there again this year. I didn't; and we argued about it. I suggested this place. She insisted on Pebblethorpe. Deadlock! Then, three weeks ago, as we sat at the breakfast-table in Waldington, the suburb where we live, I came upon an article in the newspaper advocating separate holidays for husband and wife. The reasons put forward were absolutely convincing."

"A crazy idea—"

"SEEMS so to you! Seemed so to her, just at first. But it appealed to me. We've been married two years, and last year at Pebblethorpe we weren't—well, the place didn't attract. Sometimes I'd want to go here, and she'd want to go there, and we'd end up by mooning along the front and feeling as though we were both in chains."

Ernest Martin was not specially good at selecting ties—the one he was wearing was an offence even to the little clouds hung up in the blue to dry. But he had a pretty taste in quotations at times—and this was one of the times.

"None but the free are bond," he declaimed. "None but the bond are free."

"You've said it all in one mouthful!"

cried Tidmarsh admiringly. "Wish I'd thought of exactly that to say to her. Still, I did point out that if we each went our own way we might find happiness in disunion, followed by greater happiness than ever in reunion. Me for Baversham Bay—she for Pebblethorpe, as desired. I had cold coffee and tears for breakfast that morning—a combination you have yet to experience. But—"

"I should never suggest such a thing as separate holidays," interrupted Ernest. "Not from the girl I loved."

"Marriage makes fools of us all," misquoted Tidmarsh sadly. "Anyway, she thought it over while I was at the office, and in the evening she seemed quite resigned. Said that on the whole it might be rather nice to feel single again and do exactly as one liked."

"What about the kids?" wondered Ernest.

"Kids? What kids? Whose kids? Ours? We haven't any kids."

ERNEST MARTIN, who had looked anxiously along the promenade in the direction of the Elvira Private Hotel many times already, now looked in that direction again.

But he could see no sign of Marjorie Dalton among the crowd, though the clock in the kiosk at the entrance to the pier recorded the fact that it was precisely twenty-three minutes past eleven.

(Continued on page 32.)



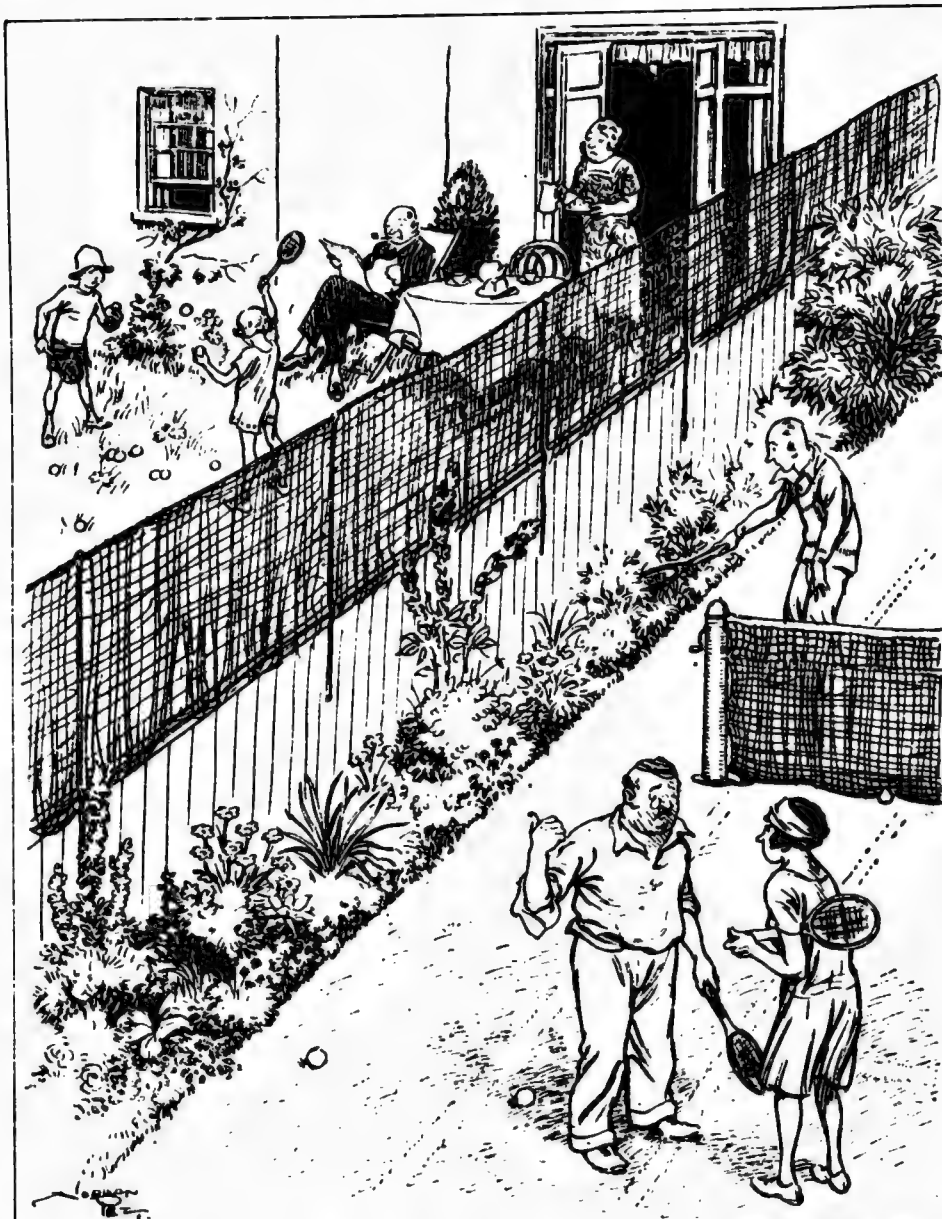
Drawn by Seymour Hurley

HUBBY (after fixing revolving door to beach-hut): "In case we have as many of your family popping down for the day as we had last season, I thought we'd need it, darling."



MOTORIST: "I say, how much further does this infernal road go?"
NAVY: "To the middle o' the next field—it ain't finished yet."

Drawn by Hingworth



Drawn by Norman Pett.

SUBURBAN TENNIS PLAYER: "Hadn't we better make it up with the Browns; they've got about a couple o' dozen of our tennis-balls?"



Drawn by Lance Martin.

SAILOR (re floating barrel of beer near shark's fin): "Cunnin' reptile—usin' it for bait!"

"THE GIRL AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE"

(Continued from page 30.)

"When it comes to low cunning," remarked Tidmarsh somewhat vehemently, "the nicest girl in the world has got the lowest-principled man beat to a frazzle. D'you think my wife went to Pebblethorpe? No, sir, she came here—here to Baversham Bay."

"Really?" said Ernest, stifling a yawn. "Then that cuts you out completely, so far as Miss Dalton is concerned."

"On the contrary," retorted Tidmarsh, "it cuts you out completely, so far as Miss Dalton is concerned."

"What?"

"My wife came to Baversham Bay at mid-day on Monday. A dirty trick! Plotted and planned behind my back, and brazenly carried out before my very face! She's staying at the Elvira, in her maiden name—and you're trying to get off with her!"

"What?" gasped Ernest again. But Tidmarsh smiled patiently.

"Marjorie Dalton," he said, "is my wife, posing as a single girl, sitting opposite me at table, acting as an absolute stran—"

"Serves you right! You—you've brought it on yourself!"

"S-s-s-h! Here she comes!"

A SLENDER girl, in a pale blue frock with a pale blue beret perched on the back of her golden head, was approaching the wooden seat. She looked thoughtfully at his companion, then moved across to the rail that fringed the sea-wall above the beach and stood there looking out to sea.

"Sorry, old man," said Ernest in an undertone, abandoning his dreams and restoring his cap to his head. "I'm going to beat it!"

He dived across the road and plunged into a tobacconist's shop. Tidmarsh rose, braced himself, and walked slowly to the girl at the rail.

"I dared you to utter a word!" said she, apparently addressing the English Channel.

"You're a little devil!" he hissed adoringly.

She slid her arm through his.

"Holidays apart are rather fun, aren't they, Tommy?" she said. "But I don't really like sandy people—do you?"

"Nice mess you've made of things," growled Thomas Tidmarsh. "Now what are we going to do?"

"I've only booked my room at the Elvira for three days," she replied. "So I'm leaving this afternoon—for Pebblethorpe. You can come with me if you like, Tommy; but please yourself. I'm going to our old digs—where we spent our honeymoon."

THOMAS TIDMARSH looked at the clock in the little kiosk at the entrance to the pier. 11.29.

"Do you want to see the 'Bonny Boys,' Marjorie?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Booked for us both at Pebblethorpe?"

She did not shake her head. She seemed to be occupied in studying either the waves that were sparkling in the sunshine, or the little white clouds in the sky.

"You are a little devil," breathed Thomas Tidmarsh rapturously. "I—I positively hate you!"

She seemed quite pleased to hear it.



The Smiths "hiked" through the country to hear the cuckoo—



the nightingale—



the babbling brook—



and all the familiar sounds of rural life—



but the sound they most appreciated—



was that of a motor car.

SWEET MUSIC.

Drawn by Leslie P. Marchant.





" A FIRST NIGHTER / "



LONG LOST MRS. MAY

by THOMAS le BRETON

Author of "A Sister to Assist 'Er," etc.

I SUPPOSE some folks is born greedy; any'ow, Glory Burnt were. 'Er name is Gloriana, and there ain't much Glory about 'er; a nasty, tall, lanky woman what no gent would look at twice—and that greedy as she'd take 'verythink you'd got, and then worrit you for more.

She come to me the other day and showed me a newspaper and a 'vertisement what said, "Twenty pound reward for news of Helen Matilda Green, since married and name unknown. Her brother, Leopold Green, has not heard of her for nineteen years.—Address, Leopold Green, Little Fountain, near Aston Royston."

"I've looked up the fare," Glory says, "and it 'ud cost us six and four to go down, and I'd pay it and give you a pound for yourself, if so be I can say you're 'is long lost sister."

The cheek of the woman—me to 'ave a quid and she all that. O' course, I told 'er off. "Do you think I'm going to put up as I'm a common woman for a quid?" I says; but at the same time I rayther fancied a day in the country, as the roses was in bloom and noo per-taties was getting cheap—and you can dig up spring injuns.

So I said she were a greedy pig what ought to be sent to one of them countries where they don't give you nothink to eat and then make you do your own fun'ral. But seeing as it made me want to see what sorter place it were, I'd go for fifteen pound and me fare.

Then she argued—that woman 'ud talk if she were drown'd; but I weren't a going to give in to 'er, and at last she agreed as I should 'ave fifteen quid, and 'er five, what were too much for one like 'er, and so I told 'er. "I believe as you'd sell yer soul for five bob," I said, "but no one 'ud take it as a gift. But being so kind 'earted I give in for fifteen quid, though I am entitled to the lot."

When she agreed (what she couldn't 'elp doing so, it were no good saying as she on'y done it as we was friends—and that were cheek) she says, "S'pose the gent arsts you questions about when you was kids together—or about people as 'e knows you knowed—what then?"

"I shouldn't 'alf tell 'im off for being so familiar," I says.

"That's all right," she says, the artful 'uzzy, "but 'e mightn't pay up till 'e were sure you were 'is sister. No, old ducks, you must putend to be deaf and dumb, and waggle your 'ands about like them deaf and duffers do. I'll do the talking."

It didn't seem a bad idea, though I could easy 'ave thought of a better, but being so peaceable I said as it 'ud do—and next day we went by train to Aston Royston.

Little Fountain were a village two mile away, but being a lovely day, with the sun a shining on the buttercups, jist like you see in the kinema, we said we'd walk it.

It were across fields where was legs of mutton running wild, and down and up and through a wood with millions of trees, what showed as the price o' firewood were extortionate; and then up a lane with 'igh 'edges and more stones, what were never rolled in, and then at the top were a pond and real ducks a swimming about—it were real sweet.

THE old gent lived in a bungalow, and in went Glory as bold as brass, arter reminding me as I were deaf and dumb. She told me to wait, and so I walked round the garden, and there were spring

injuns, cause I tasted 'em, and there were strawberries coming ripe, and a cherry tree what were the same. I could see as a week there 'ud suit me fine, and me brother couldn't do no less than arst me to stay arter losing me for so long.

The birds was singing jist like them at the bird shop, and a cow were making a row what reminded me of Caledonia Market, so as it made me feel quite lonely.

But before I were settled on going straight 'ome the old gent comes into the garden with Glory and 'e stares at me.

"You've altered a lot, Matildey," 'e says, and I waggles me 'ands, and 'e arsts Glory what I were saying. So she says I were a-saying as I was so rej'iced to see 'im as I felt quite faint.

SO 'e shakes 'ands with me, and says I must come in and 'ave somethink to eat and drink, and I were just about to nod when Glory pulled me sleeve, so as I should recollect as I could 'ear nothink.

Then she waggled 'er 'ands and I waggled mine, and the old gent took us into a parlour and fetched out some cold bacon, and drewed some beer from a cask, what made me see as it were right as a week in the country would jist set me up.

I, as near as a toucher, arsts for the mustard, and it were frightful 'ard work not to say a word, especially when I 'eard that fool of a Glory making out as she were the clever one to find me, and I weren't nobody in perticler. But I made up my mind as I'd pay 'er later.

I drewed some more beer, and I 'eard the old gent say as I were making meself at 'ome, and Glory saying why not, in me own brother's 'ouse. Then 'e grunted like, and I finished the beer, and then sat down in 'is arm cheer, and for the fust time I see there was some good in being deaf and dumb, for 'e said as 'e never let no one sit in that, and told Glory to tell me so.

But I shut me eyes, and when I woked up she were gone. I did feel wild, for she'd never gived me a penny of me own brother's money.

I went inter the garden, but I couldn't see 'er, and me brother 'ad gone out too. So I thought as I'd go to the station as we came down to, and catch 'er there.

But when I got to the wood I lost me way—and I were afraid of arsting when I met a kid, for fear as 'e knew me brother and 'ud tell 'im, so I waggled me 'ands, and then off 'e run, and I 'eard 'im telling some chaps as I were mad.

So I 'urried to them and made signs as I were lost, and that I wanted Glory; but they was sich idjits as they couldn't unnerstand, and I were jist about to speak out and tell 'em as they ought to go to school again, when I see me brother.



She showed me a 'vertisement

(Continued on page 38.)

WOODLAND FAIRY: "Sleep on!"



WIFE: "Wake up. We've got to get to the next town before dark."



Drawn by Lupton M. Webb

THE HIKER'S DREAM—AND THE REALITY.

LONG LOST MRS. MAY

(Continued from page 36.)



... there were spring injuns

'E didn't seem 'alf glad enough to see me, but I took 'is arm and waggled one 'and and made noises, and p'inted to me mouth and swallowed nothink. It were that beer as made me so thirsty.

We 'ad dinner together, and I wanted to arst 'im whether 'e'd give Glory twenty quid, but I 'ad to sit like a stuffed pig. And no one wouldn't believe me what a thirsty thing it is not to be able to speak. Forty times I wanted to say somethink, but I couldn't.

Couldn't tell 'im off nor nothink—couldn't even arst 'im what time 'e 'ad supper. It reely were 'orrible, and I felt as it were being bottled up.

But I knowed as Glory were so mean as she wouldn't spend that twenty quid in a month, and so as I reckoned as the beer barrel would 'old out for a week I settled to stay till then.

ARTER I'd 'ad a little nap I 'ad a look in 'is larder, and I see 'alf a biled rabbit and some curry powder, what 'ad come from Injy, where the injyrubber comes from.

Now if there's one think as I like, it's curried rabbit, and a cook what belonged to a old general what I showed 'er 'ow to stuff a turkey, showed me 'ow to make a Injin curry.

Me brother on'y 'ad a 'ile stove, but I made do with it, and soon I see 'im sniffing about and looking quite 'appy. So I made tea at five and we 'ad supper at seving, for I couldn't wait no longer, and 'e'd 'a' wolfed the lot, if I'd let 'im.

But 'e got out a bigger tin o' curry powder, and went out and bought another rabbit, and made signs as I were to go on with the good work. But 'e didn't give me no money, though I showed 'im me empty purse.

We 'ad curried rabbit for breakfast next morning, and then I went for a walk, and when I sat down under some trees I see quantities of rabbits running and 'opping, and it a'most made me wish as I lived in the country always.

But when I got back to the cottage there were a dressed-up woman there what I didn't like the look of. She shook 'ands with me, and then begun to waggie 'er 'ands without taking off 'er gloves, so as it were downright rude.

But I waggled mine, and she stared and waggled 'ers more, and me done the same, and she stared more. Me brother were watching us all the time, and then she turned round to 'im and says, "She don't know the sign langwich, and it's my belief as she's neither deaf or dumb."

THAT were too much for me, as it were making out as I were a impostor, so I up, and, says I, quick, "You're a liar." And then I recollected as I couldn't talk. But it were too late then, and she said to me brother, "What did I tell you?" "Lies," I says, "and if you don't get out of me own brother's 'ouse, be 'anged if I don't throw you out."

She ups at that, and walks out quick, and me brother looks funny at me. "What's the game?" 'e says. "If you're my sister, what were mother's name before she were married?"

"Jist the same as arter she were married," I says, "and if you don't remember, I ain't a going to think for you."

'E nodded 'is old 'ead. "I see," 'e says twice, "and I paid all that lot o' money for nothink. This 'ere's a p'lice job."

"You leave 'er to me," I says. "It were all 'er doing, and I ain't 'ad a penny; but I can deal with a woman like 'er better nor forty slops. And I can't go 'ome," I says, "for I ain't got a bean."

"I'd a made you hike it," 'e says, "if it 'adn't been for them curries. You shall stop 'ere till I get sick of 'em, and then I'll pay your fare. That woman says your name were Mrs. May."

"That's me," I says, "though it's wonnerful as she spoke the truth."

It were slich a relief to talk as I felt I could go on for 'ours and 'ours. But I see as I could twist the old gent round me little finger, and if 'e'd on'y 'a' lived in a civilised part I might a married 'im; but a'ready I were beginning to feel lonely.

No pickshers, no ladies worth drinking with, no shops—it were like a dessert island. But I thought I'd stay me week, for when I got used to it, that beer were



... she wagg'd 'er 'ands

quite good, and, if it did make a lady thirsty, there was always more to squench 'er thirst.

SO I were quite nice to the old gent, and I told 'im as I didn't mind 'is bringing the woman what waggled 'er 'ands, as I believed as I would 'a' bursted if I'd been deaf and dumb any longer.

'E didn't easy get tired of curries, and 'e wouldn't give me me fare till 'e did, so as I were wondering when I should see dear old 'Ackney agen.

I were asleep next day arter dinner, and 'e give me up 'is arm chair, when I wanted it, and went to the harbour in the garden for 'is nasp, when a woman come pushing in without no apology.

"Where's me brother Leo?" she says. "And oo are you?"

"A lady," I says, "what you ain't. And what's your hijus name?"

"I am Mrs. Toddy, what is me brother's sister, what 'e a'verised for, and I'm come to live with 'im."

Then the old gent, 'earing 'er noise, comes in, and she says, "Ulloa, Leo! I've come to look arter you now as I've found you, and about time, too." And she kisses 'im, what I never done, not being anyways a forward lady like the woman.

"You ain't changed," 'e says, but 'e didn't look pleased. "And I ain't got room for you to stay 'ere," 'e says. "I thought I'd like to see you, but that's all," says 'e.

"No," she says, "I ain't changed, and I never were slich a fool as you, Leo; but I see as you want a lot of looking arter."

"You needn't wait, mum," she says to me. "I am a going to keep 'ouse for me dear brother."

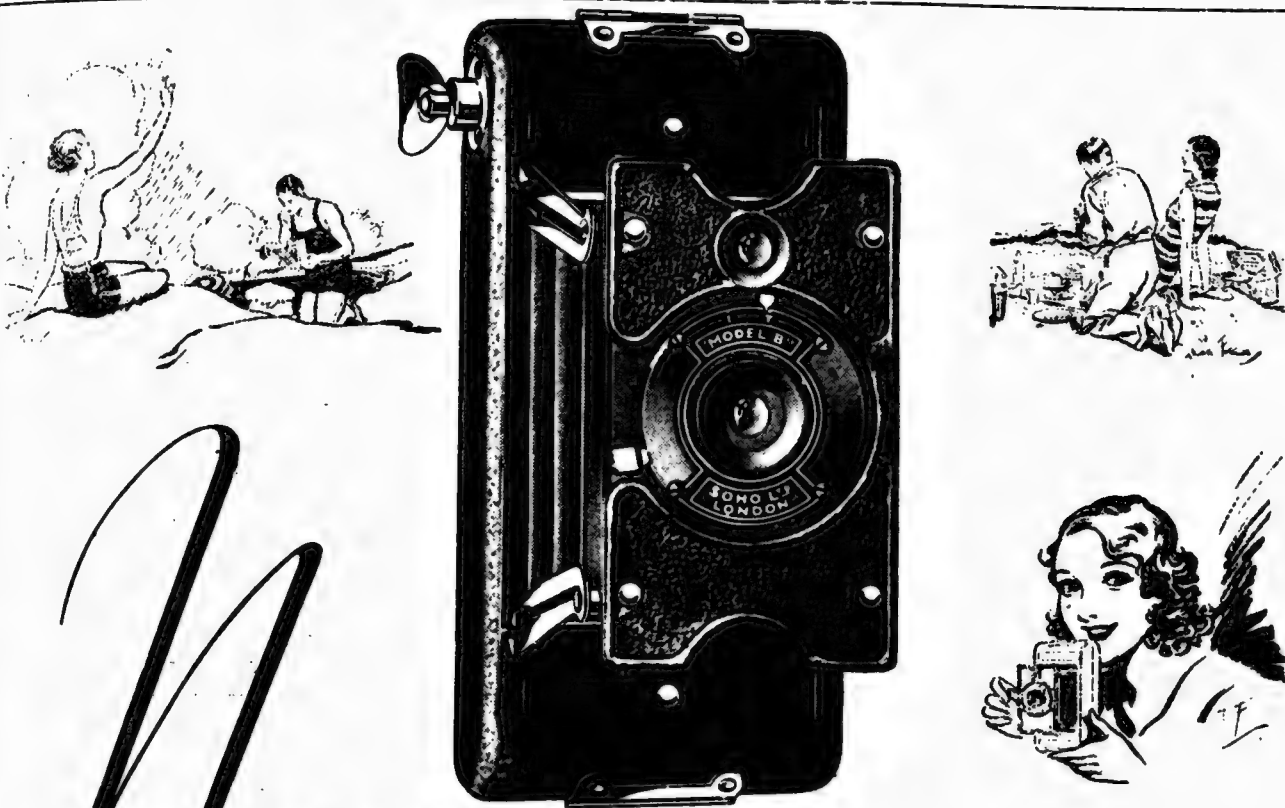
I see 'im shake 'is 'ead be'ind 'er back, and 'e beckoned to me not to go.

Then she went upstairs to take 'er things off and to squint about, and 'e says to me, "For 'evins' sake don't desert me, and I'll give you a fi' pun note. But 'owever I'm going to get rid of Matilda I



... 'e were sharpenin' 'is knife an' laughin'

(Continued on page 40.)



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WIFE OF RETIRED INNKEEPER: "Oh, Harold, this is just what I expected would happen when we brought our old sign along with us."



"Ere, you take that boat in at once. Ain't I got enough to pull already?"

LONG LOST MRS. MAY

(Continued from page 38.)

don't know. She were always so domineering and bullying, and she ain't altered a mossel. I wish I 'adn't been sich a fool as to a'vertise."

"Well," I says, "as Mr. Solly in the good book says, all men is fools, so you can't 'elp yourself. But I'll get rid of 'er so as she won't come back if so be you give me the same as you give Glory for nothink."

"E said 'e would, willing, and 'e said if I got rid of 'er 'e'd never forget me, and so I told 'im what to do. "Go inter the garden," I says, "and sharpen the big knife on the stones, and keep bursting out laughing."

"She'll on'y think as I'm getting ready to carve," 'e says; but I told 'im 'e were nothink but a old fool, and if 'e didn't do jist what I told 'im I'd leave 'im to 'is sister. So then 'e went, and when Matilda come down stairs 'e were sharpening 'is knife and laughing ever so funny.

"What's 'e up to?" she says.

"Ush!" I says; "don't let 'im 'ear you. Didn't you know as 'e were a lunny, and I'm 'is keeper? 'E tried to cut me throat lots o' times."

SHE were as white as snow before it's melted, and just then the old gent lets out a laugh like a mad Iener, and she fair screamed.

"Don't let 'im come nigh me," she says. "Uncle Mat went like that, and 'anged 'isself. I'm off, brother or no brother."

She come down stairs with 'er 'at on and 'er coat and 'er suit case in 'er 'ands. She crep' out, and then she run away as 'ard as she could, and in 'e comes.

"Well, I got rid of 'er," 'e says, shaking the knife at me, "and now I mean to get rid of you." And 'e come for me.

I knowed as 'e dassent touch me, but it were like 'is cheek to think of trying to frighten a lady like me. So I picked up a flower pot what were in a winder seat, and throwed it at 'im, and 'e got it fair.

Then I started on 'im. Fust I got me little 'and in 'is collar at the back, and screwed it tight; then I shook 'im, so as if 'e'd tried to throw anythink 'e wouldn't know what way to throw it, and so when I let 'im go, down 'e went.

"I'm a twicer widdier lady," I says, "and what I don't know about managing a gent ain't worth knowing. 'Ave you 'ad enough?"

'E WERE ready to eat outer me 'and when I 'elped 'im up, and I made 'im fetch me the money as was mine for getting rid of 'is sister, and then I sent 'im inter the garden while I 'ad me tea.

But I'd 'ad enough of the country for once, and I longed for the shops and the trams and a walk through 'Ackney Churchyard, what is a'most like country.

So nex' morning I finished the beer. It were more nor I reely wanted, but I do 'ate waste, and then off I went to the station at Aston Royston.

Glory Burnt were surprised to see me, and said as she were taking care of me money for me, so I said as I'd take care of 'er money for 'er, and I made 'er 'and over the twenty quid for 'er wickedness in leaving me alone with a man what weren't me clars.

Then I 'ad a nice 'oliday in the shops, where they know a lady when they see one like me.

S. MAY
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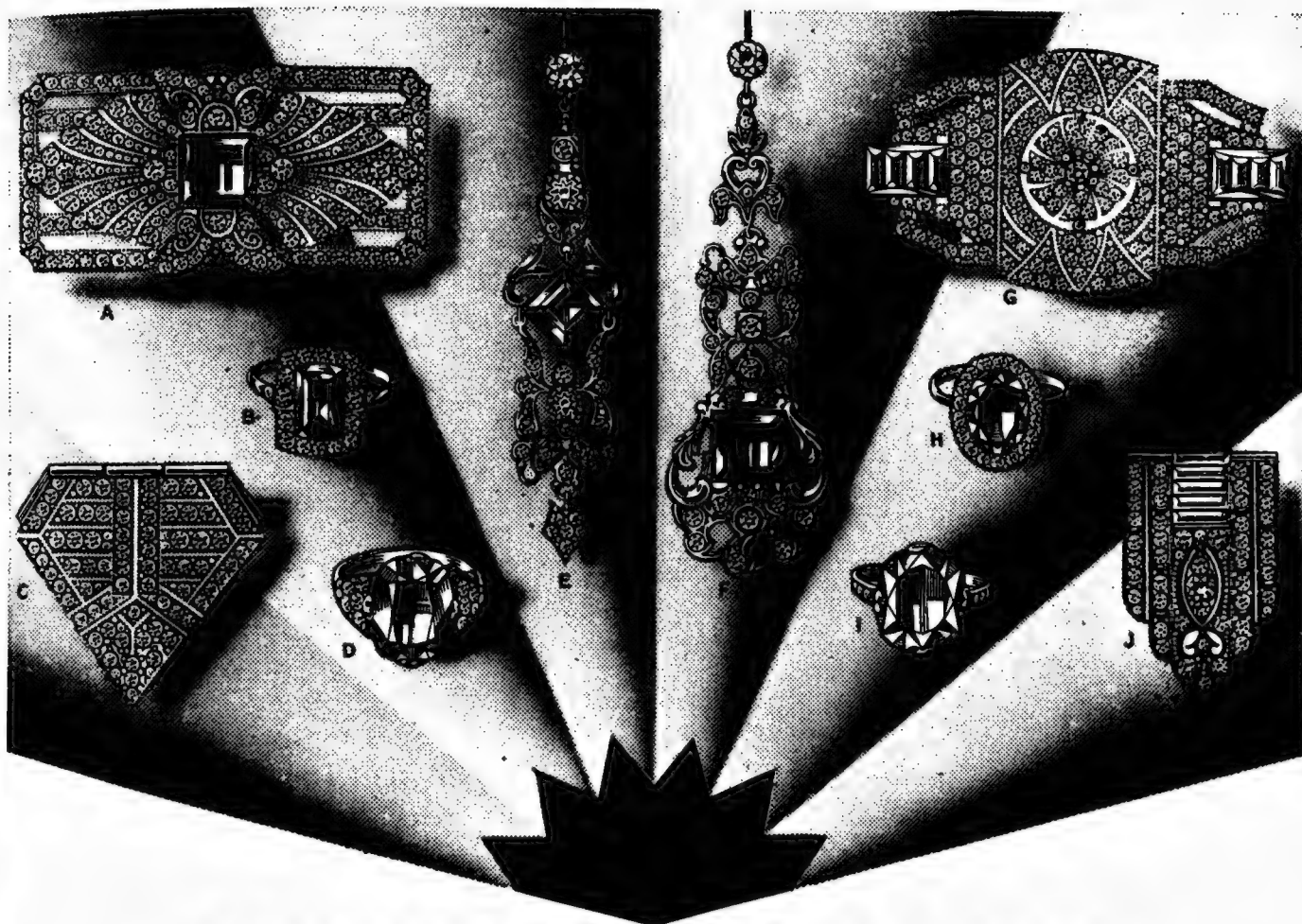
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A Guid SCHEME

George was guileful, but he
was up against a Scotsman

by Mossford OLIVER



Fluffy Ruffles
was welcomed
by the Mayor

WE found George's Aunt Rosie deeply enveloped in a fit of dejection. Her face, usually so cheerful with the thought of that spare bed in the bathroom, was now covered with gloom—for there was no need for a spare bed in the bathroom!

Her ample form, usually quivering with happy emotion as she reckoned up the guineas per week per head, was now bowed down by weight of woe—for there were neither guineas nor heads!

Her brawny arms, accustomed to twitch in delightful anticipation of the time-honoured ritual of preparing "home-made stew," hung limply at her side—for "home-made stew," alas, was not in demand.

"It's mesself that will end me days in the poorhouse, Georgie dear," she moaned. "It's me boarders that have all left me!"

George dropped his bags in amazement and stared round the deserted boarding-house.

"But you are usually crowded out at this time of the year!" he cried. "What is the reason—?"

Aunt Rosie sniffed ominously.

"Phwat is the rayson for all the throuble in loife?" she demanded. "Women! Young bits of skirt—altho' I was wance wan mesself as says it—young bits of skirt can be the ruin of a dacent respectable business!"

George gazed blankly at Aunt Rosie.

"But *Seaview* is the only high-class boarding-house in Foamton!" he exclaimed. "Where else can visitors stay?"

"A rival hotel has been built on the cliff," explained Aunt Rosie grimly. "It's a young Scotsman by the name of Robin

Barry who is thrying to put your poor old aunt out of business."

"Robin Barry?" exclaimed George sharply. "You mean the matinée idol?"

"Faith, he's been anything but idle!" retorted Aunt Rosie indignantly. "He's managed to stale all my guests! And the *Piccadilly*—for that's phwat he's called it—is a draughty old place, jerry-built and damp! The cooking ain't a patch on mine and the beds is all damp! The curthains on the windows haven't been changed since—"

"Then why have your guests changed over?"

AUNT Rosie curled a scornful lip. "Phwat is it the poet says?" she enquired fiercely. "*Cherchey lay jemmy!*" This Robin Barry has engaged a *Cabaritt* to perform after dinner—a lot of young girls, I hear, who dance and sing and carry on, I'll be bound. Of course, all the young men have flocked to stay there, and the girls, naturally, followed 'em."

Aunt Rosie sighed. "Faith, it's a hard world for a poor old woman loike me—"

"But you must do something about it!" broke in George excitedly. "Get some attraction here! Beat him at his own game! By Jove!" he smacked his knee.

"I wonder if Fluffy Ruffles would do it?"

"Scuffy Muffles!" echoed Aunt Rosie sharply. "Bedad, phwat is it? A new game?"

"Fluffy Ruffles is the new musical comedy star," cried George, his eyes gleaming. "She was engaged to Robin Barry, who played opposite to her, but for some reason the match was broken, and I believe there is no love lost between them. Now I happen to know Miss

Ruffles rather well, she is resting at the moment—"

"I see your point," I put in quickly. "You would invite Miss Ruffles to stay at *Seaview* for a few weeks."

"Exactly!" beamed George. "The town would go mad over it! She's the greatest celebrity of the moment! Everybody's sweetheart! The boys would flock back here. Auntie Rosie, your fortune would be made! Give me half an hour with the local editor and Miss Ruffles will get a civic reception."

George was as good as his word. He saw Miss Ruffles next day, and she jumped at the idea of doing what she called "a thick one" to Robin Barry.

She was welcomed by the Mayor and drove in state to *Seaview*. Guests reappeared like magic. The trek to *Seaview* from the *Piccadilly* was instantaneous.

By ten o'clock at night Auntie Rosie, all gratitude, was making plans for a couple of spare beds in the wash-house.

Robin Barry wasted no time. We were taking a moonlight stroll along the front when he accosted us—a broad-shouldered, handsome figure, with a steel jaw and a look of canniness in his blue eyes.

"Excuse me," he said politely. "But am I addressing the pilgrim-father of *Seaview*?"

His voice held the hint of a threat.

"In other wor-r-rds," he went on, pleasantly, "are you the gentleman who is responsible for bringing the 'wor-ld-famous Miss Ruffles to *Seaview*?'"

"Do you want to meet Miss Ruffles again?" enquired George, equally pleasant. "I'm afraid she's rather booked up at present—"

"Listen!" interpolated the young Scotsman scowlingly. "I'll trouble ye to mind your own business. It was a guile scheme to attract guests, but I'm not beaten. I'm warning ye! When I get all my boarders back again, I'll be obliged if ye'll not interfere—"

"Get them back again?" repeated George. "You think you can?"

"I know I can!" said Robin Barry disdainfully. "I didn't enter the business to run an empty house. By hook or by crook I'll take every boarder from *Seaview*. Mar-r-rk my wor-r-rds!"

HE left it at that. Then began the battle royal between the *Piccadilly* and *Seaview*, or, more precisely, between Robin Barry and George, for in these modern methods of business Aunt Rosie was all at sea.

George suffered a temporary set-back when Barry, at a heavy cost, provided a wireless set for every bedroom. He further cut prices and engaged a new chef. But *Seaview* more than held its own, for as long as Miss Fluffy Ruffles graced the boarding-house it was certain to prosper.

There were a few migrations to the *Piccadilly*, however, when the energetic Mr. Barry engaged a string band for his ballroom.

(Continued on page 44.)



MRS BUSYMAN AND THE CHILDREN DEPART FOR HOLIDAY LEAVING MR BUSYMAN —



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HE: "I've just had a wasp sting me!"
SHE: "Well, don't say it so loud or 'Arold will want one."



TENDER-HEARTED YOUNGSTER: "Hi, Sis, don't you think we ought to play with Daddy a bit—after all, it's his holiday as well!"

A GUID SCHEME

(Continued from page 42.)

George discoursed words of wisdom to Aunt Rosie.

"You must beat this Robin Barry at his own game!" he cried. "The man will fight to the bitter end. Heaven knows what he'll do next to fill his house." George became deadly serious. "Aunt Rosie, do you want to maintain your position as the leading hotel in Foamton?"

"Away with your schemes!" said Aunt Rosie, nervously. "If you run me into any expense—"

"You need a first-class orchestra!" put in George earnestly. "With a real live band your position would be consolidated. Robin Barry would have to shut up shop."

GEORGE smiled knowingly.

"Now I know the very band for you. Sam Stilton and his Harmony Boys were the rage of London last year. Get them down here and you'll never look back."

"A jazz band?" cried Aunt Rosie apprehensively. "Begorra, phwat are we coming to? 'Home-made stew' was good enough in the old days." She sighed. "I suppose I'm old-fashioned. How much will this band cost?"

"I dare say I could manage it for fifty a week on a three months' contract," said George reflectively. "I'll go up to London to-morrow and see Stilton. You'll never regret it—your house will be filled for the rest of the season."

George experienced some trouble in coming to terms with Mr. Stilton, and it was not before George gave him a cheque for two hundred that Sam Stilton would sign a fourteen weeks' contract.

However, George was jubilant with his scoop, and three days later, as he journeyed back to Foamton, he painted a glowing picture of *Seaview* crammed to the roof and filled with sounds of merriment by night, with bright lights shining over fair women and brave men.

Judge, then, his surprise to discover *Seaview* looking more like a deserted village than Belgium's capital on the eve of Waterloo.

HE ran up the front steps and found Miss Fluffy Ruffles in the midst of a heated argument with Aunt Rosie.

"Where are the guests?" cried George, looking round the barren walls in perplexity.

"Guests!" snorted Aunt Rosie ferociously. "It's not a soul that's staying here!"

"No one staying here?" exclaimed George in bewilderment. "But I've engaged the band. They'll be here to-morrow—"

Aunt Rosie gave an hysterical laugh. "You've engaged the band!" she cried. "Then it's yourself that will have to pay for it. That Robin Barry—"

"I don't understand—" stammered George. "But with Sam Stilton we'll soon have the house full again."

"Trust a Scotsman to sink to the lowest depths of degradation to win," said Aunt Rosie bitterly. "Faith, I may as well put up the shutters—"

"What?" cried George anxiously. "Are you going to turn down the band to-morrow?"

"Yes," interposed Miss Fluffy Ruffles calmly. "You see, Robin and I are going to put up the banns to-day!"

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Farmer Joffer's turnip By HECTOR HUNT

The Law is a Ass

"Danged if I don't have the law on 'ee," stormed Joffer

IN the beginning was Farmer Joffer, and Farmer Joffer had a field, and in that field there grew a turnip.

Also there was a Farmer Briggs, and Farmer Briggs had a stable, and in that stable there was a donkey.

And the sun shone high in the clear blue sky and all was bright and gay.

Now this little tragedy happened as long ago as 1895, and there seems little material in the cast of the play to make it immortal. And yet to-day, in the underworld of the Law Courts, barristers occasionally cite the case of *Joffer v. Briggs*, and ask whether it will ever be settled.

The principal actors in the drama have long since left this world of sorrows. Farmers Joffer and Briggs have joined the rude fourfathers of their hamlet (making six in all), and the donkey has gone to that barn from which no donkey returns, taking the turnip with him.

And yet only last week, Mr. Justice Sleepwell observed in the case of *Rigbee v. Rigbee* and *Rigbee* that it reminded him of *Joffer v. Briggs*. (Loud laughter in court, which was eventually suppressed by the usher.)

This is the story of that immortal turnip. One golden morning in the summer of 1895, Farmer Briggs left open the gate of his yard. This was unusual, for Briggs was a careful man in the ordinary way.

But this particular morning he had exchanged a few words with his wife on the subject of housekeeping accounts, and he was preoccupied. His wife had called him a grumpy old miser (which was true), and he had retorted that she was always jawing about nothing (which was also approximately correct).

A few hens, seeing the open gate and prizing liberty above life, fluttered out into the highway and were immediately run over by bicycles.

Anon, a donkey, wandered ruminatively up to the gate, peered out uncertainly, and then set off slowly in the direction of Little Mallow.

Instead of keeping to the round-about highroad, the donkey took the shrewd course of turning off by the short cut

through Farmer Joffer's turnip field. Farmer Joffer was in the turnip field, and he stared at the donkey in hatred.

Joffer was an old man with a fringe of whisker and a speaking eye. His best friend would not have called him beautiful; but, nevertheless, there were good points about Farmer Joffer, and one of these was his love of justice.

Although he hated Farmer Briggs and his donkey with a consuming passion, he recognised the fact that the donkey was on the footpath and must not be interfered with. While he was on the footpath he was a foot-passenger, and Farmer Joffer would not have laid an injunction on that donkey to save his soul.

Unfortunately, the donkey was not considerate. There was only one thing the animal loved more than a turnip, and that was two turnips.

And right before his eyes he saw a particularly fine *Brassica rapa* flourishing invitingly. He was an ass; but not a silly ass. He stretched forth his jaw, seized the turnip in his maw, and ate it raw. Very silly, I'm shaw.

AT that the demon woke in Joffer's soul. Having pinched himself to make certain that this was not one of his alcoholic nightmares, he sprang forward, pitchfork upraised.

The donkey stayed not to argue. Turning about, he galloped for home for all he was worth, the foliage of the ill-starred turnip still hanging from his thievish jaw. Farmer Joffer pursued him hotly.

At the stable door Farmer Joffer was met by a cool and intensely exasperating Briggs.

"How dare you let your donkey steal my turnits?" howled Farmer Joffer, dancing a kind of Pitchfork Parade on the cobblestones. "What d'ye mean by it? As nice a turnit as I ever grew, dang it! I'll have the law on 'ee!"

Farmer Briggs licked his lips. Since his turn-up with his wife that morning he had been looking for a chopping-block for his wrath, and Joffer came opportunely to hand. He began a summary of Farmer

Joffer's character and prospects with words that laid bare his very soul.

"You splay-footed, leather-faced skeer-crow!" said Briggs cuttingly. "You've bin down to the Coach and 'Orses again—that's where you've bin. Are you sure it wasn't two donkeys you saw—or a half a dozen maybe?"

"You pay me the valoo o' that turnit, or I'm danged if I don't have the law on 'ee," stormed Joffer.

To this Farmer Briggs made reply:

"Git out!"

Had Farmer Joffer permitted the sun to go down upon his wrath, he might have awakened more mollified. As it was, he went home, took out his one-horse chaise and drove to Venning in a cold fury.

In one hour he had placed the matter in the hands of a solicitor, with instructions to sue Farmer Briggs for the value of one turnip, and to get an injunction against his donkey.

The case came on. Great as was Briggs' wrath at being haled into a law-court, it was immeasurably eclipsed when the judge awarded Joffer one guinea damages and five guineas costs. Farmer Briggs immediately went to his solicitor, who put in a notice of appeal.

NOW this famous law case *Joffer v. Briggs* was very comfortably started; but, so far, the only question at issue was the liability for one turnip. The thing soon took on a heavier character.

Briggs' solicitor was a young and energetic man, who meant to extract from the case every ounce of its possibilities.

His last affair had been the administration of a will of £56, and this had yielded him a profit of only £56, so he was ready and willing to extract all the money possible from *Joffer v. Briggs*.

He went in person to view the scene of the catastrophe, and he made a really brilliant discovery. The turnip had been growing on the public footpath. It was not in the turnip field at all; it was on a public highway. If Joffer liked to sow his turnips on public property, he could not complain if a casual donkey devoured them.

Elated with this discovery, the solicitor went to the Court, and put the matter in such simple language that the judge understood him without asking more than thirty-eight questions. Judgment was awarded Briggs, with £11 11s. costs.

But if Briggs' solicitor was energetic, so was Joffer's attorney. He ferreted out a lot of old papers, and took a lot of measurements, and then he, too, made a wonderful discovery.

The footpath was four yards due east of the position shown in the deeds of sale. Countless feet had altered its course a distance of four yards, and the turnip was really growing on private property after all.

This fact was duly presented to the court, and the judge acquiesced in the discovery, and gave judgment for Joffer with £39 costs.

(Continued on page 48.)



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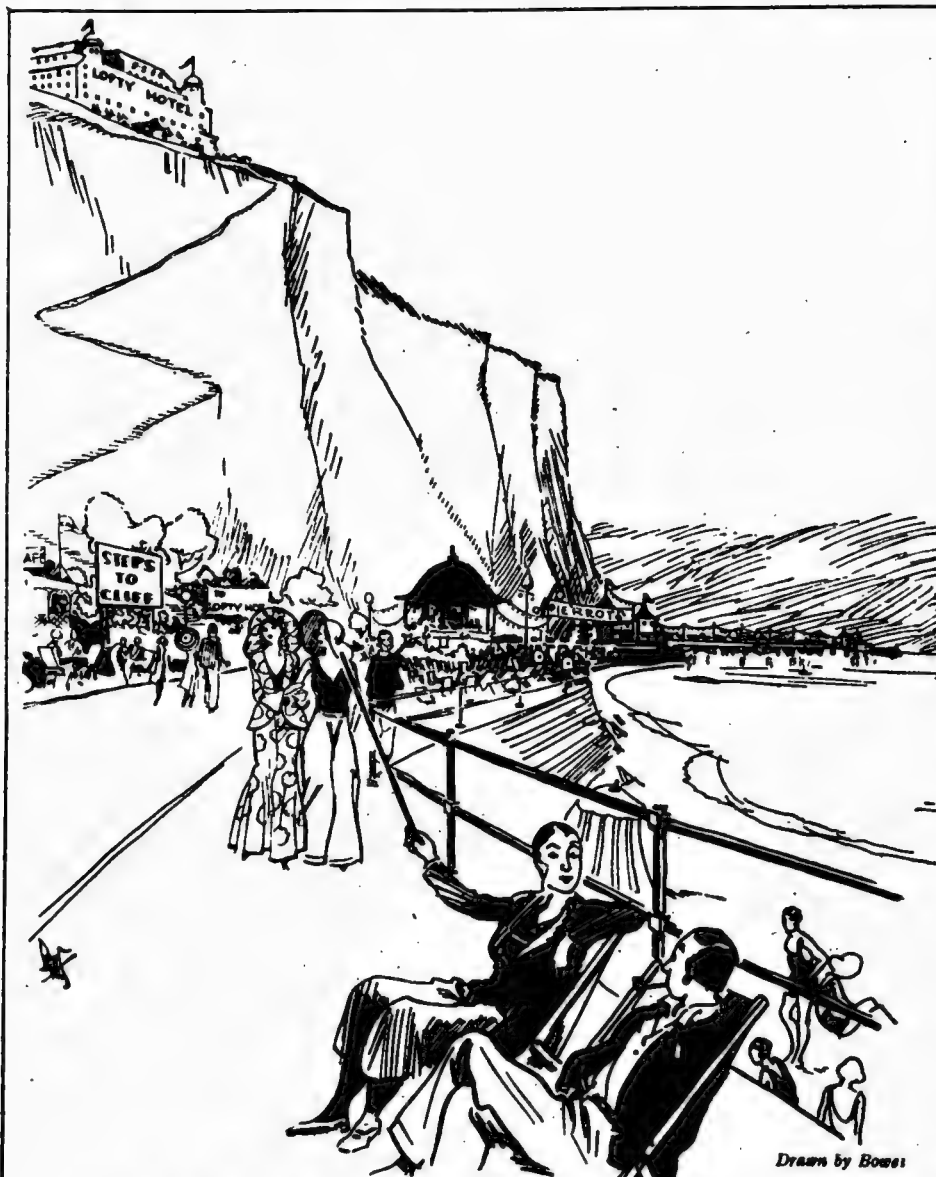
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"How did you like that girl you met last night?"
 "A nice girl, but just look where she is staying. Think of the walk I'd have every time I saw her home!"



"Do you mind if we picnic in your field? Er—by the way, we have a half-pint of your milk regularly every morning in town."

FARMER JOFFER'S TURNIP

(Continued from page 46.)

Briggs' solicitor immediately took the matter to a higher court, and briefed Sir Walter Mellon, K.C., and a junior counsel Joffer's solicitor, not to be outdone, secured the services of Sir Coker Knutte, K.C. P.T.O., and the costs thereupon jumped into four figures.

Sir Walter Mellon questioned the legality of the deeds, and brought documents to prove that the footpath was not correctly specified on the papers. (Costs: £1,816.)

SIR COKER KNUTTE replied with the contention that there had never been a definite agreement about the footpath at all, and no money had ever been paid from the public purse to acquire the said footpath. Hence the path was not a recognised right of way, but really private property. (Costs: £2,926.)

To this Sir Walter Mellon replied that Joffer had bought the property, less the footpath. To whom, then, did the footpath belong? (Costs: £5,100.)

Here ensued a lot more investigating of old documents, and then the illuminating discovery was made that the field, which was vended by a certain Roger Whynt in 1622, was not his to vend—in other words every possessor of that field had owned it illegally.

Sir Coker Knutte thereupon entered a *poste restante*; Sir Walter Mellon entered a *non compos mentis*; Briggs' solicitor entered a *ne plus ultra*, and Joffer's solicitor entered a lunatic asylum. (Costs: £11,612.)

AND what, you ask—or, if you don't you ought to—what of Farmer Briggs and Joffer?

Come with me now to the Coach and Horses in the spring of 1908.

Two old men are seated affectionately side by side. Can you guess their names? Right. That's who they were. Blessed if I know how you guessed it.

"George," wheezed Farmer Briggs solemnly, "I'm blame sick of all this foolery. They say they're still trying our case 'way up yonder in Lunnon."

"Lot o' silly nonsense," mumbled Farmer Joffer.

"I'm a-going up to Lunnon to settle it all next week, George," said Farmer Briggs. "This silly nonsense has gone on long enough. I'm going to do the only thing. I've made up my mind. It shall be settled once for all."

SO the following week, after Sir Walter Mellon had finished an impassioned speech, he stood and said:

"My lord, I am informed that one of the principals of this case—a certain Farmer Briggs—is here and desires to give evidence. May he be heard?"

The judge nodded, and up stood Farmer Briggs.

"Your worship," said he, pulling his scanty hair, "I just want to settle this 'ere matter for good and all. It's gone on long enough, in my erpinion. Mind ye, I still think I was in the right, but, howsoever, I'll take the blame to put an end to this 'ere nonsense. Will you be good enough to send that to Farmer Joffer with my compliments, and don't let me hear anything more about the affair."

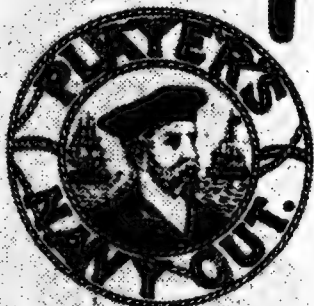
He handed a spherical object to the amazed judge.

It was a turnip.

Smoked for their quality by people who know



Player's
please



PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 for 6^d - 20 for 11½^d

N.C.C. 498



"You and I were great chums in the old days"

One of the Old School

by F. MORTON HOWARD

Parker's memory was faulty, but there is one thing now that he'll never forget

PARKER—plump, pleasant, prosperous—returning from lunch to his office, found a caller awaiting him. The visitor was a somewhat puffy-faced man, with a wall-eye and a snuff-coloured moustache. His garb had seen better days, though possibly with someone else. The attaché-case he had with him somehow looked as though it might easily contain the entire remainder of his wardrobe.

"Mr. Parker?" he asked.

"Yes," agreed Parker.

"L. R. Parker?" particularised the other.

"L. R. Parker."

"I'm Jackson," stated the caller.

"Oh, yes?" politely responded Parker.

"B. W. Jackson," amplified the seedy man.

He seemed to think that this was enough data about himself to evoke from Parker a greeting of the heartiest. Parker, of course, merely registered perplexity.

"I believe you've forgotten me?" Jackson reproachfully charged him.

"I—I seem to remember the name. Jackson—Jackson?"

"B. W. Jackson," insisted the other.

"N-no, I'm sorry, but I just can't quite place you."

Jackson looked disappointed, and even a trifle hurt. Then he brightened again.

"After all, it's not so extraordinary that you should forget me," he ceded. "I suppose it's pretty well thirty years since we last met."

"Thirty years? Why, dash it, I was at school, then."

"So was I. Now, don't you remember me?"

Parker glanced easily at him.

"You don't mean you were at

school—? No, I don't remember any Jackson at school. And yet, come to think of it, I do seem to recall there was a Jackson."

"That was me," averred the other, nodding. "B. W. Jackson. Why, you and I were great chums in the old days at Pollingbury."

"You were at Pollingbury College, with me?" asked Parker, still incredulous.

"You bet I was! Bit heavier now than when you used to turn out for the first eleven at Soccer, eh?" smiled Jackson.

"Perhaps you'll say now that you don't remember being in the first eleven at Pollingbury?"

"Yes, I was in the eleven, but—"

"In 'ninety-three, that was. A chap named Jelks was captain. Do you remember him?"

"Yes—I can remember him."

IT was not very difficult for Parker to recall Jelks. Since his schooldays,

Parker had treasured a framed photograph of the team in which he had figured. Misty he might have become about the identity of some of his old schoolfellows, but the names of the team remained with him because they were printed in proper order beneath the photograph.

So many of us have souvenirs of our schooldays like that, haven't we? That's why we go off to our Old Boys' dinners with such clear-cut memories.

"Hibbert was in the team, same time as you," said Jackson. "It was he who did this to my eye, don't you remember? He hit me bang in the eye with a stone. Accident, of course. My eye was like this ever after. Does that recall me to you?"

Vaguely Parker remembered some sort

of accident in those far-off days caused by stone-throwing. It was the first time he'd thought of it since he left Pollingbury.

"Tell you another chap I used to be pally with," volunteered Jackson. "Chap named Alford. Small chap, with a very solemn face—wore glasses. Remember him?"

"Yes, I remember him. He was in the footer team with me. So was a chap named Mason," went on Parker, melting. "Big, beefy chap. Played full-back. Remember him?"

"P. J. Mason? Rather."

"Yes, that's right. 'P. J.'"

"Wonder what's become of him?" mused Jackson. "I met Linforth—E. B. Linforth—some years ago. I seem to think he was in the footer team, too, but I forget."

"Yes, he was."

"Rigby was, I know. I rather forget his initials."

"S. T." supplied Parker.

"I don't think so. I seem to remember him as J. Rigby."

"S. T. I'm certain of it. Gad, he was a good wing man. I remember, in the last match I played in, against Bartlewick School, it was Rigby who sent me in such a topping pass that I simply couldn't help scoring. The only goal of the match, and right on time. Remember how the fellows cheered?"

"Pretty well cheered ourselves hoarse. But you're too modest, old chap. It was a ripping shot you put in."

"Oh, I dunno," said Parker, with modest pride.

"WELL, it's nice to have seen you but I must be getting on. Got a train to catch up north. It was quite by chance I happened to learn of your whereabouts. I heard your name mentioned; and I wondered if it would turn out to be the Parker I used to know. And you've forgotten me? I suppose I've altered a good deal. You haven't really changed a scrap. I knew you at once. Your hair used to be a good bit longer and wilder when I knew you, though. Done well for yourself, old man?"

"Mustn't grumble."

"What's the good? I've had a pretty bad time all round, but I keep a stiff upper lip. Well good-bye, old man."

They shook hands. Parker noted the mute, rather despairing appeal on the face of the other.

"I'd—I'd have liked it better if you remembered me," said Jackson huskily. "It—it just sort of hurts."

"There, there, old man, it was only first I didn't remember you," declared Parker compassionately. "I remember you quite well now, of course."

"I'm glad," said Jackson.

He gripped Parker's hand again, turned away.

(Continued on page 52.)

2'6

BUYS A THERMOS FLASK

(Regd. Trade Mark)

Half-a-crown! That's all you need pay for the flask bearing the trade-mark "Thermos"! The trade-mark of the original vacuum flask, the flask that has always led in quality and improvement of design . . . the flask that will make your picnics perfect.

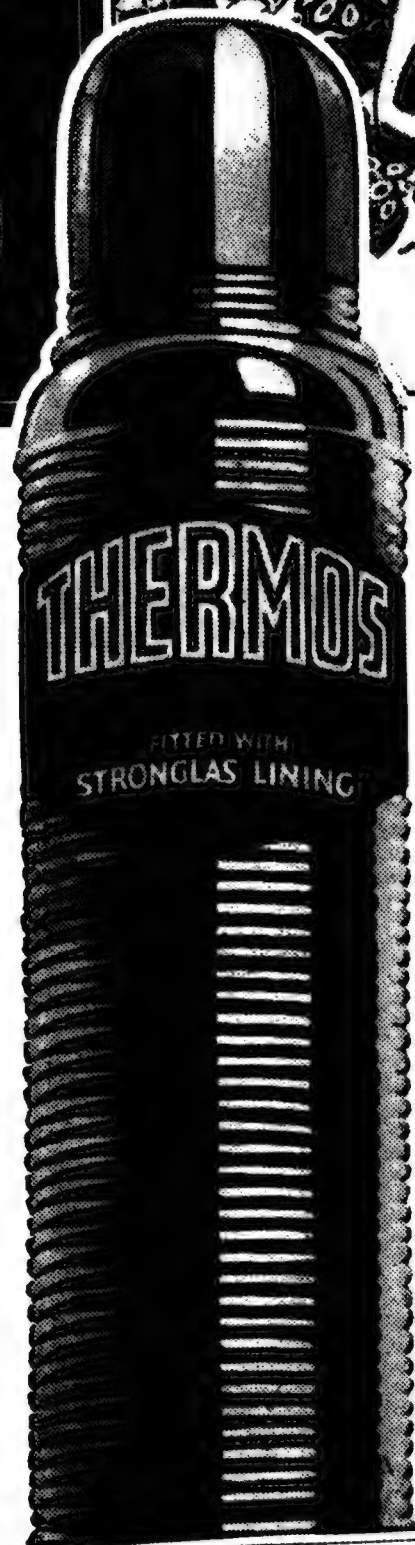
Look for the "Thermos" label when you buy your flask. It is your guarantee of longer and better service.

No. 28. Corrugated canister in Red, Blue, Green or Brown. Aluminium shoulder and cup. Fitted with folding handle.

Pint size, 2/6. Quart size, 4/6.

No. 06. The finest flask that money can buy. Beautifully designed and heavily nickel plated. Years of service guaranteed.

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Take ice-cream, fruit salads, etc. in a "Thermos" jar. It keeps the contents cold and fresh for three days if necessary. In winter you can use this jar for soups, porridge, curries, etc.

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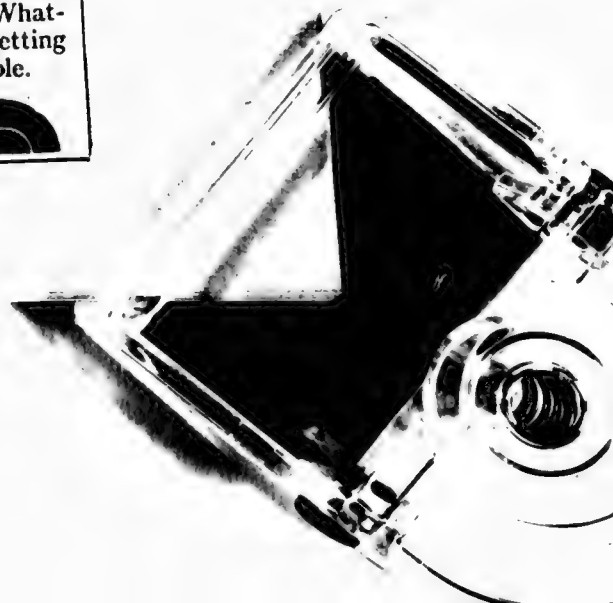
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1/-





Drawn by Leslie P. Marchant

MAID (to neighbour who keeps bees): "Mrs. Smith's compliments, sir, and here's one of your bees in this matchbox, we caught in the drawing-room."



Drawn by Hatcher

Scotsman contrives to conform to the local regulations as to bathing from bathing-boxes.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL

(Continued from page 50.)

"I say—" began Parker awkwardly. "I mean, if you're a bit down—well, mean, we chaps from the old coll—"

He took out his note-case and fingered a ten-shilling note. No, dash it, a ten-shilling note wasn't too much for an old school-fellow, especially one who remembered the glorious goal against Bartlewick.

So a pound it was that he pressed into Jackson's hand, and retreated into his office to escape the mumbled thanks of the other.

IN the five-eighteen, homeward-bound Carrington remarked:

"Funny thing happened to-day. An old school-fellow dropped in to see me. Down on his luck, poor chap. I didn't remember him at Ardlestone, but there were Jacksons there in my time. Going north, he was. You know, it gave me a fine warm feeling to be able to help him just a bit."

"What a coincidence!" remarked Penlake. "A chap I was at Hillgrove with name of Jackson, called to-day—"

"Wall-eyed and a brown moustache?" queried Parker.

"Yes," said Carrington and Penlake.

"OH, by the way," observed Mrs. Parker at dinner that evening to her husband, "your schooldays are going to be famous. They're going to be put in a big book and printed. A man called here this morning about it—a man with rather a funny eye."

"It seems some local firm is getting out the book, and there's to be lots about the schooldays of—ahem!—our leading residents." I couldn't tell him much, but I gave him your office address, and he said he'd look you up there some time.

"And he borrowed that old football photograph you have to reproduce. He said he'd be sure to return it."

"I met Mrs. Carrington, and she lent him a photograph of the class Mr. Carrington was in, and I saw him go next door to Mrs. Penlake, then on up the road."

"What's the matter? Didn't you want your school photo published? I didn't like to refuse him. He seemed so anxious to have it. He particularly asked me if we had anything of the sort."

The Other JOHN BULL

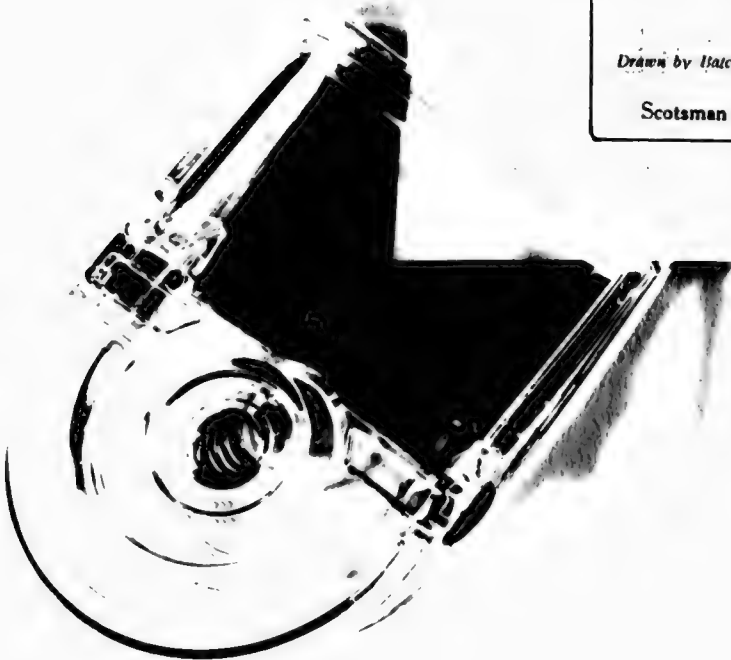
You have seen how light hearted JOHN BULL can be in this Summer Annual. When you have turned the last page and smiled over the last jest, make the acquaintance of that other JOHN BULL, if you have not already done so—we mean the JOHN BULL who presides over the famous "National Weekly."

Men and women whose pens have always been in the service of the Right, famous publicists, journalists and authors, express their views.

And JOHN BULL always makes you think. It is a clearing-house of ideas where every point of view is given a hearing.

Especially will you admire the way in which JOHN BULL hits straight from the shoulder and speaks his mind.

Was it not H. G. Wells who said it was "A wonderful twopenny-worth"? Be sure to ask your newsagent to deliver JOHN BULL every Thursday.





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Yes. What a difference. It removes dirt so easily and thoroughly; makes the skin smooth and supple; refreshes the body; soothes the nerves. In fact if you would keep healthily clean and in good condition, you should use hot water daily for your toilet and bath. Of course, you will need hot water on tap. Too expensive? Not at all. The gas industry offers you this luxury at a cost for gas which you can easily afford. A modern gas water heater will automatically supply steaming hot water to every hot tap in your house.

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VAN HEUSEN

(SEMI-STIFF)



Maude Myff's Owen Stone

A mysterious letter and
a romantic young man

I HAD recently advertised for a servant, and from the number of replies it looked as though half the maidens in England wished to become maids. The last letter was written on pink notepaper, and I had to read it twice before its import dawned on me.

"Darling (it ran). We must fly at once! Father has found your letters and threatens to do the most terrible things. He is storming and raging. I am locked in my room. Marie, the dear girl, will help me to smuggle out to-morrow.

"Meet me at Victoria with tickets for the Continental boat train. This time next week we will be on our honeymoon. Isn't it too thrilling?

"Arthur, dearest, it seems too good to be true. I am counting every minute until to-morrow night. Be sure to come.

"In great haste.

"Your own little girl,"

"MAUDE.

"P.S.—I will be at the bookstall at nine o'clock, cherie."



"Don't be alarmed," I begged hastily. "Are you trying to find Arthur—?"

The notepaper was headed "Greystones, Berks."

I grew hot and cold. Who the dickens was Maude? I frantically raked up past scores. There were a trio of Dorothys, a couple of Marjories, some Joans, Bettys and Dollys, a Lily and a Pansy, but to my knowledge a Maude had never entered the orbit.

There must be some mistake! I snatched up the envelope. No! It was addressed to me right enough.

With a sinking heart I remembered the text which used to hang in my nursery. "Be sure your sins will find you out!"

Was this young Rosie who figured in the second row of the Follies' chorus? But no. Rosie would never leave the baptismal font with such a handicap.

Was it that red-headed waitress from the Cri? Surely she didn't live in Berks? Besides, she had at least one husband already.

The suspense became unbearable.

At noon I rang up Barstairs, who knows everybody.

"Do you know Maude?" I cried, feverishly.

"Yes," he snapped. "As Maude as a hatter. And if you think you're going to waste my time by asking fool questions you're jolly well—"

I rang off. The thing was probably some silly hoax; but you never know. The letter certainly seemed genuine enough.

NINE o'clock found me at Victoria, anxiously prowling like a book-maker with an uneasy conscience.

Suddenly a vision in blue and gold came round the corner. As she stared round agitatedly I caught the faint sound of a muffled sob. In a trice I was at her side.

"Excuse me," I said politely. "But is it—er—Miss—er—Maude?"

Her adorable blue eyes blinked rapidly. "How dare you—" she started, her voice breaking.

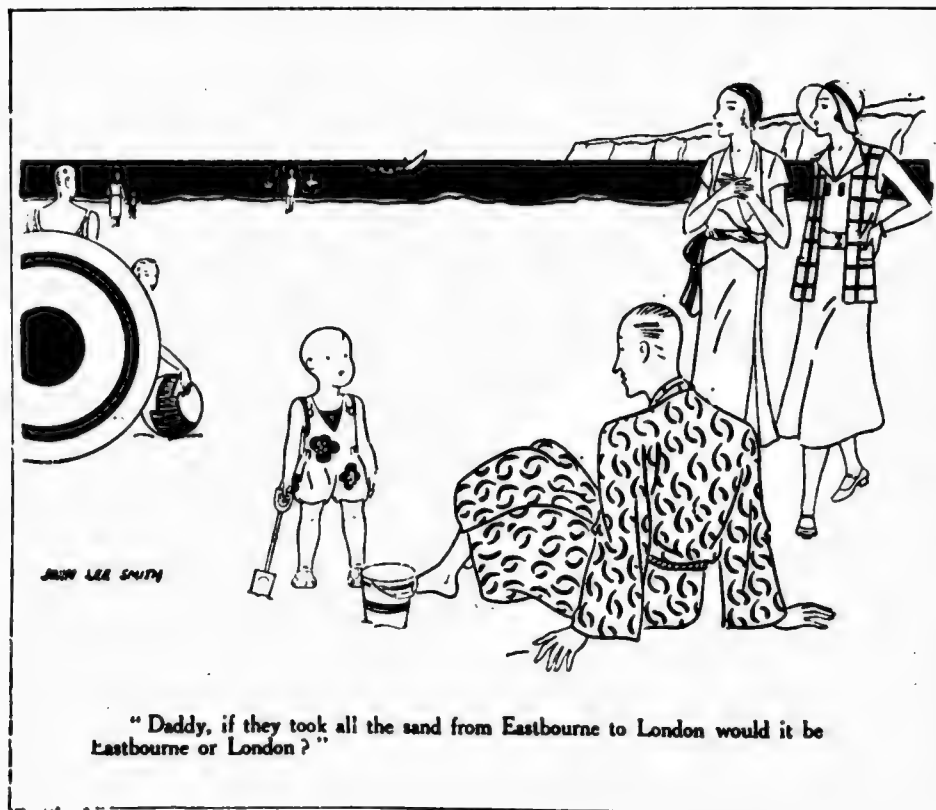
"Don't be alarmed," I begged hastily. "Are you trying to find Arthur—?"

"Why, what is the matter with him?" she cried, laying a trembling and dainty hand on my arm. "Don't tell me he is ill—?"

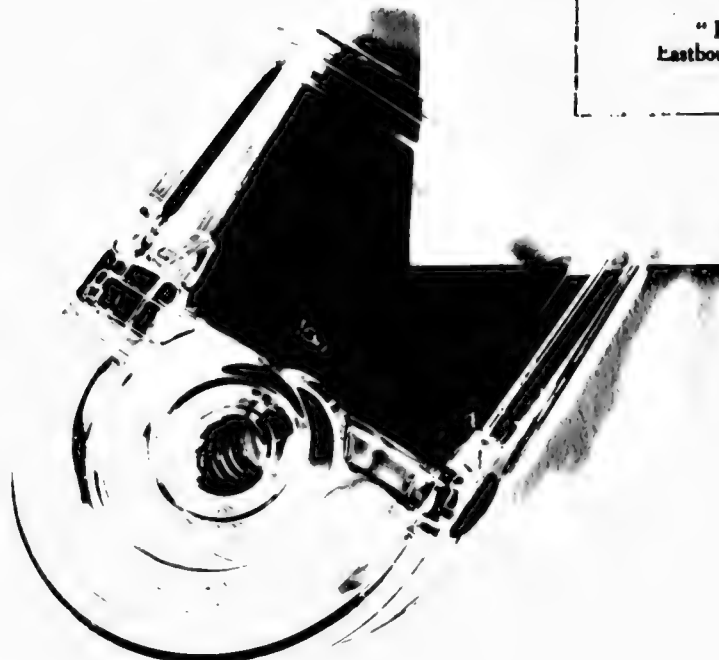
"There has been a mistake," I said, patting her shoulder gently. "Your letter came to me—"

"A mistake?" she echoed. Then a big

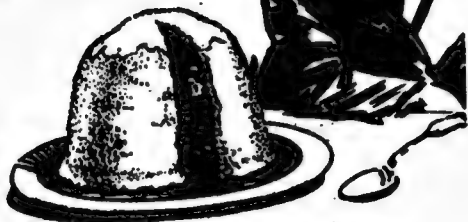
(Continued on page 55.)



"Daddy, if they took all the sand from Eastbourne to London would it be Eastbourne or London?"



Scrumptious!



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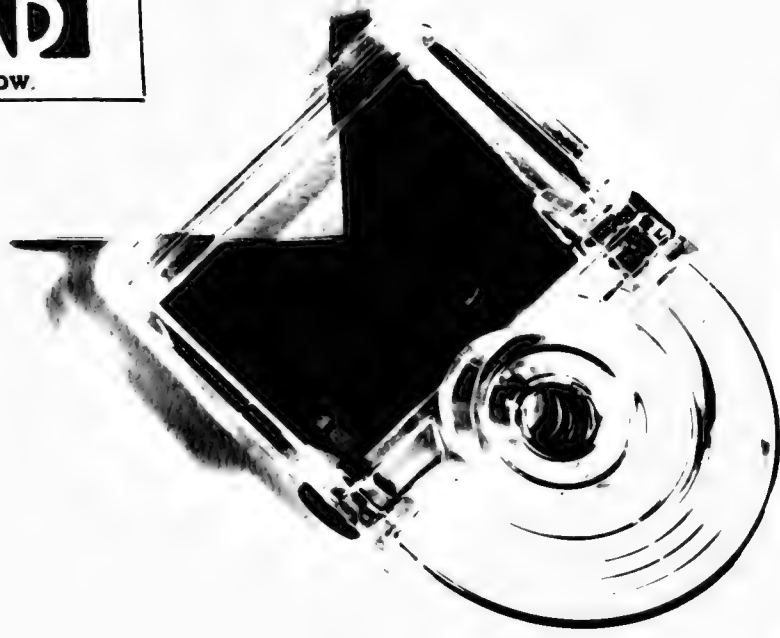
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A. E. BEARD

Drawn by A. E. Beard

HOLIDAY HEROES.

The man who bathed from the Grand Hotel in a mackintosh.



Drawn by Seymour Hurley

"Arthur, why frighten the poor little darling with those horrible masks?"
 "Well, dear, as we're all going on our holidays soon, I thought I'd get him used to seeing a seaside landlady."

MAUDE MUFFS IT

(Continued from page 54.)

tear rolled down her cheek. "But I don't understand—!"

"Neither do I. It was addressed to me plainly enough."

"Heavens!" she cried tearfully. "Are you the gentleman who enquired for a maid?"

"Yes," I retorted bewildered. "But—"

"Then I must have put the letters in the wrong envelopes," she said tremulously.

"You see, Marie, my maid, asked me to reply to your advertisement for her." She shrugged her shoulders abjectly. "But this is terrible. Arthur won't know—"

"Leave it to me," I put in gallantly.

"Where does Arthur live?"

"It is too late now," she said wearily.

"He is staying at his summer cottage. We can't get in touch with him until to-morrow." She wrung her hands. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"You had better go to an hotel for the night and wire Arthur to-morrow," I said, after a pause.

"I suppose so," she retorted dully.

"Thank you very much for troubling to come here."

I WATCHED her turn slowly away, and it was not until her dejected figure had nearly passed out of sight that I realised the truth.

"What a fool I am!" I cried, hastily catching her up. "Excuse me, but have you any money with you?"

"I am penniless," she answered simply.

"I had to steal away from home. I never anticipated this happening. I suppose a policeman would help me to find somewhere—"

"Nonsense!" I interrupted sharply.

"Here are ten pounds and my address. Return it when you have settled down."

Her rosebud mouth quivered.

"It is frightfully good of you," she whispered. "I can never repay you sufficiently. . . ."

Two minutes later I bumped into Harbottle at the station entrance.

"Don't stop me now," he pleaded. "I'm already late. It's important. I'm going to do the Good Samaritan business."

"A lady in distress?" I cried quickly.

"She has been driven from home and is in financial difficulties, poor kid," he explained. "I am meeting her in the first-class refreshment room. Her name is Maude, and she lives at 'Greystones, Berks'—"

"Maude?" I shouted. "She wrote to you?"

"In mistake," he said confidently. "I can see through it all. She must have put the letter in the wrong envelope. . . . Hey, where are you going?"

I PUSHED my way into the first-class refreshment buffet. A disconsolate figure in blue and gold was staring round agitatedly. As I tapped her on the shoulder I caught the faint sound of a muffled sob.

"Come into the garden, Maude," I murmured.

"The garden?" she interrogated, wide-eyed.

"Poetic licence," I explained affably.

"I really meant the yard."

"The yard?" she cried apprehensively, backing away.

"Exactly," I said, gallantly offering my arm. "Scotland Yard!"



If you get Pain after Eating

If you are almost afraid to eat because digestive pain, flatulence and distress follow every meal, it is most probably due to excess acid in the stomach. Doctors say this is the cause of nine out of every ten cases of indigestion. Excess acid ferments the food, attacks the stomach lining and creates gases which cause pain and feelings of "fulness." These discomforts can be quickly banished and you can enjoy your meals without fear of distress if you take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This neutralises the excess acid instantly, and thus gives quick relief by removing the cause of the trouble. 'Bisurated' Magnesia also soothes and heals the stomach lining, and there is no better remedy for ending digestive disorder.

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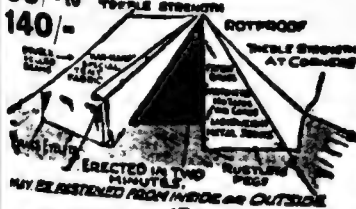
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

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A skin of Velvet



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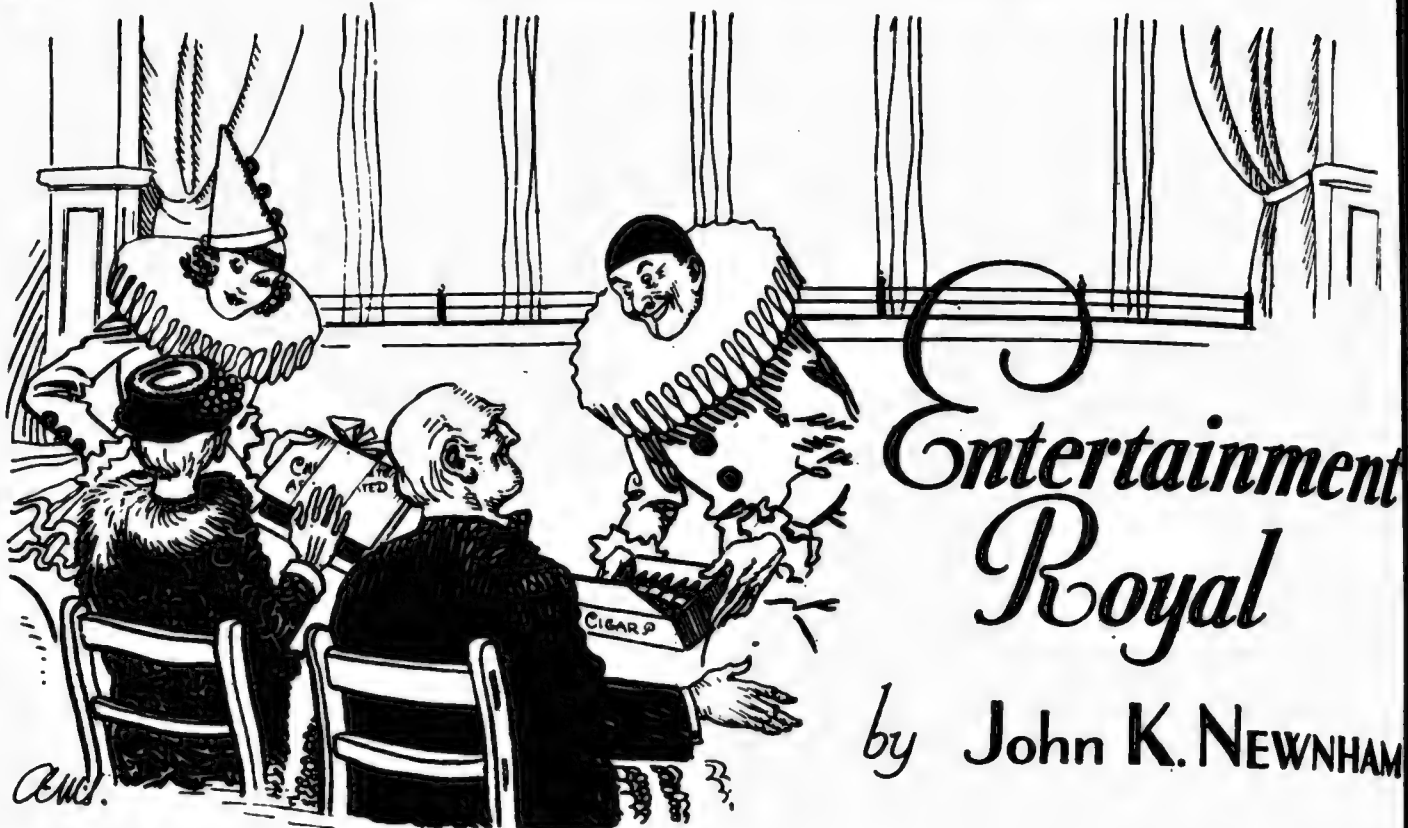
Do you possess this charming vanitie? It is quite irresistible—so ingenious and dainty, and just the thing to give the exquisite finishing touch—that modern note—to your personality. Fill it with your favourite loose powder, and just twist the sieve to obtain the quantity you want. There is no waste. In nickel, gilt, black and a variety of delightful colours to match your bag or your clothes. Remember — "once you fill it you cannot spill it." 3/6

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THE waves were beating musically on the golden sands. The sun was burning hotly on already blistered necks. And the old nigger minstrel was playing a banjo and singing in a voice which resembled a train roaring through a tunnel.

At the end of his singing and playing, the minstrel had the nerve to come round collecting money for his efforts. Hush money. I gave him twopence. The man next to me gave him a scowl and threepence. The minstrel touched his curly forelocks and wandered off to inflict himself upon some other innocent holiday-makers.

The man next to me glanced in my direction, and grimaced.

"What a life!" he exclaimed. "Utterly thankless!"

"Oh, I don't know," I disagreed. "He seems to be doing pretty well. The pennies soon mount up."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"So it seems," he said. "But, believe me, entertaining the public doesn't pay in these days; unless you're making talkies, of course. It's a killing job. I know."

"An actor yourself?" I queried.

He nodded.

"Of sorts. I suppose you weren't down here at all last year, were you?"

"I was, as a matter of fact," I said. "I came down for the first two weeks of August. Why?"

"Then," he said, "perhaps you remember the concert party at the Esplanade Hall during the second week of the month. The 'What-Ho Concert Party,' we called ourselves. Remember anything about it?"

"Why, yes. I didn't go along to see it, though."

"No one did," he said bitterly. "That was the whole trouble. We were running one of those week-to-week shows, touring the whole of the south coast. We had bad luck wherever we went. The show came to a finish the week after leaving here. By

mutual consent. We went on to Portlington. Know it?"

"Yes."

"Then you know the Pavilion. A hell of a place. We were booked there for a week. Want to hear the tragic story of our last week as a concert party?"

I settled back in my deck-chair, lit a cigarette, and closed my eyes.

"Fire ahead," I said drowsily.

ON the Tuesday (said the late member of the "What-Ho" company) there were only fifty people in the house, which was two more than the previous evening and only about a dozen less than our record for the last month.

"If things get much worse," grumbled one of the company, "we'll have to pay people to come and see us."

Our week at Portlington was the worst of the whole tour. Only Tuesday, and attendances going down!

Playing to an audience of only fifty is not what you might call encouraging. We were getting used to it, of course. But somehow the Portlington fifty seemed appallingly small. It was difficult to see them in the hall.

We had exactly the same number of people there the following evening. A hopeful sign. We had expected the attendance to fall off even more.

But, on the Thursday, we set up a new record. Only forty people turned up.

Bobby Mason, our baritone, was standing moodily in the wings just before time for the curtain to go up. He glanced at me and Sylvia Denton, our soubrette.

"Forty!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "I wonder how many'll turn up to-morrow?"

"A dozen," said Sylvia hopefully.

For the morrow was Friday. A dreaded day, not merely on account of superstition, but because Friday is always the worst day of the week for places of entertainment.

Bobby shrugged his shoulders.

"Seems a waste of time and energy appearing at all," he said. "The talkies

have killed the stage. Do you know, the people were queueing up over at the Kinema Royal just now? Queueing up, mind you!"

And then the curtain went up, and we all went on and sang a rollicking song of cheer.

Friday came. It was almost time for the performance. We were all ready for the show, dressed up, painted. But the hall was empty.

Ten minutes to go. And not a seat taken.

Five minutes. Still empty.

One minute.

And a dear old couple paid for the cheapest seats in the house, and walked in.

We looked at one another. Some were looking amazed. Some were looking disappointed. Some were looking perplexed.

"Two!" we muttered, and stared at the lone couple as if they were ghosts.

"We can't play for two," said someone.

Bobby Mason pursed his lips.

"Yes, we can!" he exclaimed. "Let's give 'em their money's worth. Come on. Do your best. Don't let it be said that we faltered at the last. What about it?"

I backed him up.

"Come on," I said. "The company's gone bust all right. Let's give one mighty final performance."

THEY muttered, and one or two grinned. Then they got the spirit of the thing.

It was Sylvia Denton who suggested moving the couple up to the front row.

"They might as well see the show in style," she said.

The suggestion met with approval. The old couple were moved up to the front row. The idea caught on. The "What-Ho" company began to get enthusiastic.

"Put some wraps round them," suggested someone. "They will keep 'em warm."

(Continued on page 60.)



HAPPY FEET

Make you feel as if you were treading on air.



No more sore, tender, tired, aching and swollen feet. Weak arches, corns, callouses, blisters, or any other bad foot trouble soon go. The thick, hardened skin of which corns and callouses are composed, contains no nerves or blood-vessels. In fact, the upper layers are dead. It is not the top that causes such pain. It is the little pointed part which extends down into the toe and presses on sensitive nerves. Cutting the top off or burning it off with caustic liquids and plaster is wasting time. Also it is dangerous. Instead of such temporary expedients, soak your feet in the "Saltrates" water, prepared by dissolving a handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a gallon of hot water. This will dissolve the oil and sebaceous matter from hardened, calloused and "corny" skin, leaving it so soft that corns are easily picked out, root and all. As for callouses they can be scraped right off with the dull edge of a knife. The water can have no effect whatever on sound, healthy skin. Your nearest chemist can supply Reudel Bath Saltrates or get it for you at short notice if out of stock at any time.

REUDEL[®]

BATH SALTRATES



Your hair will "stay put"...

Pour a little Anzora into your palms—draw them through your hair—then brush your hair and Anzora will settle it to your satisfaction, and keep it so all day! Anzora is the first and finest hair fixative. Be sure you get it.



Use Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. Anzora Viola is for dry scalps. Sold in 1/8 and 2/8 (double quantity) bottles at all Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores.

Anzora Perfumery Co. Ltd., London, N.W.6.

... if you use **ANZORA**
MASTERS THE HAIR

pertrix
+ batteries
should cost
more—
actually they
cost less



Considering their quality and durability PERTRIX Super Life Dry Batteries should cost more. Actually they cost less.

"— the cost is practically 1/3 penny per hour compared with '...' (as per advert.) 1/3 penny per hour" is an extract from a user's letter.

You will find that the Improved PERTRIX Accumulator gives the same outstanding performance as its "dry relation."

All "GOOD" dealers sell both.

PERTRIX

SUPER LIFE
DRY BATTERIES
& ACCUMULATORS



THE PERFECT PAIR FOR PERFECT RADIO

Advt. of Pertrix Limited, Britannia House, 223, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 7971 (5 lines) Works: Redditch



Drawn by Rick Elmes

DIMINUTIVE PERSON: "I say, old chap, do you mind me coming up your ladder to see if my wife is waiting under the clock?"



Drawn by Batchelor

DIFFICULT WIFE: "I don't think this is at all a good spot you've chosen, George. There's a draught coming from somewhere."

ENTERTAINMENT ROYAL

(Continued from page 58.)

"And make 'em forget that they're alone," added Sylvia. "What-ho! Come on, lads!"

We wrapped up the puzzled and protesting couple, and made them as comfortable as was humanly possible. We gave the man cigars and presented the woman with a box of expensive chocolates.

"Now for it!" exclaimed Bobby. "The performance of our lives! Come on. Ring up the curtain!"

And we gave the best performance of our career. The apathy which had crept into the demeanour of every member during the months of almost empty houses disappeared.

The lone couple on the other side of the footlights were as important as the King and Queen. It was a Command Performance.

BOBBY MASON sang as he hadn't sung for months. He forgot the empty hall. He was singing to a hushed, eager audience — an audience drinking in every word and every note. An appreciative audience numbering several thousand, if you understand.

The comedian was wittier and funnier than he had ever been.

And all the time the couple in the hall sat, comfortably tucked up, all alone. We couldn't see their faces behind their wraps, but they certainly looked very cosy.

Sylvia Denton was daintier and more winsome than ever. Her light songs were catchy and joyful.

The solo violinist tried to emulate Kreisler.

The pianist tried to emulate Billy Mayerl.

I tried to emulate Sir Frank Benson and all the other Shakespearean actors all at the same time.

We all felt that we were doing our best. We were.

We felt happy about it. It was like a jolly party. We were all enjoying ourselves no end, showing just what we could do. It was the best performance we had ever put up, I am sure of that.

And the audience, screened from any draughts, sat there without moving.

The show came to an end. We were all on the stage, and sang our "Good night" song with gusto.

THE curtain was rung down, and, flushed with the unusual enthusiasm, we stood in the wings and regarded one another with sparkling eyes.

"Splendid," said Bobby Mason. "We've never done better. Everything was great."

"Let's go round and ask them how they enjoyed it, shall we?" asked Sylvia Denton.

We all nodded, and trooped to the front of the hall. The couple were still there.

"And that," said the actor, "was what made us decide irrevocably that the 'What-Ho' company must come to an end."

"Of course," I said, rousing myself. "I suppose the old couple turned out to be a wealthy movie magnate and his wife, and you were offered big screen jobs?"

The old actor shook his head.

"No," he said sadly. "They were both fast asleep."



End Painful Corns Once and For All

Make aching, burning feet cool and comfortable.

Every day your corns ache: they punish you at every step: your pained, strained face speaks of your suffering. Often the agony is so intense that you feel like casting off your shoes in the street . . . you are reduced almost to the condition of a cripple . . . and by something so common—place as corns. It is really humiliating. But, fortunately, it is now quite avoidable—since clever chemists have discovered a sure, safe means of removing corns—without dangerous cutting, burning plasters or burning acids. Imagine all your corns dissolving away in a footbath just as though they were as soluble as ordinary salt! In a Radox footbath a corn actually does dissolve away. The chemical salts in Radox combine with the hard skin of the corn to form a protein salt of the corn itself. Now a protein salt is readily soluble in water. But it is not merely the surface of the corn which is thus dissolved away. Radox, in a footbath, liberates oxygen, and this oxygen penetrates the pores of the skin, carrying the solvent salts of Radox right to the corn's root, which,



after a few footbaths, becomes so softened that it loosens its hold and allows the corn to be picked out bodily—without a twinge. And the same life-giving oxygen leaves the feet cool, comforted and full of buoyancy. Read this letter:—

"For a long time I had a lot of trouble with my feet, and at times I was quite crippled with corns, having had them over and at the ends of my toes: but after soaking my feet in Radox Bath Salts as directed I was able to remove the corns which protruded with my thumb and finger, and without pain. I cannot speak too highly of Radox."—R. E. F., Barry, Glam.

Get a packet of Radox Bath Salts from your chemist today. 1/6 per 1/2 lb. pink packet: 2/6 double quantity.

Take **this** with you!



it defeats **constipation** — in a few hours

Every year thousands include Feen-a-mint in their holiday luggage. Feen-a-mint is the safe, pleasant way to end constipation. *The chewing does it*: you chew a Feen-a-mint for 2 or 3 minutes and constipation is quickly removed—naturally; safely; pleasantly. No griping; no strain; no unpleasant after-effects and no habit forming! The fresh, cool, mint flavour makes Feen-a-mint particularly pleasant to take in the hot weather, and children love it. Take a 1/3 packet with you, and so ensure greater holiday happiness!

Feen-a-mint

The chewing does it

Obtainable at all chemists—1/3 a box: or post free BY RETURN from the manufacturers.

★ **FREE SAMPLE**—obtainable by sending your name and address on a post card to FEEN-A-MINT PRODUCTS LIMITED 98 Bush House, London, W.C.2

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY DAY

Two well-known Specialists in recent articles both emphasised the vital importance of water for assisting the body to prevent and resist disease. To keep in good health every man and woman should drink a glass of hot water each morning on rising, but those troubled with sick headache, biliousness, bad complexion, furred tongue or general depression and lassitude, should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate to cleanse and purify the system and flush away from the liver and bowels the uric acid, sour fermentation and poisonous waste that collects. Sufferers from constipation, biliousness and liver disorders, as well as those troubled with rheumatism, indigestion, and minor ailments of all kinds should, for the sake of their health, get a quarter pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate, costing but two shillings, from any chemist. If a little is taken daily in a glass of hot water this will prove a sure way of subduing uric acid, cleansing the liver and bowels and maintaining vigorous health.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

That when baby cries, his pains are nearly always caused through **INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC, or TEETHING**, and that in such cases, the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors, and nurses for over 75 years is

"GRIPE WATER"

Carminative

(Brand)

Made by **WOODWARD**

CHEMIST—LONDON.

A teaspoonful two or three times a day **KEEPS BABY WELL**

It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion, and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.

1/3 per bottle of all Chemists.

BAD LEGS CURED

Without Rest or Painful Operation



THOUSANDS of Cured Patients praise the day they used Tremol Treatment: the most successful Treatment in the world for all forms of Bad Legs. With this powerful Treatment Varicose Veins melt away, and even when combined with Varicose Veins disappear. Eczema vanishes. Skin troubles die away. Inflammation, irritation, and pain become things of the past. You cure your leg in your own home without resting, even if you have suffered for years and all other treatments have failed to help you. Think what Tremol means to you: No more resting your leg—No more sleepless nights—Able to enjoy life—Better health—Your work made a pleasure—Your leg made well and strong.

An illustrated publication, entitled "YOUR BAD LEG AND THE REASON WHY," giving full particulars of this powerful Treatment and teeming with sound advice, is sent free to all Bad Leg sufferers. Write to-day to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, Ward J.R., Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and if you are a sufferer you will receive this valuable publication free of charge.

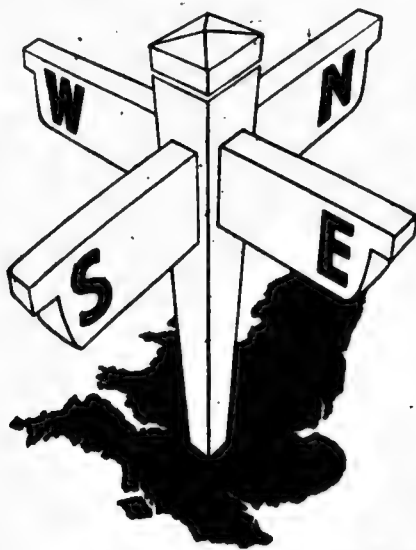


For All Occasions

When the call comes for real refreshment or when your appetite flags and your food won't agree with you, just have another of those delicious

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD.



NORTH.
Inverness.—"I am a fisherman and have a strong beard, and I must tell you that it is the easiest shave I think I have ever had." J.O.
Edinburgh.—"The best safety blades I ever used. . . I am only shaving now every alternate day with Nieso Blades in place of daily with other makes." G.F.
Sheffield.—"Nieso Razor Blades are a marvel at the price." J.M.

SOUTH.
Kent.—"They stand up better than any previous blade I have ever had. . . Please send one dozen blades by return." J.O.
Sussex.—"Far better in every respect than blades I previously bought at 2d. each." E.S.

EAST.
Norfolk.—"I've never had a blade as good as 'Nieso.' . . I shall continue to use them and recommend them to all my pals." J.B.
Suffolk.—"Having tried your Nieso Blades, I should

be pleased if you will send me 18 more. . ." G.O.
Norfolk.—"They really are the finest I have tried at the price." H.E.D.

WEST.
Wales.—"The best blades I have ever had the pleasure to shave with." T.O.
Gloster.—"I cannot speak too highly of them." G.M.F.

Warwickshire.—"They are really wonderful and the edges as keen as any one could wish for." H.D.

LONDON.
New Southgate.—"They are the finest blades I ever used." F.T.
Kilham.—"I was more than pleased. . . I consider them a marvel of cheapness." J.B.
Tooting.—"By far the very best blade at the price." F.C.E.

S.W.A.—"I was most pleased with the blades—they gave me a very good shave indeed." F.A.E.M.

HAMPSHIRE.
"I recommend your wonderful blade to all my friends." W.J.O.

The originals of these testimonials, and many others, may be inspected at our London Office.

OVER- WHELMING

From North, South, East and West they come, these glowing tributes to "Nieso" Razor Blades. In every part of the land, men have found that Nieso Blades give better service than any other; as may be seen by glancing at the opinions quoted here. Made from the finest quality steel, honed to perfection to ensure a perfect edge, Nieso Blades are "a marvel at the price."



Obtainable at all branches of Boots, Retail Pharmacies and other progressive Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, or direct from:

A. FRANKS & CO.,
11, BARTLETT'S BUILDINGS,
HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL

*Marvellous Results of
New Blood Treatment!*



MRS. SHARP

**"Elasto Has Worked Miracles.
I Can Now Walk for Miles."**

"Elasto has worked miracles on me, as my ankle was raw with varicose ulcers and eczema. Having tried several things with no benefit, I went to our hospital, where the doctor told me nothing could be done except for me to lie up for six months, which I knew was absolutely impossible. After this my leg got so bad I dare not put my foot to the ground, but used to hop about the room by the aid of table and chairs. I was in such dreadful agony day and night that I began to fear that I should lose my reason. It was then that my husband chanced to see your advertisement, and we gave your Elasto treatment a trial. The result has been wonderful; the ulcer has completely gone, there is no pain whatever, and I can now walk for miles without feeling in the least tired; in fact, I can get about better than ever before. I hope that others will benefit by Elasto as I have done as it is a splendid cure for all who take advantage of it. You are at liberty to use this letter for whatever purpose you wish.

"(Signed) Mrs. M. SHARP, 6, Argyle Street, Mill Road, Cambridge."

What is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment without rest and at small cost.

Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.*

Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, blood pressure, sciatica, lumbago, gout, and other diseases of the Blood and Circulatory System.

Send for FREE Sample!

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials.

Write for these to-day—NOW! while you think of it. Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 189).

CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.
Elasto Cures through the Blood!



A GAME OF HOUSE

(Continued from page 62.)

No flies on me, as it were, my dear sir, and, as a business man, I wished to chew the cud on the food for thought he had given me. So I said good morning.

"Anyway, I went away and left him to count the rooms, I suppose. I spent two days looking round Carbeeck Shalton. I went to another firm who had new houses. Some of those fellows who took me round walked on the toes of their boots when we went over first bedrooms and bathrooms. I don't blame them, as I doubt if they'd got the places insured in many cases. So because I hadn't got the fifty quid to secure the one house that mattered I went from Fellowson and Creek's to Collett and Cruft."

Reeves grinned at me.

"But, old man, Collett wasn't as loquacious as Grimes and Gunter's man, who'd bought land on the next estate. I told each of 'em I'd let 'em have my decision in the course of a week or so."

Reeves sipped at his cup. "Probably

'so,' he added. "I think you'll admit that a man as a rule is not a good judge of a new house. That's how I based my reckoning and had a talk with Uncle Fred at Houndsditch. And Uncle Tim at Clapham. To say nothing of Aunt Flo at New Cross, Cousin Bob at Wimbledon, and eight other relatives darkening our great Metropolis with their foul existence."

"So they all went over to Carbeeck Shalton to look over new houses for me. Twelve relations, good and true, old fruit, who rallied round the homeless lad and went to cast a judicial eye upon the modern edifice erected for such as he."

"But you didn't need other people's advice," I said interrogatively, "did you? You had the one house already fixed. And you—"

"Lacked the fifty pounds every blamed builder wanted as cash down deposit," supplied Reeves. "That's why twelve relatives wrote in to Carbeeck Shalton for particulars about new houses."

"And each of 'em spent a whole day looking at new houses, and staring cold down their noses at men who wanted to sell new houses and who could tell them all there was to be told about foundations, drainage systems, aspects, subsoils, height above sea-level and education facilities and possible progeny. You see, Fellowson and Creeks started it with that advert. I saw it in the evening paper that afternoon."

He grinned impishly and stuck his thumbs under his arms.

"Boy, they were out for business. Business people don't do things skimp. Why, besides sending me the voucher, they even ran me over the estate in a motor car when I got to Carbeeck Shalton!"

"What voucher?" I asked suddenly.

"The voucher I had to hand in at the office when I responded to their particulars by actually incurring the expense of a visit down to Carbeeck Shalton. They advertised, you see, and on presentation of that voucher they sent me with the particulars, they refunded my fare to and from Carbeeck Shalton Station. Five shillings! All the rest was profit!"

"What rest?" I asked stupidly.

"All the other five shillings I received on presenting the vouchers with all the other building people I visited in Carbeeck Shalton. You see, they all willingly refunded fares on presentation of the vouchers they sent when particulars of their estates were mailed for!"

"You mean you wrote to all those different builders in and about Carbeeck Shalton and got vouchers from the lot?"

"Seventeen firms in the district offered fare refunds," admitted Reeves carelessly. "It's a shame to discourage enterprise. I wrote to the lot!"

"Seventeen fares at five bob each," said slowly. "That meant four-pound five."

"Four pound in hand and my fare paid," nodded Reeves, and casually whistled to a passing damsel, who tossed her head and disappeared in the direction of the water-lift.

"And twelve relations," I said dazedly.

"Ditto repeat," said Reeves brightly.

"Forgive the Italian, I've had a spaghetti lunch."

"All wrote to the builders and got vouchers from every one—"

"Twelve relations good and true," said Reeves, lighting a cigarette and grinning widely through billowing, blue vapour. "And vouchers to each from seventeen eager purveyors of palatial property at popular prices."

"Each relative cleared four pounds," said hazily. "For heaven's sake!"

"For my sake," corrected Reeves.

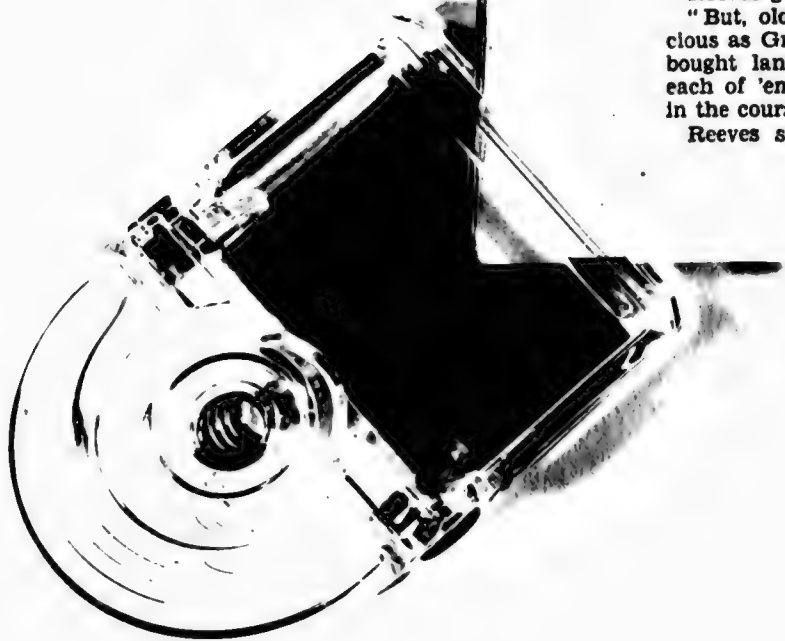
"Twelve relatives at four pounds total, how much?"

"Forty-eight pounds!" I gasped. "And the four you cleared yourself makes a fine total of fifty-two pounds!"

"Snowden has missed a fine assistant," grinned Reeves. "So you see they all got their fares paid, were nothing out of pocket and I got my fifty quid necessary to pay the deposit to clinch possession and ownership of the four-bedroom house I set my heart on."

"Boy, I didn't aim to make anything out of the deal, and the odd two quid divided among the blood relatives to cover the lunches some of them killed while spending the whole day at Carbeeck Shalton looking over new houses. The fifty quid was all I wanted and I've paid over."

(Continued on page 66.)





**Do your FEET make
it a weary task!**

EVEN the pleasantest duty is made irksome by tired feet. When feet ache, you ache all over—until you dip them into a soothing 'Tiz' footbath. What a relief! Foot aches and pains disappear, swelling is reduced and fiery burning vanishes. 'Tiz' is unique in being astringent in action; thus it tightens up the relaxed tissues and makes your feet feel refreshed, invigorated and strengthened.

'TIZ' 40 tablets
for TIRED FEET 1/3
soothe and strengthen

**TURN TO THE
BARGAINS ON
PAGE 3.**

**THE
GUARANTEE
APPEARS ON
PAGE 57.**



**STOMACH
TROUBLE**

Mrs. HARTLAND,
110, Cameron Street,
Leigh, Lancs., writes:

"For years I have been a sufferer with my Stomach, for which I underwent two operations. I suffered agony night and day, and wasted to a skeleton. I was recommended to give Vitadatio a trial, and the change is really wonderful. I am putting on weight, can eat anything, and life is a pleasure. I am a living testimony."

Vitadatio

Remedies for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, and Stores. 2/- and 5/- per bottle, or per 6/- extra, in Gt. Britain only. Special 2/- bottle, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from V.154.

VITADATIO, No. 121, Arndley, Leeds

CALL IT PEP!



—"pep"—"dash"—"go"

—it is hard to describe the gay spirit and joyful abandon which pervades every page of the new "Picturegoer," but whatever it is, it is there in abundance.

If you wish to see how utterly different a film magazine can be, get a copy to-day. Already "The Picturegoer" is more than a success—it is a triumph! Every day its lovely two-colour cover beckons more and more new readers to the bookstalls. Every week more and more film fans are falling willing victims to the sparkling eyes, provocative glances and lovely forms of the newly risen stars which assail the eye at every turn of the page.

The new "Picturegoer" is far too popular a paper to remain long on the counters—ask your newsagent to deliver a copy every Friday.

PICTUREGOER WEEKLY

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE—TWO PENCE



HE : "By Jove, this pack is making my back warm."
SHE : "That's funny, I was just wondering if I put the cork in the vacuum flask."

Drawn by Lionel



Drawn by Boxes

DOROTHY : "Topping sport, Grandma, I've been with a party of hikers to see the Devils Gorge."
GRANDMA : "Hush, Dorothy, that's not the way to speak—only healthy appetites."

A GAME OF HOUSE

(Continued from page 61.)

that amount for the deeds of the house.

"Boy, you'll gape when you see the place. It ought to fetch half as much again as the fellow asked for it. Almost completed, too. I step in as soon as the last workman walks out. Four bedrooms, a big garden, gravel subsoil, and I'll have a sundial, so help me, that'll put Paul's to shame for accuracy."

"You'd fixed on the house from the beginning?"

"Absolutely," Reeves stretched his legs and whistled a bar or two from an opera. The band inside the hall by which he sat tuned up suddenly and Reeves stopped.

"Pull up for Carmen," he said lightly. "Well, old boy, what about my new house?"

"ONE builder at Carbeech Shalton manages to sell a house owing to the deposit money unconsciously provided by his competitors in the district," I suggested humorously. "Sounds something like a sweepstake!"

"My house isn't at Carbeech Shalton," corrected Reeves coolly. "I didn't say that."

I stared at the man speechlessly. "A lovely building with bay window and veranda on first-floor level," he said dreamily. "It stands just outside a village twenty minutes out of town. A villa on its own." He nodded.

"Many can help one!" he quoted and chuckled deeply.

"Myrtle House," he said softly. "How that for a nice name for a home, old boy? I'll have rose trees in the garden and a sundial right in the centre of the lawn."

"Myrtle House!" I said quickly. "Just on the point of completion! Just outside Vere Regis village! Place that must be worth, by the looks of it, at least £1,000 builder's value. Say, £1,200 to fourteen hundred sale price."

"And I got it for eight-fifty!" chorled Jimmy Reeves. "Fifty down and the rest to come as rent!"

"The builder, name of Fleming Rice?" I put in swiftly.

Reeves stopped smiling and stared at me in surprise.

"What do you know about him?" he demanded, curiously.

"Bunked!" I said. "This last week you've been away here on holiday. Fleming Rice disappeared last week. He did close on two thousand pounds!"

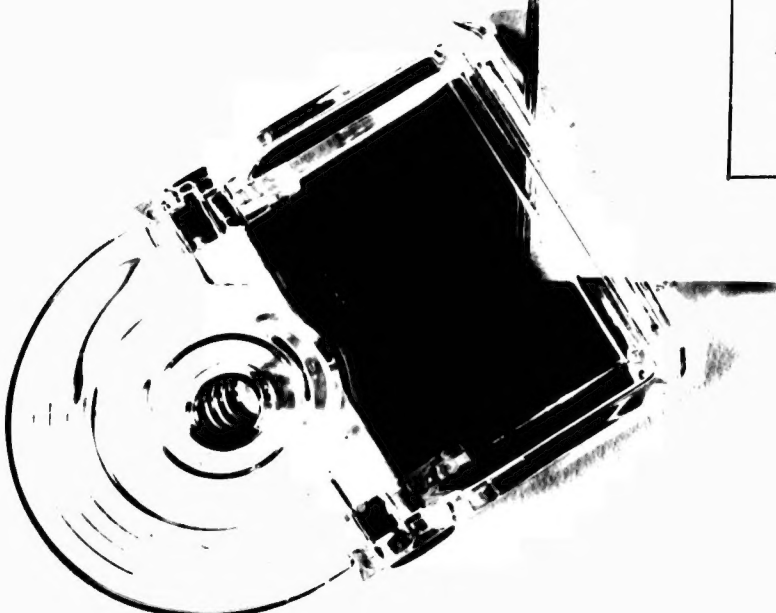
JIMMY REEVES sat up suddenly. He listened with pendulous jaw.

"The total of deposits of eager people anxious to secure a house obviously so extraordinarily cheap," I said. "About thirty of them from different parts who paid down deposits varying between fifty and a hundred quid each in return for forged deeds!"

"Fleming Rice had sold outright in the first instance to an Edinburgh man who had the house built to order for £1,500. The Edinburgh man turned up when the place was completed during the week—earlier than specified to you . . . and some twenty-nine others!"

Jimmy Reeves sat in dead silence.

I lit a cigarette and watched the sunlight chasing waves on each side of the short pier.



Platignum

MADE IN ENGLAND
PENS-PENCILS-WALLET WRITING & DESK SETS

PLATIGNUM Writing aids are second to none in quality, material, workmanship and efficiency. Every article bearing the name Platignum is guaranteed. Ask your stationer to show you the wonderful new Platignum lines, some of which are illustrated here. There are many models with nib points to suit all hands—whatever price you pay you cannot get better writing service.



PLATIGNUM DE LUXE BIJOU WRITING SET.

Short Platignum de Luxe pen and torpedo shape propelling pencil to match in silk and velvet lined jewel case, or in leather notebook as illustrated below. Six lustrous mottlings available **5/-**

PLATIGNUM PENS.

Ladies Model illustrated above, in six colours, silken tassel to match. Also Standard Black model in chased ebonite and in eight other attractive mottlings and colours. A.I. Standard model has special nib to suit all hands. **1/3**

PLATIGNUM BRIDGE PENCIL.

For vest pocket or handbag. Propel-repel-expel action. Eraser in cap, extra leads in barrel. In 12 different coloured mottlings. **1/3**

PLATIGNUM LADIES' WALLET SET

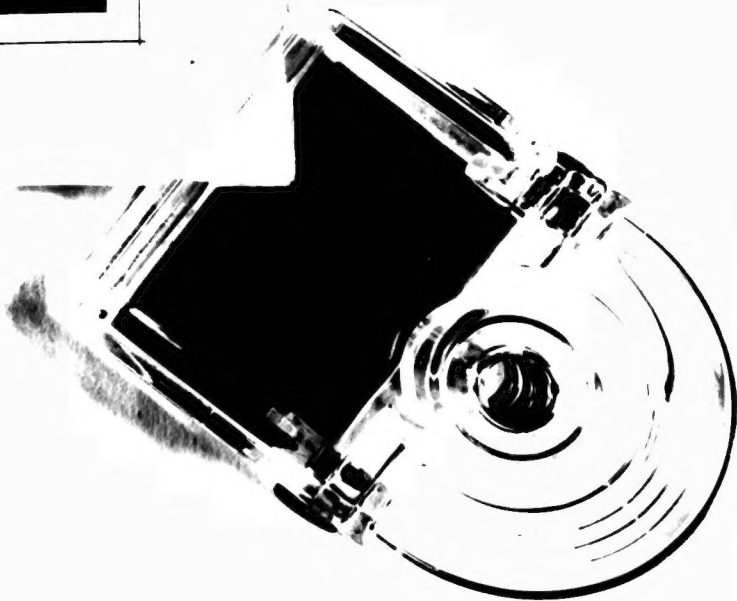
Ladies Platignum Pen and Propelling Pencil to match—all Platignum Pen colourings in matching moire silk wallet with silk tassel. **2/6**

If unable to obtain write for free illustrated list.

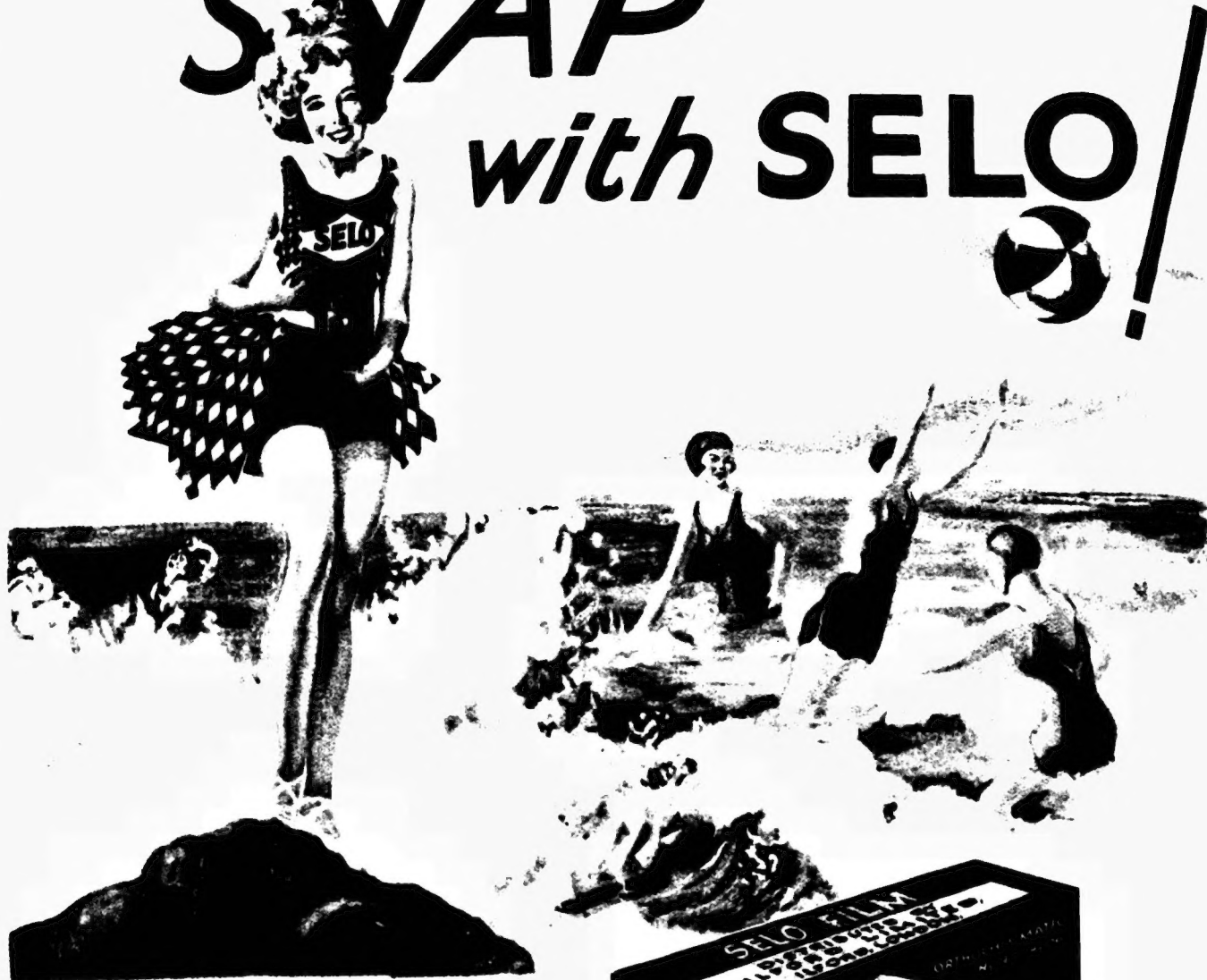
MENTMORE
Manfg. Co., Ltd., Dept. B.J.S.,
Platignum House, Hackney,
E.9.

PLATIGNUM DE LUXE COMPANION SET.

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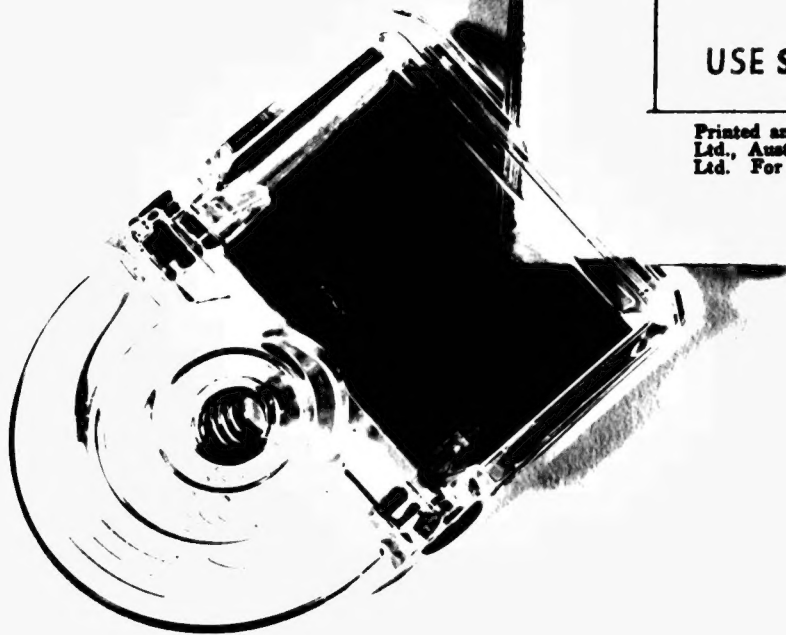
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